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MEMOIRS

OF

NAPOLEON BONAPARTE.

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THE VILLAGE AND BATTLE-FIELD OF MARENGO.

Page 336.

Em

MEMOIRS

OF

NAPOLEON BONAPARTE.

FROM THE FRENCH OF

M. FAUVELET DE BOURRIENNE.

BY

JOHN S. MEMES, LL.D.

AUTHOR OF "THE HISTORY OF SCULPTURE, PAINTING, AND ARCHITECTURE," &c.

NEW EDITION.

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MEMOIRS

OF

NAPOLEON BONAPARTE.

CHAPTER I.

PREPARATORY SCHEMES — ANECDOTES — MILITARY REWARDS — TUILERIES — JUDICIOUS POLICY OF THE CONSUL — CONSULAR CONSTITUTION.

I AM almost tempted to designate as the "consulate preparatory," that period of the consular government during which Bonaparte resided at the Luxembourg. Then, in fact, were planted the first germs of those mighty enterprizes which he meditated, and the foundation laid of those institutions by which he announced his accession to power. He had then two men within himself, — the republican general, exposed to all eyes as the friend of liberty and of revolutionary principles; and the man of ambition, coveting in secret the overthrow of that liberty, and of those principles: thus in darkness preparing the destruction of the edifice which necessity constrained him to erect in open day. These two characters he played with inconceivable address and deep hypocrisy, which, if it so please, may be titled profound policy.

This was indubitably requisite for the accomplishment of his designs, but, as if not to lose the habit, he carried this dissimulation into affairs altogether secondary.

It enters little into my plan to speak of the laws, acts, and decrees, which the First Consul passed or authorized. What, indeed, with the exception of the Civil Code, is become of them all? Yet I ought to mention, at least, the happy effect which they produced at the time in Paris, and soon over all France. The state of society under the preceding reign of terror must have been seen, in order fully to appreciate the joy inspired by the first steps of the consular government towards the restoration of social order. The Directory, more indolent, and not less perverse, than the Convention, had retained among the fêtes of the republic the horrible 21st January.* One of Bonaparte's first thoughts was to abolish this; yet such was the fearful ascendency of the friends of crime, that management was necessary; and he got his colleagues to place their signatures to a resolution, that there should in future be celebrated as festivals only the 1st Vendemiaire and the 14th July, eras of the foundation of the republic, and the establishment of liberty. There is, in fact, no exaggeration in saying, that Bonaparte got into a fury at all times—and these were very frequent—when he spoke of the directors, whom he had sent about their business. Their incapacity revolted, nay astonished him. "Conceive," he would say, "Bourrienne, any thing so wretched as their system of finance. There is no room for doubt,—the first magistrates of the state daily resigned themselves to fraudulent embezzlements. What venality! what disorder! what grasping! Every thing was put to the hammer: places, stores, provisions, clothing, military effects,—every thing they sold! Did they not devour seventy-five millions of

* The beheading of Louis XVI.

anticipated revenue (£3,150,000?) And then, all these scandalous fortunes! all these malversations!—Is there no way to make them disgorge?—We shall see!" In the first moments of penury, occasioned by such predecessors, twelve millions (£500,000) were borrowed from different bankers in Paris, who received bonds upon the receivers-general, bearing a discount of thirty-three per cent. The first appointments were inconsiderable, compared with the allowances under the empire. The modest budget of the consular government for the year VIII. amounted only to 6,854,500 francs.* The allowance of the First Consul was settled at 500,000 francs, (£20,833, 6s. 8d.)

During his sojourn at the Luxembourg, the Consul sometimes paid visits of ceremony, accompanied by his aides-de-camp, or a minister. I did not form one in these official excursions, but frequently, or, to speak more correctly, almost always, he informed me afterwards what had been done or said. Only six days after his preferment, he visited the prisons; and, as his arrival was unexpected, the conductors of these establishments had no time to get things dressed up, so they were seen in their real condition. I was in the cabinet, on his return from the prisons. "What animals," exclaimed he on entering, "were these directors! to what a state have these gentry reduced the public establishments! But, patience, I shall set all matters to rights. The prisons are ruinous—unhealthy—the prisoners are ill fed: I questioned them; I examined also the jailors, for from the overseers one gets nothing; they always trump up their wares. When at the Temple, I could not help thinking of the unfortunate Louis XVI. He was an excellent person, but too good, too easy, and knew not how to deal with the world: and Sidney Smith!—I had

* L.285,603, 3s. 4d., for the whole civil expenditure of a nation containing thirty millions of inhabitants!

his chamber shewn me. If the blockheads had not allowed him to escape, I should have captured Acre! There are too many recollections associated with that said prison; I shall order it to be pulled down some of these days. Do you know what I did at the Temple? I ordered the registers to be produced: there were hostages among the captives; I have set them at liberty. 'An unjust law,' it was thus I addressed them, 'has deprived you of freedom: my first duty is to restore it to you.' In this, Bourrienne, have I not done well?" Here he did do well, and many blessed him for the happiness thus bestowed.

Another incident of the first consulate shews the inflexibility of Bonaparte's character, when he had once formed a decision. In July, 1799, General Latour Foissac, intrusted with the command of Mantua, contrary to its apparent means of defence, had surrendered that important fortress. The Directory had ordered inquiry, but the Consul broke off the proceedings, and pronounced sentence against Foissac, though he had as yet been only impeached before a council of war, and nothing proven. This arbitrary decision occasioned much discontent among the general officers; and some days after, I essayed to induce him to revise his decree, remarking, that in a country where honour holds the first rank among the principles of conduct, it was impossible for Foissac, if guilty, to have escaped condemnation. "Bourrienne, you are probably right; but the resolution is passed—the blow is struck. I have explained myself in a corresponding manner before the public. I cannot retrace my steps so soon. To retreat—is to have been weak. I must not appear to have been wrong: I shall see by and by: time will bring indulgence and pardon. At present it would be premature."

He loved contrasts; thus, while acting so severely towards an unfortunate commander, he was busy with a troop of comedians, which he desired, or

rather wished to have the appearance of desiring, to send out to Egypt: not that he now attached the slightest importance to such puerilities, but they answered his purpose.

While we resided in the Luxembourg, early in January, 1800, a mission of real importance was confided to Duroc, whom the First Consul sent to the court of Prussia. The causes of this preference were the accomplishments, education, and graceful manners of Duroc, and the wish of his patron to bring him forward in the eye of France. The youthful envoy, too, had never quitted us in Italy, in Egypt, and on board *Le Muiron;* while Bonaparte's tact led him at once to conjecture that Frederic William would be well pleased to hear from an eye-witness the narrative of these campaigns, especially the siege of Acre. Nor was he disappointed; for such I learned from Duroc himself, were the chief subjects of conversation with the Prussian monarch. The first interview continued two hours, and on the morrow the envoy was invited to dine with his majesty. When the news of this arrived at the Luxembourg, I could see the Chief of the Republic was extremely well pleased to find one of his aides-de-camp seated at the table of a king, whom but a few years later he kept cooling his heels in an antichamber at Tilsit. The Prussian was the first court in Europe which recognized the Consul's authority.

It was at the Luxembourg, also, that Bonaparte first displayed (27th Nivose) his hatred of the liberty of the press. By a consular act, or rather act of the First Consul, it was decreed, "that, whereas a portion of the journals printed in Paris are instruments in the hands of the enemies of the republic, the minister of police will take care, that, during the continuance of the war, there shall be printed, published, and distributed, only thirteen political journals, as per margin, exclusive of those connected *solely* with science, art, literature, and commerce." Certainly this may well

be regarded as a preparatory step, and may serve as a scale to measure the greater part of Bonaparte's acts, by which he established his own power, under pretence of consulting the interests of the republic. The restriction, too, "during the war," shewed only provisionally, and left a little hope for the future; but the provisional is of a nature very elastic, and Bonaparte knew how to stretch it to infinity.

The title of First Consul made him disdain even the title of Member of the Institute,—an honour which, in his proclamations, he had even preferred to that of Commander-in-chief. But in speaking of his nomination, I forgot to say what he really thought of it. The truth is, that, young, ambitious, covered with glory, he received no ordinary gratification from the title which was thus offered: it was for the public. But in private, how often have we laughed heartily on weighing the value of these literary distinctions! Bonaparte knew a little of mathematics, a good deal of history, and, it need not be added, possessed immense military genius; but with only all this, he was good for nothing at the Institute, unless to deliver a course on ancient and modern strategy. Already he no longer entertained the least regard for that learned body, of which in the sequel he cherished so great distrust. It was a *corporation*—an *authorized assembly:* there required nothing more to give umbrage to Bonaparte, and Napoleon was no longer at the pains to dissemble how much he detested all that enjoyed the right of assembling and deliberating. Even from the time of his return, after the Egyptian expedition, he began to be weary of a title by which *too many colleagues* had the privilege of addressing him; and he detested colleagues. "Do you not find," said he one day to me, "that there is something trivial, something ignoble, in the phrase, 'I have the honour to be, my dear colleague?' It tires me." In general, all expressions which sounded like equality displeased him utterly. The figure of the Republic,

seated, and holding a lance affixed to legal instruments, at the beginning of the consulate, was not long in being trodden under foot: fortunate would it have been had he thus treated only the *image* of liberty!

Another preparative for the future order of things, which dates also from the Luxembourg, was the institution of *honorary sabres* and *fusils*. Who does not discover in this humble means the foundation of the Legion of Honour? A sergeant of grenadiers, named Aune, having been included in the first distribution, *easily* obtained permission to write, thanking the First Consul. Bonaparte, desiring to reply ostensibly, dictated to me the following letter: — "I have received your letter, my brave comrade. You have no need to tell me of your actions; you are the bravest grenadier in the army since the death of the brave Benerete. You have had one of the hundred sabres which I distributed to the army. All the soldiers agreed that you were the person who best deserved it. I wish much to see you again. The minister of war sends you an order to come to Paris." This cajoling, addressed to a soldier, tended marvellously to the object proposed. The letter could not fail to circulate in the army. The First Consul — the first general of France, call a sergeant, "My brave companion!" Who would act thus but a sincere republican — an enthusiastic admirer of equality? There wanted nothing more to inflame the whole army with devoted admiration.

At this very time, Bonaparte had begun to find himself straitened in the Luxembourg, and preparations were making for the Tuileries. But this grand step towards the re-establishment of monarchy was to be taken with all prudence. It behoved first to remove the supposition that none save a king could inhabit the palace of our ancient kings. What was to be done in this case? A very fine bust of Brutus had been brought from Italy; and was not Brutus the scourge

of tyrants? Upon this, David* was solemnly inaugurated to the charge of superintending the location of Junius Brutus in the gallery of the Tuileries. What greater proof of hatred of tyranny! And then a bust could do no harm—all was for the best. The reasoning was perfectly unexceptionable.

To sleep in the Tuileries, in the bed-chamber of the kings of France, was *all* that Bonaparte desired; the rest would follow. To establish a principle, satisfied him in the meantime; at fitting opportunity he could deduce the consequences: hence the affectation of not mentioning the name in the acts, but of dating them from "The Palace of the Government." The first preparations were modest enough; for the stanch republican ought to have no taste for luxury. Therefore, the architect only received orders to clean out the palace, a term of significant application, after the assemblies which had therein held sittings. For this, so small a sum as five hundred thousand francs sufficed, (£20,000.) The Consul's play was to conceal as much as possible the importance attached to the translation of the consular domicile. Little expense, therefore, must be incurred for his accommodation, while grave and severe ornaments, as marbles and statues, were procured for this "The Palace of the Government." With him every thing had meaning, so not without design were even statues selected for the gallery of the Tuileries. From among the Greeks, Demosthenes and Alexander were chosen, to pay homage at once to the genius of Eloquence and of Conquest. The statue of Hannibal recalled the greatest enemy of Rome, and Rome herself was represented by Scipio, Cicero, and Cato; by Brutus and Cæsar,—the victim and his murderer, side by side. Among the great men whom the modern world offered to his choice, he gave the preference to Gustavus Adolphus; then to Turenne and the great Condé,—to

* The celebrated artist.

Turenne, whose scientific combinations he so much admired,—to Condé, that it might be thought the remembrance of a Bourbon had for the Consul no terrors, and to shew that he rendered homage alike to all men. The memory of the gallant exploits of the French navy was recalled by the statue of Duguai-Trouin. Marlborough and Prince Eugene attested the disasters of his reign, who was styled the Great; while Mareschal Saxe proved that the age of even Louis XV. had not altogether been wanting in glory. The image of Frederic, and that of Washington, were opposed to each other,—false philosophy upon a throne, and true wisdom founding a free state. In fine, the statues of Dugommier, Dampierre, and Joubert,* clearly evinced to the world the high esteem entertained by General Bonaparte for his former brethren in arms, illustrious victims of a cause no longer his own.

We have already noticed the fruitless attempts of Bonaparte to engage the courts of London and Vienna in negotiations with the consular government. It had, therefore, become necessary to give a new activity to the war, and to explain, at the same time, why peace, promised on the first days of the consulate, had remained as yet only a promise. To attain these two objects, the Consul addressed to the army an energetic proclamation, the more remarkable, as omitting the sacramental words—for the usage was consecrated—of concluding with "Live the Republic."

"Soldiers!—In promising peace to the French people, I have been your organ. I know your valour. You are the same men who conquered Holland, the Rhine, Italy, and gave peace beneath the walls of astonished Vienna. Soldiers! The defence of your own frontiers must no longer bound your desires. The states of our enemies remain to be subdued.

* Celebrated republican generals.

There is not one among you, who, having made several campaigns, knows not that the most essential quality of the soldier is to endure privations with constancy: many years of bad administration cannot be repaired in a day. As First Magistrate of the republic, it will be grateful to me to declare to the whole nation, those troops who shall deserve, by their discipline and valour, to be proclaimed the supports of their country. Soldiers! When the time arrives, I will be in the midst of you; and awe-struck Europe shall confess that you are of the race of the brave."

About the same time was accomplished the organizing of a council of state, divided into five sections; namely, Home Department, Finances, Admiralty War, Legislation. The allowance of the counsellors of state was fixed at twenty-five thousand francs, (£1041, 13s. 4.) and that of the presidents of each of the sections, at thirty-five thousand francs, (£1458, 6s. 8d.) The costumes of the consuls, and different orders of state officers, were also appointed. Velvet, proscribed since the monarchy, now once more came into use; and, as if from regard to the manufactories of Lyons, it was decreed, that this anti-republican stuff should be employed in the robes of office. Thus, in the most insignificant details, the constant aim of Bonaparte was to efface the remembrance of the republic, preparing things so artfully for the return of monarchy, that when the time arrived, there should remain only a word to be changed. Beyond this, I can assert that he took little concern in these important frivolities. I never remember to have seen him in the consular habit, a costume he detested. The dress he preferred, and the only one in which he felt at ease, was that of the camp, the uniform of the guides, a corps whose devotion, conduct, and courage merited the predilection.

These, though the grandest, were not the only

masquerades, pressed by the First Consul into the service of his politics. At the epoch of the year VIII, corresponding to the carnival of 1800, masks began to re-appear in Paris. Disguise was the mode, and Bonaparte favoured the amusements of other days. In the first effects, all this brought round past times. So far well. Subsequently, these things turned the attention of the people from matters of more moment; and if, on the field of battle, he followed the principle, " divide and conquer," in government he pursued the maxim, " amuse and rule." He did not say, with Juvenal, " *panem et circenses*," for I believe his Latin hardly extended so far; but he put the advice in practice. From the same motives, was authorized the re-opening of opera balls; and those who still remember the consulate, will recollect this,—really an *event* to the Parisians. " While they prattle about these things," said he, " they will not talk about politics; and that is what I want. They may be amused; they may dance; but let them not thrust their noses into the designs of government. Besides, Bourrienne, I have other motives; I see here other advantages. Fouché tells me the merchants complain. This will always cause a little money to circulate. And then, must I fret myself about the Jacobins? Must all be wrong, because all is not new? I very much prefer opera balls to their saturnalia of the Goddess of Reason. I never was lauded more enthusiastically, than at last parade."

Some time before, a consular decree of another nature, and of different importance, had carried joy into the bosom of many families. Bonaparte, as we have seen, had reasons for bringing about the 18th Fructidor, preparatory to overturning the Directory. The Directory subverted, he had now motives, at least in part, for undoing the effects of the 18th Fructidor. He caused a report for those exiled on that occasion to be presented by the minister of

police, and authorized the return of forty, merely placing them under surveillance, and assigning a certain place of residence. But the greater part of these distinguished men remained not long under even this restraint. They were quickly called to fill those elevated situations in the administration, for which their respective talents were adapted. All this was natural; for Bonaparte wished, as yet, in appearance at least, to base his government upon those principles of moderate republicanism, which had occasioned their banishment, whom he now invited to assist his labours. Thus he proceeded to invite to the councils of the consulate, those whom the Directory had proscribed, precisely as, at a later period, he recalled the emigrants, the proscribed of the republic, into the high functions of the empire. The times and the men alone differed,—the thought was the same.

CHAPTER II.

PEACE WITH RUSSIA — PAUL I. AND THE FIRST CONSUL — WASHINGTON — HISTORY OF MURAT — HIS MARRIAGE WITH CAROLINE BONAPARTE — ANECDOTES — JOSEPHINE — THE PEARL NECKLACE — THE CONSUL OUTWITTED.

The first relations between Bonaparte and the Emperor Paul I. commenced soon after the consulate. Circumstances seemed a little less unfavourable. For some time, vague rumours announced a coldness between Russia and Austria, while an open misunderstanding manifestly existed between the courts of London and St Petersburg. From these transactions, the First Consul, divining the chivalric and somewhat romantic character of Paul, judged the season propitious for severing Russia from England. He was not the man to allow any opportunity to escape, and seized on this one with his usual sagacity. It had formerly been refused to include, in a cartel of exchange between France and England, seven thousand Russians, taken prisoners in Holland. These Bonaparte ordered to be armed and clothed anew, in the uniforms of the corps to which they had belonged, and sent back without ransom, exchange, or condition whatsoever. This ingenious munificence was not thrown away. Paul shewed himself abundantly sensible thereof, and, from an ally, became the declared enemy of England. Henceforward, the Consul and the Czar were on the best terms. Lord Wentworth, ordered to quit St Petersburg, immediately retired to Riga; and English ships were seized in all the ports

of Russia. The arrival of the Baron Springporten, as Russian ambassador, at Paris, caused universal satisfaction. Through this envoy, who enjoyed the entire confidence of his master, a personal correspondence was carried on between the French Consul and the Russian emperor. I have read the autograph letters of Paul. They were remarkable for the frankness with which they expressed admiration of Bonaparte. No courtier could have used terms more flattering; but the professions of the emperor were sincere; and his friendship led him in all things to comply with the wishes of his hero. Of this, he gave a proof as lively as it was singular. Having conceived so violent a hatred against the English government, he desired to engage in single combat all those kings who refused to shut their ports, and declare war. There was given to be inserted in the Petersburg "Court Gazette," his challenge to the King of Denmark. But declining to request officially from the senate of Hamburg its insertion in the "Correspondent," the journal of that state, the affair was referred to M. Schramm, a merchant, by Count de Pablen,* the Russian minister of police. The Count intimated to M. Schramm, that it would afford the emperor much satisfaction to have inserted in the "Correspondent," the article from the Gazette, requesting, if the insertion took place, to remit by an extraordinary courier twelve copies of the journal on vellum paper. The intention of Paul was to have sent a copy to all the sovereigns; but this folly *à la* Charles XII. produced no result. This enthusiasm of Paul for Bonaparte, was to the latter a source of the liveliest pleasure he had ever experienced. The friendship of a sovereign appeared a move nearer being a sovereign himself. But he failed not, at the same time, to draw immediate profit from the friend-

* The same who afterwards played a conspicuous part on the assassination of Paul, and was killed by a cannon ball in the first Russian campaign.

ship of the heir of Catherine, rendering it concurrent to the vast conceptions he was revolving. Through the instigation of the Czar, a Prussian army menaced Hanover; and, with his support, Bonaparte was contemplating the march of a French army by land against the British possessions in India. The tragical death of Paul formed the catastrophe of these intrigues of the north.

Before quitting the Luxembourg, to inhabit the Tuileries, Bonaparte resolved to strike the eyes of the Parisians by the splendour of a grand ceremony. For this, he fixed upon the 20th Pluviose, that is to say, ten days before finally leaving the quondam palace of the Directory. These fêtes were then very different from what they afterwards became. They derived all their magnificence from military display; and, at all times, when the Consul mounted on horseback, surrounded by a brilliant staff, in centre of which he was conspicuous by the simplicity of his attire, he was sure that the populace of Paris would throng around his path, to salute him with unforced and unbought acclamations. The sole object of the present festival was to have been the presentation, in the Hospital of the Invalids, then called the Temple of Mars, of seventy-two stand of colours, taken at the battle of Aboukir, from the Turks. But the news of the death of Washington arriving before the arrangements were completed, Bonaparte seized with avidity the means of imparting more effect, by mingling the cypress of mourning for this great citizen, with the latest laurels gathered by himself in Egypt.* The greatest eclat possible was added to the publication of this intelligence; and the following order of the day, previously dictated to me, was addressed to the consular guard, and to the army:—

* Washington died 14th December, 1799.

"Washington is dead! That illustrious man combated against tyranny. He consolidated the liberty of his country. His memory will ever be dear to the French people, as to the freemen of both worlds; and especially to the soldiers of France, who, like him, and the warriors of America, fight for liberty and equality. The First Consul, therefore, orders, that, for the space of ten days, black crapes be suspended from all the standards and flags of the republic."

The death of Washington, the noble founder of a rational freedom in the New World, was an event of perfect indifference to Bonaparte; but it happened opportunely, as a fresh occasion of masking his real designs under high sounding phrases in favour of liberty. On the 20th Pluviose, accordingly, Lannes, to whom Bonaparte had assigned the act of presentation, attended by strong detachments of cavalry, bent his way to the Hôtel des Invalides. Here, in the hall of the council, the minister of war waited to receive the pledges of Eastern victory. All the ministers, counsellors of state, and generals, had been convoked to assist at the solemnity. Lannes pronounced a discourse, to which Berthier replied, and M. de Fontanes joined his studied eloquence to the military harangues of the two generals. M. de Fontanes, along with Suard, La Harpe, and some others, proscribed at the 18th Fructidor, was among the first authorized by the Consul to return to France. He was charged with pronouncing the funeral oration of Washington; and, as may be supposed of an *able* speaker, the flowers of his oratory were not strewed exclusively on the bier of the American hero. In the temple was the statue of Mars. From the columns and the arched roofs, depended the trophies of Denain, Fontenoy, and the Italian campaign,—trophies which would have still been there, had not the demon of conquest

possessed Bonaparte. Two aged veterans, in their hundredth year, stood beside the minister of war; and beneath the trophy, composed of the standards of Aboukir, reposed the bust of the liberator of America. In short, every species of quackery suited to such an occasion, was called into requisition. In the evening, the assembly was numerous at the Luxembourg; and Bonaparte took to himself much credit for the effect produced on this well contrived day. There now remained only ten days to wait, before sleeping at the Tuileries. On the tenth, ceased the national mourning for Washington. Well might the sables have been retained for the demise of freedom!

The first report on the civil code before the Legislative Body, was also made during the abode in the Luxembourg. There also were decreed the statutes constituting the Bank of France, and that establishment organized, which, till then, had been wanting in our country. In this palace, too, was solemnized a domestic ceremony in Bonaparte's family, afterwards productive of no mean consequences to the parties.

I have hitherto spoken but little of Murat, in the course of these Memoirs; but, having now arrived at the epoch of his marriage with the sister of the First Consul, it seems here the proper place to revert to certain facts, of some interest, anterior to that alliance; especially as this will afford me an opportunity of mentioning discreetly, but with truth, certain family details. Murat, by the beauty of his external form, his physical strength, the somewhat over-refined elegance of his manners, the loftiness of his carriage, and his fearless bravery in combat, bore less resemblance to a republican soldier, than to one of those warlike knights, so romantically described by Ariosto and Tasso. The nobility of his appearance quickly effaced all recollection of the lowness of his birth: he was courteous, polished, gallant; and, on the field of battle, twenty men commanded by Murat were worth

a regiment. Yet, on one occasion, even Murat had a "moment of fear." The following are the circumstances under which *he* once ceased to be himself:—When, in the first campaign of Italy, Bonaparte had forced Wurmzer to retire within Mantua with 20,000 men, Miollis, with 4000 soldiers only, was directed to oppose the sorties made by the Austrian general. In one of these attacks, Murat received an order to charge Wurmzer. He *was afraid!* did not execute the order; and, in the first moment of confusion, said he was wounded. From that time, Murat fell into disgrace with the Commander-in-chief, whose aide-de-camp he then was, though contrary to the rules. For, prior to this, having been sent to Paris commissioner to present to the Directory the first colours taken by the French army in Italy, he was introduced to, and, as first aide-de-camp of the General, received with kindness by Madame Bonaparte; whose interest, and that of Madam Tallien, procured for him the rank of brigadier-general. It was a remarkable circumstance for the time, that Murat, on his return, notwithstanding this accession of rank, still continued aide-de-camp to Bonaparte, whom the rules did not permit to have one of higher grade than chief-of-brigade, answering to the rank of colonel. It was, on Bonaparte's side, but an early anticipation of the prerogatives every where reserved for princes and sovereigns. Previously to this journey, Murat had become acquainted with the handsome Caroline Bonaparte, at her brother Joseph's, who then discharged the functions of republican ambassador at Rome. It appeared that, from the first, Caroline had not viewed him with indifference; and he found himself the favoured rival of Prince Santa Croce, who earnestly sought her hand.

After the affair at Mantua, however, Murat fell into such disrepute with the Commander-in-chief, that the latter seemed to have conceived a sort of dislike for his former friend,—placing him, first in the division of Reille, and subsequently in that of Hilliers

When we returned to Paris, after the treaty of Campo-Formio, Murat was not included in our party; but as *the ladies*, his patronesses, had no little credit with the minister of war, they obtained for him a place in the Egyptian expedition, and he was attached to the Genoese division. On board the *L' Orient*, the ancient aide-de-camp constantly remained in the most complete disgrace. During the passage, Bonaparte never once spoke to him; and in Egypt, also, he was treated always with coldness, or removed from head-quarters upon difficult missions. But the Commander-in-chief having at length opposed him to Mourad Bey, Murat performed such prodigies of valour, and in so many perilous encounters, that he effaced, by so much bravery, the slight stain which a moment of hesitation had affixed to his name, under the walls of Mantua. Finally, he contributed so powerfully to the fortunate success of the day of Aboukir, that the General, happy in bearing into France a last laurel gathered in the East, forgave the error of a moment, and wished also to forget, what had doubtless been reported to his ear: for, though Bonaparte never exactly said so, I have many reasons for thinking the name of Murat was uttered by Junot, in his indiscretions at the Springs of Messoudiah. The grenadier charge, led on by Murat, on the 19th Vendemiaire, dissipated any lingering clouds; and at those seasons, when the necessity of Bonaparte's politics dominated over all other considerations, the rival of the Roman prince received the command of the consular guards.

Madame Bonaparte, in seeking to captivate the chivalrous spirit of Murat, by labouring for his advancement, had principally in view to conciliate one partizan more, to oppose the brothers and family of her husband: and she had need of support. Their jealous hatred permitted no opportunity of venting itself to escape. The good Josephine, whose only reproach was, perhaps, having been somewhat too much a woman in her love of admiration, was haunted

by distressing presentiments. Carried away by the unreflecting openness of her character, she perceived not that the same coquetry which procured her defenders, likewise supplied her implacable enemies with arms against her. In this situation of things, Josephine, well aware that she had attached Murat by the ties of gratitude and friendship, ardently wished to see him united to Bonaparte in a family alliance, and aided, by her best influence, his union with Caroline. She could not be ignorant, also, that already, at Milan, an intimacy had commenced between the parties, rendering their marriage altogether desirable; and it was she who first proposed to Murat. He hesitated, and in his hesitation went to consult M. Collot,—a good counsellor in all things, and one whom long intimacy had initiated into the family secrets. M. Collot recommended an immediate and formal application for the hand of the sister of the First Consul. Murat repaired to the Luxembourg, and presented his request to Bonaparte. Acted he well? To this step he owed the throne of Naples: had he abstained, he would not have been shot at Pizzo.

However that might have been, the First Consul listened more like a sovereign than as brother in arms, to the suit of Murat. He received him with a cold gravity; said he would think of it, without giving at first any positive answer. Murat's proposal, as may be supposed, formed the subject of the evening's conversation, in the drawing-room of the Luxembourg. Madame Bonaparte employed all her means of pleasing and of persuasion, to obtain a favourable reply. Hortense, Eugene, and I, lent our aid. Our exertions were for some time without apparent success. "Murat," we were told, among other things, "is the son of an ale-house keeper. In the elevated rank to which fortune and glory have raised me, his blood cannot mingle with mine. Besides, nothing presses. I will see about it hereafter." We returned to the

charge, dwelling upon the mutual affection of the young people, and on the devoted attachment of Murat to the person and service of the Consul; nor did we fail to point out to the latter the brilliant courage and excellent conduct of the young soldier in Egypt. "Yes," exclaimed he then, with animation, "that I acknowledge; Murat was superb at Aboukir." We allowed not the moment of kindly dispositions to pass away, but redoubled our entreaties. At length, consent was given. The same evening, when we were alone in his cabinet, "Well, Bourrienne," said he, "you ought to be satisfied; for my own part, I am so likewise; every reflection made, Murat suits my sister; and then, no one can say I am proud, or court grand alliances. If I had given my sister to a noble, all your Jacobins would have set up a cry of a counter-revolution. Besides, I am very well pleased, for reasons you can easily divine, that my wife has interested herself in this marriage. Since it is decided, I shall hasten the affair; we have no time to lose. If I go to Italy, Murat goes with me: I must there strike a decisive blow."

Next morning, when I entered the chamber of the First Consul, at seven, as usual, I found him even better satisfied than in the evening with the resolution he had formed. I readily perceived that, notwithstanding his discernment, he had no suspicion of the true motive which had induced Josephine to take so deep an interest in the affair. In his satisfaction, he even allowed me to discover that he considered her anxiety a proof of the falsehood of those indiscreet reports mentioned to him, of her intimacy with Murat.

The marriage was celebrated in the Luxembourg, but without any pomp; the First Consul wisely judging the time not yet arrived for rendering his family arrangements matters of state. Previously to the celebration, however, a little comedy was to be

played, in which I could not dispense with accepting a character: and here I may as well explain the whole plot. At this time, Bonaparte had not much money, and gave to his sister, in consequence, a dowry of no more than thirty thousand francs (£1250.) Feeling, also, the propriety of making her a marriage present, and not having wherewithal to purchase one suitable, he took a diamond necklace from his own wife, and gave it to the intended. Josephine was not at all satisfied of the correctness of this abduction, and set all her wits to work, contriving means of replacing her necklace. She knew the famous jeweller, Foncier, had by him a magnificent set of fine pearls, reported to have belonged to Marie-Antoinette. Sending for a sight of them, she judged they would answer admirably. But, for this acquisition, two hundred and fifty thousand francs, (£10,416, 13s. 4d. or, in round numbers, £10,400,) were necessary. And how raise this sum? Recourse was had to Berthier, then minister at war. Berthier, murdering his vowels as usual, consented to discharge, in an easy way, certain debts against the hospitals of Italy; and, as the contractors who, in these times, obtained payment, shewed themselves grateful to their patrons, the pearls were transferred from the repertories of Foncier to the jewel-case of Madame Bonaparte.

The suit of pearls thus obtained, there occurred another little difficulty, on which the fair possessor had not at first calculated. How could she wear an ornament, so very remarkable, and acquired without her husband's knowledge? This seemed so much the more difficult, that the First Consul knew his wife had no money; and as he was—the term will be excused—somewhat of a *meddler*, he knew, or fancied he knew, what jewels she had. For more than fifteen days, then, the pearls remained invisible, Josephine not daring to display them. What punishment for a woman! At length, one fine day, Madame Bonaparte said to me, "To-morrow there is a grand

drawing-room; absolutely I must wear my pearls; but, you know *him*, he will grumble if he discover any thing. Now do, Bourrienne, I beg of you, keep by me; and, should he ask about my pearls, I will say, without hesitation, that I had them long ago." Every thing passed as Josephine feared, and hoped. Bonaparte, on seeing the jewels, failed not to inquire, —"Ah! what have we got here? How very fine thou art to-day! Whence are all these pearls? they appear as if new to me; I never saw them."—"Oh, yes; but thou hast seen them, ten times; it is the necklace which the Cisalpine republic gave me, and which I have put in my hair."—"It seems to me, notwithstanding——"—"Now, do be quiet; just ask Bourrienne; he will tell thee."—"Eh, well, Bourrienne, what say you to that? do you remember them?"—"Yes, General, I recollect perfectly having seen them before." I told the truth, for Madame Bonaparte had shewn me her acquisition some days before; and it was likewise true, that she had received a pearl necklace from the Cisalpine republic; but much inferior. Josephine played her part with admirable dexterity; I enacted tolerably, as required, the deponent in this little drama, and the Consul suspected nothing. On beholding the perfect self-possession of the principal personage, I could not avoid an involuntary allusion to the remark of Suzanne, on the facility with which women of true honour only can venture an innocent deviation from veracity, without being committed.

CHAPTER III.

THE POLICE OF FRANCE — PERSONAL ADVENTURE — HORRID SYSTEM — LIBERTY OF THE PRESS DETESTED BY BONAPARTE — CEREMONY OF REMOVING TO THE TUILERIES — DESCRIPTION — ANECDOTES, &c.

At the Luxembourg, also, the First Consul organized his secret, which, at the same time, was intended to act as a check upon the public, police. There existed, at first, the systems of Duroc and Moncey; later, those of Davoust and Junot. Madame Bonaparte termed this a vile system of espionage; my observations on its inutility were disregarded. Bonaparte had the weakness to suspect Fouché, and looked upon this precaution as necessary. That minister is too well known in this line that I should here vaunt his abilities: he quickly discovered, both the institution and its agents, high and low. It is difficult to form an idea of the follies, the absurdities, the romances of the bulletinists, both noble and plebeian. I shall be silent on such villanies, anticipating merely a personal occurrence, which must prove the worthlessness of the wretched and disgusting system. The adventure happened in the second year of the consulate, when we were established at Malmaison. Junot had a large sum for the secret police of the capital; of this he gave three thousand francs (£125) to a wretched reporter; the rest passed to the police of his own stables and kitchen. On reading one of these daily bulletins, I found, "M. de Bourrienne went last night to Paris. Entering a certain residence in the Fauxbourg St

Germain, Rue de Varenne, there, in a very animated conversation, he gave it to be understood, that the First Consul desired to make himself king." I had never opened my mouth on this subject. It is to be observed also, that I never did, nor indeed could, leave Malmaison for an instant; being liable every moment, night and day, to be called by the First Consul, and very often sent for unexpectedly; but, on the night particularly specified, he had continued dictating notes and instructions to me till three o'clock in the morning! Junot came every day, at eleven o'clock: I sent for him, while alone, in the cabinet. "You have not read your bulletin?"—"Yes, but I have."—"That is impossible."—"Wherefore?"—"Because you would have suppressed an absurdity which concerns me."—"Ah! I am very sorry for it; but I am sure of my agent; I shall change nothing in his report."—"You are wrong." I then related to him what had passed on the night in question. He persisted, and went away.

Every morning I arranged on Bonaparte's table the papers and letters to be read. That morning Junot's report was placed uppermost. The First Consul entered, took it up, and began reading. Having come to the obnoxious passage, he fell a-laughing. "Have you read this bulletin?"—"Yes, General."—"What a beast Junot is! it is long since I knew that: how he allows himself to be gulled! Is he here still?"—"I believe so: I have had some explanations with him, in the spirit of good fellowship; but he refused to listen to any thing."—"Send him here." Junot entered. "Blockhead that you are, how could you transmit to me a report like this? So, you don't read your bulletins? What warrant have I that you do not compromise other persons as unjustly? I want positive facts, and not inventions. Your agent has long displeased me; dismiss him this very day." Junot attempted to justify himself. "Enough said! See it done." Fouché, to whom I related this affair,

informed me, that the contrivance was his, in order to amuse himself at Junot's expense. The former, indeed, often led the police of the palace into the snare he had previously set. This added to his own credit. Miserable police! In my time, it poisoned the existence of the First Consul, often irritated him against his wife, his servants, and his friends. He at length discovered and escaped from its fatal influence; but not before it had entangled him in its wiles, and long held the ascendant over even his power. False denunciations; forged correspondences; the most artful coincidences, preceded by the most alarming reports, —such are the means which the police will ever practise for its own preservation: by these it survives; not to use them is death. "You think, then," said Napoleon, at Elba, one day, to an officer, "that the agents of the police anticipate and know all. The police invents much more than it discovers. Without doubt, mine was better than these gentry now employ; yet it was often only at the end of ten or fifteen days that mine learned something through chance, imprudence, or treason. It is the same with the post office,—like the police, it catches only fools."

The police, as a political instrument, is a dangerous means; it has forged, or, to speak more correctly, has alimented, entertained, fostered, a greater number of false conspiracies, than it has ever detected or counteracted real ones. The minister, to give importance to his watchfulness in the eyes of the prince, contrives conspiracies on a grand scale, which he is quite certain to arrest in time, because he is master of the whole. Inferior agents, to curry favour with the minister by their seeming vigilance, spread their petty snares, which, through a little discontent or temporary pressure, may become—thanks to such diabolical officiousness!—affairs of serious moment. I will not cite examples: I wish not to afflict the living, nor to disturb the ashes of the dead. I limit myself to general inferences, declaring these to be

based on facts, unfortunately too numerous, and too true.

The political police, offspring of our revolutionary troubles, has survived them. The police of the safety, health, well-being, and order of society, has come to be considered as only secondary; it has of consequence been neglected. We live in times when attention is directed more to spy out whether a citizen goes to mass and confession, than to protect his life and property. Such a state of things is unfortunate for the country; and to much better purposes might be applied that money which is spent in guarding the objects of pretended suspicion; in domestic inquisition; in corrupting the friends, the relations, the servants, of the man marked out for destruction. This system,—this leprosy of modern society, growing out of our revolutionary troubles, has continued, like the times which gave it birth, suspicious, restless, deceitful, inquisitorial, vexatious, tyrannical; greedy of plots, which it discovers, because it has created them. Who has not heard, even in the drawing-room, such whispers as these addressed to a warm speaker,—"Take care—be moderate—such a one is said to be of the police!" Since the establishment of a minister of police in France, his power has ever depended upon two prime movers,—gold and informers. I am convinced that no man, whatever talents he might otherwise have possessed, could have inflicted either less or more evil than the different individuals who have occupied that place, from its creation to the present moment, have done; that is, a great deal of good upon some, but much evil upon others. It is through this minister that a man obtains, that he loses, all. He who can enrich, and he who can destroy, is equally flattered. Interest and fear,—these are the two mighty agents. What renders his power so dangerous, is denouncement and espionage. Informers are men of a most pernicious stamp, the natural enemies of society. If a

man is accused for the public good, why denounce him secretly to the prince, who may be easily prejudiced? why not bring him before the magistrate, who must be guided by fixed rules? What man is so master of himself as to calculate all his proceedings, measure all his expressions, and never give matter for information to a concealed enemy, a suborned domestic, or a son led astray by scruples, political or religious? for, in these last times, religion played an active part in the police! What can be said of that execrable race of spies, known under the term *Baits*, whose duty and inclination are always to undermine that virtue which they have never known, and to drag into crime, which is their element; to urge the unfortunate being who has fallen into their toils, from a vague feeling of discontent, into actual transgression,—accomplices before becoming accusers! Many examples could I instance of this, establishing the melancholy truth, that the human heart is the arsenal of all perfidy,—and of all evil! It is certain, and the proofs abound, that the acts of the police have but too frequently encouraged the crime, to have the merit of denouncing, and the satisfaction of punishing. This assertion, fearful as it is, might be supported by a thousand facts. Its agents are restrained by no rule; to provoke their victims, they may do all and say all; their medal, and a piece of ribbon, protects them. These are not the secrets of place,—for I was once prefect of police; but I believe I render a service in pointing out what I have known and seen, as unwilling confidant of the shameful manœuvres of this political institution.*

Bonaparte had often in his mouth the word *ideologue*, by which he meant to designate, with some degree of ridicule, those men who, speculatively

* Since these passages were written, some change has taken place in the administration of 1827.—*Author.* Bourrienne was prefect of police under Louis XVIII.—*Translator.*

labouring for the melioration of the species, beheld the true and the only source of power in *national institutions*. This he called metaphysics. He saw power only in *force*. These men and their opinions Bonaparte regarded as dangerous, because opposed diametrically to the stern and arbitrary forms which he had adopted. Their heart, he said, excelled their understanding. Far from plunging into such abstractions, he always asserted, that men were governed by *fear* and by *interest*. To watch over these, and all other speculators, the censorship might be regarded as a distinct species of police. The free manifestation of thought, through the voice of the press, ought ever to be regarded as a most precious privilege. As to Bonaparte, he held this freedom in so great horror, his rage was such when men dared to argue in favour of the liberty of the press, that he seemed like one in the commencement of a nervous attack. Great man as he was, he feared little books.

The period of quitting the Luxembourg having arrived, Bonaparte, in addition to those already described, surrounded the movement by many new precautions, equally deceitful. The removal was fixed for the 30th Pluviose; the day previous had been selected for publishing the list of votes accepting the constitution. On the other hand, he had postponed for ten days the insertion, into the *Moniteur*, of the speeches and proceedings in the Temple of Mars. He considered the day in which he was to make so bold an advance towards monarchy, well adapted to entertain the inhabitants of Paris with great ideas about liberty, and to mingle anew his name with Washington's.

On the day appointed for this decisive ceremony, I entered the chamber of the First Consul, as usual, at seven o'clock. He was in a profound sleep; and this was one of the mornings in which he begged me to let him indulge a little longer. I remarked that General Bonaparte was much less moved at the moment of

executing designs which he had projected, than at the time of their conception: so established was his habitude of considering what he had determined upon in thought as already performed. On my re-entering, he said, with an air of marked satisfaction,—"Well! Bourrienne, at length we shall sleep in the Tuileries! You are very fortunate; you are not obliged to exhibit yourself; you can go in your own way: but, with me, it must needs be an affair of display—a procession; that is tiresome: however, we must speak to the eyes. The Directory was too simple, so it enjoyed no consideration. With the army, simplicity is in place; in a great city, in a palace, it becomes incumbent on the head of government to draw attention by all possible means: but we must walk warily."

Bonaparte left the Luxembourg at one o'clock precisely. The procession was, doubtless, far from resembling those which, under the empire, displayed such magnificence; but all the pomp permitted by the existing state of things in France, had been given. The only true splendour of that period was the magnificence of the troops; and three thousand chosen soldiers, especially the superb regiment of guides, were assembled. The military officers were on horseback, the civil functionaries and counsellors of state in carriages; and, for their transportation, it was necessary to have recourse to hackney coaches, merely using the precaution of covering the number with paper of the same colour as the body of the vehicle. The consular carriage only, was drawn by six horses. These recalled the memory of glory and of peace, being the beautiful white coursers presented by the Emperor of Austria after the treaty of Campo-Formio. With the First Consul, who was in military costume, wearing the magnificent sabre, a present also from Francis, were his colleagues Cambacèrés and Lebrun. Everywhere on the route, through a considerable portion of the capital, his presence called

forth shouts of joy, which then required not to be extorted by the police. The immediate approaches to the Tuileries were lined by the consular guard—a royal usage, which contrasted singularly with the inscription over the entrance,—"ON THE 10TH AUGUST, 1792, ROYALTY WAS ABOLISHED IN FRANCE, AND SHALL NEVER BE RE-ESTABLISHED!" Already was it re-established.

No sooner had the carriage stopped in the square of the palace, than the First Consul instantly alighting, mounted, or, to speak more correctly, vaulted, on horseback, to review the troops, while his two colleagues ascended to the royal apartments, where the council of state and ministers attended them. The review was prolonged, in presence of an indescribable confluence of spectators; the windows were filled with elegant women, dressed in the Grecian costume, then the fashion; and from every quarter, as from a single voice, resounded acclamations of "Long live the First Consul!" Who would not have yielded to the intoxication of such enthusiasm? After passing between the lines, addressing flattering expressions to the commanders of the corps, Bonaparte, having Murat and Lannes on his right and left, took his station near the gate of the Tuileries. Behind stood a numerous *etat-major*, composed of youthful warriors, bronzed by the suns of Italy and Egypt, every one of whom had been in more combats than he numbered years. When the Consul beheld pass before him the colours of the 86th, the 43d, and the 30th demi-brigade, as these standards were reduced to a bare pole with some tatters of silk, torn by bullets, and blackened with smoke, he took off his hat and bent towards them, in token of reverence. These homages of a great captain to ensigns mutilated on the field of battle, were hailed by a thousand acclamations. All the troops having defiled, the First Consul ascended, with dauntless step, the stairs of the Tuileries.

The part of the General was over for that day; now commenced that of Chief of the State. And here is the proper place to relate a fact of which I was both an eye and ear witness, because, though occurring somewhat earlier, its effects became daily more perceptible, after the removal to the Tuileries. The reader will not have forgotten, that when Ducos and Sieyes bore the title of Consuls, the three members of the consular commission were equals, if not in fact, at least in right. When Cambacèrés and Lebrun replaced them, M. de Talleyrand was appointed at the same time successor to M. Reinhard as minister for foreign affairs. On this appointment, he was admitted to a private audience in the cabinet, where I remained alone with them. The words addressed by Talleyrand to Bonaparte were too remarkable in themselves, and in their effects upon the auditor, for me to forget them: "Citizen-General," said the new minister, "you have confided to me the department of foreign affairs: I will justify your confidence; but I esteem it my duty at once to declare, that I will consult with you alone. There is in this no vain haughtiness on my side; I speak only as the interests of France are concerned. That our country may be well governed, that there may be unity of action, it is indispensable that you be First Consul, and that the First Consul have in his own management whatsoever directly pertains to politics, —namely, the home and police departments, for the internal government; my department, for external relations; and, finally, the two great instruments of the executive, war and the admiralty. It will, therefore, be altogether proper for these five ministers to correspond with you alone. The administration of justice, and of the finances, is doubtless connected with the executive policy by numberless links, but here the union is less inseparable. With your permission, General, I would advise that the Second Consul, very able lawyer as he is, should have the

direction of legal affairs; while the Third, equally conversant in ways and means, should conduct financial operations. This will occupy — will amuse them; and you, General, having at disposal the vital powers of government, will thus be enabled to attain the noble object of your aims, — the regeneration of France."

These remarkable words were too much in accordance with the private sentiments of Bonaparte, to be heard with indifference. "Do you know, Bourrienne," said he, on the departure of the minister, "Talleyrand gives good counsel; he is a man of excellent sense." — "Such, General, is the opinion of all who know him." — "Talleyrand," added he, with a smile, "is quick; he has penetrated me. What he advises you know well it is my intention to do. But one stroke more! — he is right: they walk with speed who walk alone. Lebrun is an excellent person, but he has no politics in his head; he writes books. Cambacérés has too many traditions of the Revolution. My government must be one quite new." So punctually were Talleyrand's advices followed, that already, the very day of the installation of the consular government, when Bonaparte had entered the hall wherein the presentations took place, Cambacérés and Lebrun resembled rather spectators than colleagues of the First Consul. On this occasion, as our republicans of the consular times were not altogether Spartans, the procession to the Tuileries, the review, and the presentations, were followed by grand dinners. The First Consul received at his table the two other consuls, the ministers, and the presidents of the great bodies of the state; Murat entertained the chiefs of the army; and the entire council of state, getting into the conveyances with effaced numbers, drove off to partake of Lucien's good cheer.

Before installing ourselves in the Tuileries, we had made frequent visits to the palace, surveying how the reparations, or rather *cleansings*, ordered by Bonaparte, advanced. At the very commencement,

seeing the quantity of *bonnets rouges* (caps of liberty) painted upon the walls, he desired the architect, Lecomte, " See that all these smearings vanish; I will have no such abominations."

The slight changes which he wished in the interior of the suite destined for himself, were of his own planning. A bed of ceremony, not that of Louis XVI, was placed in an apartment opening from his cabinet; but I may just mention, that he slept there very rarely; for, cultivating the simplest tastes internally, he loved external splendour only as a studied means of imposing upon men. To speak in vulgar fashion, both at the Luxembourg and Malmaison, as also during the first period of his residence at the Tuileries, Bonaparte slept with his wife. Every night he descended to Josephine's chamber, by a small staircase, opening into a wardrobe, which adjoined his cabinet, and formerly the oratory of Mary de Medicis. I never entered the Consul's bedroom except by this passage, which he used likewise on ascending to *our* cabinet.

As to our cabinet, study, or office, I have beheld so many events prepared therein; have witnessed in it sometimes great, sometimes little, things transacted; and finally, passed there so many hours of my life, that the whole still remains indelibly impressed on my memory. A very beautiful table for the First Consul stood nearly in the centre. When he placed himself at work in the splendid arm chair, the same which he so unmercifully notched with his penknife, his back was to the fire-place, and his right to the only window in the apartment. Against the opposite wall stood a large book-case, filled with papers from top to bottom. A little to the right, a door led into the bed-chamber of ceremony already mentioned. Beyond, was the grand saloon of audience, upon the ceiling of which Lebrun had painted Louis XIV. When we took possession, a tricolor cockade, daubed upon the forehead of the *grand monarch*, still attested

the base imbecility of the Convention. Beyond this, was the hall of the guards, which conducted to the great staircase. My writing-table, very plain, was placed near the window, whence in summer I enjoyed the perspective of the tufted foliage of the chestnut trees; but to see those who walked in the garden, I had to rise, while a slight movement of the head enabled me to face the Consul, when we had to address each other. On the right, was a small apartment, or closet, appropriated to Duroc, by which, also, was held communication with the attendant in waiting, and with the state apartments. Duroc being rarely present, I used the small room, to see those persons with whom it might be necessary to converse. Such was the consular, afterwards the imperial, cabinet.

CHAPTER IV.

PERSONAL HABITS, CHARACTER, AND DISPOSITIONS OF BONAPARTE — DESCRIPTION OF HIS PERSON — ANECDOTES OF HIS CONVERSATIONS AND OPINIONS, &c.

In reading the history of the great men of antiquity, do we not regret, that their annalists have neglected to tell us of the man, occupying themselves only with the hero? In effect, though nothing more resembles an ordinary man, than an illustrious personage, when one follows both into the details of private life, it is no less true, that, generally speaking, the world likes to be acquainted with the most unimportant habits of those, whom great talents and vast renown have elevated above their fellow men. Is this merely an effect of curiosity? or, rather, may it not be referred to an involuntary display of self-love? And do we not thus seek, without intending it, to console ourselves for their superiority, in beholding their errors, their weaknesses, their absurdities even; in short, all those points of contact, which they exhibit in common with the herd of mankind? In order, then, that those inquisitive in such details, may find wherewithal to satisfy their longing in regard to Bonaparte, I intend to devote the following chapter to a physical and moral portraiture of the man, as I have seen him in his tastes, his habits, his passions, his caprices. I draw at present from the original, as every moment exposed to my observation for so many years.

The ablest painters and sculptors have laboured to fix upon the canvass, or to call forth from the marble, the features of that extraordinary man. The greater

number of these skilful artists, whose talents honour France, have happily seized the type of his countenance; yet may we assert, that there exists not a perfect resemblance. It is not granted even to genius, to triumph over an impossibility. The noble contour of the head, the expanded front, the pale and elongated visage, and the meditative cast of the countenance, might be represented; but the mobility of his glance was beyond the dominion of imitation — that glance, which obeyed volition with the rapidity of lightning. In the same minute might be read in his quick and piercing eye, an expression, now sweet, now stern, now terrible, and anon caressing. It seemed as if every thought which agitated his soul moulded an appropriate physiognomy.

Bonaparte had finely formed hands, and highly estimated this beauty. He likewise took particular care of them; and often, while conversing, regarded them with complacency. He had also pretensions to fine teeth; but these claims appeared to me less justly founded. When he walked, whether alone or in company, in a room or in his gardens, he stooped a little in his gait, with hands crossed behind his back.* Frequently, he made an involuntary movement of the right shoulder, by slightly elevating it; at the same time, a motion in the mouth, from left to right, was observable. If one had not known this to be only a habit, these motions might have been mistaken for spasmodic affections. They, in reality, indicated deep cogitation — a sort of condensing of the spirit, while it cherished lofty reflections. Often, after these walks, he drew up, or dictated to me, the most im-

* At a masquerade, in the opera-house, Napoleon, then Emperor, had ten different dresses carried to a private apartment, determined not to be recognized. Ten several times he was discovered in a few minutes. On four of these occasions, detection ensued almost immediately, from his entering with his hands behind him, though cautioned to avoid the attitude. — *Translator.*

portant papers. It seemed almost impossible to tire him, not merely on horseback, and with the army, but in his ordinary exercise; for sometimes he walked during five or six hours in succession, without being sensible of the exertion. He had a habit, too, in these walks, when accompanied by any one whom he treated familiarly, of passing his arm through his companion's, and thus supporting himself.

Bonaparte used frequently to say to me,—"You see, Bourrienne, how temperate and spare I am. Well, I cannot divest myself of the apprehension, that, forty years hence, I shall be a great eater, and become very corpulent. I foresee, that my constitution will undergo a change; and notwithstanding I take sufficient exercise. But what would you? It is a presentiment, and will certainly be realized." This idea troubled him much. As nothing then permitted me to participate in them, I never failed to argue against these fears as groundless. But he would not listen to me; and, during the whole time of my remaining in his service, this presentiment haunted him continually. It was but too well founded.

For the bath he had an absolute passion, and mistook this partiality for a necessity of life. He remained habitually two hours in the water. During this time, I read to him extracts from the journals or some new pamphlets; for he desired to hear all, know all, and see all for himself. While in the bath, he kept continually turning the warm water valve, raising the temperature to such a pitch, that we found ourselves enveloped in an atmosphere of vapour so dense, as to prevent my seeing sufficiently to read. We were then forced to open the door.

I never knew Bonaparte to be otherwise than extremely temperate, and an enemy to all excess. He was aware of the absurd stories circulated concerning him; and they sometimes put him out of humour. How often has it been repeated, that he was subject to attacks of epilepsy! During the space

of more than eleven years, I never saw any symptom which resembled in the very least that malady. He was very healthy, and of excellent constitution. But if, on the one hand, his enemies have thought to degrade, by describing him as subject to a grievous periodical infirmity, his flatterers, apparently figuring to themselves sleep as incompatible with greatness, have not less belied truth, in speaking of his imaginary watchings. Bonaparte made others wake, but he himself slept, and slept soundly. He desired that I should call him every morning at seven. I was, therefore, always the first who entered his bed-room; but, pretty often, on attempting to rouse him, he would say, his eyes still shut,—"Do, Bourrienne, I beseech you, let me indulge a moment longer." When there happened to be nothing very pressing, I did not return again till eight. In general, he slept seven hours out of the twenty-four, besides dozing a little in the afternoon.

Among the private instructions delivered me in writing, there was one very singular on this point: "During the night," said the rule, "you will enter my room as seldom as possible. Never awake me when you have good news to announce: with such intelligence nothing presses. But, if the matter concerns bad news, rouse me immediately; for then there is not an instant to be lost." This was good calculation; and Bonaparte often found his advantage therein.

As soon as he had risen, his valet de chambre shaved him and dressed his hair. While these operations were going forward, I read the journals aloud, commencing always with the *Moniteur*. He gave no attention, save to the English and German newspapers. "Pass, pass," he would say to me, on reading the French journals; "I know all that is there. They say only as I permit." I have often been much astonished that his valet did not cut him

during these readings; for, on hearing any thing remarkable, he turned suddenly towards my side. When his toilet was completed, and that, too, with great care—for he dressed with scrupulous neatness—we descended together to the study. There, he signed the answers to important petitions, of which the analysis had been made by myself the preceding evening. On levees especially, and public days, he was very punctual in these signatures, because I took care to put him in mind, that the greater part of the petitioners would be in the apartments, or would present themselves, on his passing to the parade ground. In order to spare him this annoyance, I informed them in advance, what had been the decision of the First Consul. Afterwards, he read the open letters, which I placed in order upon his table, classing them according to their importance, and to which he charged me with replying in his name. Sometimes, indeed, though rarely, he wrote answers himself. Thus passed the time till ten, when breakfast was announced by the steward of the household, while at the Luxembourg, in these terms,—"The General's table is served." On adjourning to the breakfast room, we found a repast of extreme frugality. Almost every morning, at this meal, he eat chickens, done with oil and onions, then named, I believe, *Poulet à la Provençale*, but since, perpetuated in the cards of our restaurateurs, under the more ambitious designation of *Poulet à Marengo*. He drank very little wine. What he did take, was always Bordeaux or Burgundy, and the latter in preference. After breakfast, as after dinner, he had a cup of strong coffee.* This beverage I never saw him take between repasts; and I know not to what

* It has been established as a gastronomic principle, by a celebrated *Professor*, "That he who does not take coffee after each meal, assuredly is not a man of taste."

source to attribute the report, that Bonaparte had a perfect passion for coffee. This supposition ought to belong to those who pretend that he never slept during the night. The one hypothesis requires to be supported by the other. When he did work later than usual, it was never coffee he ordered, but chocolate, of which he always made me take a cup with him; but this happened only when our labours were prolonged to two or three in the morning.

What has been said respecting Bonaparte's immoderate use of snuff, is not less opposed to truth, than his liking for coffee. Certainly, he had early begun to shew a partiality this way. He used, however, but a small quantity, always in a box, of which he had a great many; for this was one of his fancies; and, if he resembled in any thing the great Frederick, it was not in converting the pocket of his vest into a snuff canister; for I have already said, he carried neatness in dress to a degree of fastidiousness.

Bonaparte nourished two real passions,—glory and war. Never was he more gay than in the camp; at no time so morose as when inactive. Building, too, gratified his imagination; plans of gigantic construction filled, more than any other thought, the void created by repose. He was aware that such monuments constitute a portion of the history of a people; which, by their long duration, bear witness to the civilization of their age, long after the nation has disappeared from the face of the earth; and that, often to the most remote generations, they hand down as true, conquests in reality fabulous. He deceived himself, however, in the means by which he hoped to attain this end. His inscriptions, his trophies, and, later, his eagles, figured nobly on the monuments of his reign; but why, by false initials, endeavour to bring within his own era even the old Louvre? The multitude of N's engraven every where, could avail nothing in opposition to the recitals of history; a scratch upon a wall could not

alter the order of time.* But what imports it? Bonaparte knew that the fine arts impart to great actions a long renown, and consecrate the memory of princes who encourage and protect them. Yet has Bonaparte affirmed to me, more than once,— "A great reputation is but a great noise; the more we make of it, the farther it is heard. Laws, institutions, monuments, nations,—all perish; but the noise is prolonged, and echoes among other generations." This was a favourite idea. "My power," he would say again, "depends upon my glory, and my glory upon the victories I have gained. My power would fall, if I gave it not a base of more glory and of new victories. Conquest has made me what I am; conquest alone can maintain that position." It was this sentiment, then reigning supreme in his mind, and probably ever forming his ruling principle, which awakened unceasing visions of new wars, and scattered the seeds of hostility throughout Europe. He believed, that to remain stationary was to fall: hence the desire ever to be advancing: and with him not to act grandly and strikingly was not to act at all. This constraining necessity flowed from his organization; it was inseparable from his very being. "A government just created must needs dazzle and astonish," he would say. "Soon as it sends forth no meteoric splendour, it fades." It was vain to ask repose on the part of one who personified movement itself.

His sentiments towards France, finally, differed much from those observable in youth. Long he bore with impatience the remembrance of the subjugation of Corsica, which he then desired to regard as his country; but this feeling subsided; and I can affirm

* When this circumstance was pointed out to Louis XVIII, who had found Bonaparte an excellent tenant, the monarch very aptly repeated from Fontaine,—

"He would have written on's hat,—This is me—
My name is Colin—that's my flock you see."

that he passionately loved France. His imagination kindled at the sole idea of seeing her great, happy, powerful, the first among the nations of the earth, and dictating laws to all others. He beheld his name indissolubly united with that of this beautiful France, and listened to the union being repeated in the echoes of most distant time. In his every action, the present moment disappeared before the ages to come; in every region into which he was led by warlike enterprize, the opinion of France held empire over his thought. Like Alexander at Arbela, who esteemed it less glorious to have vanquished Darius than to have conquered the suffrages of the Athenians, Bonaparte at Marengo was haunted by the idea, "What will they say in France?"

Before engaging in battle, Bonaparte made little provision for subsequent events, if successful; but occupied himself much with what ought to be done, in the case of defeat. I here report a fact of which I have often been a witness, leaving to his brethren in arms the decision on the merits of this conduct. He was enabled to accomplish much, because he hazarded all, grasped at all, and was cautious in nothing. His excessive ambition urged him on to power, and power obtained only added to his ambition. None ever more firmly held the conviction, that a nothing often decides the greatest affairs. This supplies the reason why he was more solicitous in watching, than in tempting events; he beheld them in their progress of preparation and maturity, when, suddenly seizing, he directed them at will.

Bonaparte was not by nature inclined to esteem mankind, and he despised them more, in proportion as he knew them better. This unfavourable opinion of the human race, the result of experience, was, in his case, justified by many striking examples. His severity was the fruit of a maxim he frequently repeated,—"There are two levers whereby men may be moved,—fear and interest." What esteem,

for instance, could Bonaparte have for the pensioners on the opera-purse? This was a fund deriving a considerable revenue from the gaming-houses, one portion of which served to cover the surplus expenditure of that magnificent theatre, while the residue had a secret appropriation. Thence very tolerable gratuities were touched on bonds, signed by Duroc. There might often be seen entering by the little private door, personages invested with very opposite characters. Our fair Egyptian friend, whose captive husband was so maliciously released by the English, made pretty frequent visits to the fundholder of the opera. There, too, might be found, at one and the same time, a philosopher, an actor, a celebrated orator, and a maimed musician. One day the cashier transacted business in the same hour, with a priest, a courtezan, and a cardinal, who no longer, as of old, discounted Turkish sequins for French francs at an exorbitant exchange.

One of Bonaparte's greatest misfortunes consisted in his not believing in friendship, and in not feeling the necessity of loving,—the sweetest aspiration of which the human heart is susceptible. How often has he exclaimed in my hearing, "Friendship is but a name: I love no one—no; not even my brothers: Joseph, perhaps, a little; still, if I do love him, it is from habit, because he is the eldest of us.—Duroc! Yes; him I certainly love. But why? His character suits me. He is cold, severe, unfeeling; and then, Duroc never weeps!* As to me, it is all one; I well know that I have no true friends. While remaining what I am, I can make as many of them as I like in appearance. Look ye, Bourrienne; we must leave tender-heartedness to the women—that is their affair; but no sensibility for me! It is necessary to be firm

* We must not judge of Duroc by this description. He was cold, certainly, and habitually serious; but few were kinder, or more obliging.—*Author.*

—to have the heart of adamant: otherwise, let no one meddle with war or politics!"

In his social relations, Bonaparte shewed himself, in school-boy phrase, a sullen; but his sulkiness was rarely disobliging. His fits of ill-humour passed like clouds, and evaporated in words. His serious bad treatment; his sarcastic allusions; the burst of his resentment—all these were calculated and prepared beforehand. When he had to express his disapprobation against any one, the presence of witnesses encouraged the attack: then his remarks were always harsh, sarcastic, and humiliating. Under these strokes it was hard to bear up; but he seldom gave way to these violent sallies, and never except on proofs received of the culpability of their objects. When he designed to take one to task, he always desired to have a third party as witness. I frequently observed that this inspired him with more hardihood: in fact, when alone with him, and when well informed of his character, there was a certainty of one's getting the better, by being cool, frank, and never appearing to wince under the castigation. To his friends at St Helena, he is reported to have said, that he admitted a third on such occasions, only that the blow struck might sound to a greater distance. Such was not his true motive; for then it would have been far more simple to have made a public exhibition at once. There were other reasons. During the whole time I remained in his service, I remarked that he cared not about private interviews: when he was expecting any one, he would say,—"Bourrienne, you will remain;" and when a person was announced whom he did not expect—a minister, for instance, or general—on my rising to retire, he would say, in an under tone, "Remain now." I certainly was not detained, that what might be said should thus be spread abroad; it formed no part either of my character, or of my duty, to carry about his words; if, too, I had so desired, there wanted time. It may, besides, be presumed,

that the few persons admitted, as third parties, into these confidences, could not be ignorant of the inconveniences consequent on indiscretions under a government that knew all. In every view, Bonaparte would have failed of his aim, in reckoning upon the revelations of a thirdsman, if that had been the only object proposed.

For the sanguinary actors in the Revolution, and especially for the regicides, the Consul entertained the profoundest aversion. He endured, as a painful burden, the obligation of dissembling his sentiments; but, when he spoke to me of these men of blood, of those whom he himself named "assassins of Louis XVI," it was with horror, lamenting the necessity under which he yet laboured of employing, and of constraining himself so far as to speak them fair. Many times did he say to Cambacèrés, at the same time gently pinching his ear, to make palatable, by this habitual familiarity, the bitterness of the sarcasm, "My poor Cambacèrés, I have nothing to do in that case; but your affair is clear,—if ever the Bourbons return, you will be hanged!" Upon this, a forced laugh would contract the leaden countenance of Cambacèrés, in a manner as difficult, as it would be disagreeable, to paint. This expression was uniformly the sole reply of the Second Consul, who once, however, in my hearing, made answer,—"Come, now, do forbear your ill-timed jokes!" If, to use a vulgar phrase, there ever was one who laughed only from the teeth outwards, it was Cambacèrés.

Bonaparte exhibited some singular habits and tastes. Whenever any thing went wrong, or when some disagreeable thought occupied him, he uttered a humming sort of noise, far, indeed, from resembling an air, for he was very unmusical, as already mentioned. In this mood, seating himself by his writing table, he poised himself on his chair, leaning backwards so dangerously, that a hundred times have I called to him to beware of falling heels over head. In this

situation he vented his ill-humour against the right arm of his elbow-chair, slashing it with his penknife, which, indeed, was of no other use to him. I took great care to have always within his reach the very best pens; for, charged with deciphering his writing, I was more interested than any one else that he wrote—not well, which was out of the question, but the least badly possible.

The sound of bells produced upon Bonaparte a singular effect, for which I have never been able to account. When we were at Malmaison, and while walking in the avenue leading to Ruel, how often has the booming of the village bell broken off our most serious conversations! He stopped, lest the moving of our feet might cause the loss of a tone in the sounds which charmed him. He was even inclined to be angry with me for not feeling the same impressions as were made upon himself; the influence, indeed, was so powerful, that his voice trembled with emotion, while he said,—"That recalls to me the first years I passed at Brienne. I was happy then." The bell ceased to vibrate,—and he, resuming the current of gigantic reverie, would lanch into futurity, encircle his head with a diadem, and hurl kings from their thrones!

Nowhere, unless it were on the field of battle, have I seen Bonaparte more delighted, than in his gardens at Malmaison. During the early period of the consulate, we retired thither every Saturday evening, staying over Sunday, and sometimes Monday. Nor can I describe his joy, on getting to his beloved retreat, more happily, or more truly, than by saying, that it resembled the buoyant gladness of a youth just let loose from school. At Malmaison, the Consul made study give place *a little* to walking, overseeing in person the improvements which he had ordered. At first, he sometimes visited the environs, until the report of the police poisoned his native feeling of security, by insinuating fears of royalist partizans

lying in wait to carry him off.* For the first four or five days, on getting possession, he amused himself, after breakfast, in calculating the annual income, omitting nothing, not even the care of the park, and the price of the vegetables. He found the whole amount to be 8000 francs (£333, 6s. 8d.) "That is not so bad," were his words; "but, to live here, one would require an income of 30,000," (£1250.) I fell a-laughing heartily to see him seriously apply to this inquiry. These humble desires were not of long duration.

In the country, one of his greatest pleasures was to see a lady, of a tall and slender figure, dressed in white, walking in a shady avenue. He could not endure coloured dresses, especially those of a deep shade; and for women too much *embonpoint* he had a sovereign dislike. Ladies in the situation wished by those "who love their lords," inspired him with invincible repugnance, so that very rarely were they invited to his parties, or dinners. He possessed all the requisite qualifications for being, what is termed in the world, an agreeable man—except the will to be so. He was too imposing to attract; and, unless by those who perfectly knew him, a sentiment of involuntary fear was experienced in his presence. In that saloon where the excellent Josephine presided with so much grace and affability, all respired freedom and gaiety in the absence of her lord: on his arrival, a change came over the scene, and every eye rested on his countenance, to read there the disposition of his mind, whether he was to be conversible or silent, gay or gloomy.

Often he talked a great deal, sometimes even a little too much; but he conversed in a manner than which nothing could be more agreeable, or more truly engaging. His conversation seldom ran upon light

* It appears, however, that, at a later period, such schemes were actually agitated.

or humorous subjects, never upon frivolous matters. He so much loved discussion, that, in the heat of argument, it was easy to lead him into disclosures. Sometimes he amused himself, in a little circle, by relating anecdotes of presentiments and spirits. This occurred always in the evening, when the day was closing. He prepared his auditors by some solemn observation. On one occasion, for example, he began by saying, in a grave tone, "When death strikes at a distance a person who is dear to us, a presentiment almost always announces the event, and the individual whom death removes, appears to us at the moment of our loss." After this introduction, he related to us the following instance:—"A great personage in the court of Louis XIV, happened to be one in the gallery at Versailles, when that monarch was reading to his courtiers the bulletin of the battle of Friedlingin, gained by Villars, in Germany. Suddenly, at the very moment, the courtier beheld, at the extremity of the apartment, the shade of his son, who was in the army with Villars, and exclaimed, 'My son is no more!' An instant after, the king named him among the slain."

All Bonaparte's narratives overflowed with fascination and originality. He was particularly conversible on a journey. In the warmth of discourse, always delightful, always abounding in noble views and elevated ideas, he sometimes permitted to escape involuntary disclosures upon his future views, or, at least, revealed things which might serve to give insight into those which he still wished to conceal. I took the liberty of remarking on this imprudence, and he received my observations in good part, acknowledging his failing, saying, at the same time, that he was not aware of going so far. He did not pretend to dissemble this species of heedlessness, of which he has made frank confession in his notes from St Helena.

When in good humour, his ordinary caresses con-

sisted in slight fillips with the first and second fingers, or in gently pinching the tip of the ear. In his most friendly conversations, with those admitted to unrestrained intimacy, he was in the habit of repeating, "You are a simpleton—a ninny—a blockhead—an ass—a fool—an imbecile." These six words served to vary his catalogue of compliments; but he never applied them seriously, and the tone with which they were pronounced, rendered their signification one quite of kindness.

Bonaparte put no faith, either in medicine or in the prescriptions of physicians. He spoke of physic as of an art altogether conjectural, his opinion in this respect being fixed and immoveable. He possessed a masculine reason, which admitted only of demonstrated truths.

He had great difficulty in recollecting proper names and dates, but possessed a prodigious memory for facts and localities. I remember that, once, in going from Paris to Toulon, he made me remark six different places adapted for great battles, and he never forgot them; for, at that time, the recollection was one of the earliest journeys of his youth, and he described to me the surface of the ground, and explained the positions he would have occupied, even before we had reached the places themselves.

Insensible to the charms of poetic harmony, Bonaparte enjoyed not even sufficient ear to appreciate the measure of the verses, nor could he recite a single line without altering the rhythm; but the sublime thoughts of poetry charmed him. He was an idolater of Corneille, and to such a degree, that one day, after the representation of *Cinna*, he observed to me,—"If a man like Corneille lived in my time, I would make him my prime minister. It is not his poetry that I admire, but his good sense, his great knowledge of the human heart; in short, the profundity of his politics."

Politeness in his intercourse with women did no

form an habitual trait in the character of Bonaparte. Rarely had he any thing agreeable to say to them; often, indeed, he addressed unlucky compliments, or made the strangest remarks. Sometimes it was, "Ah! good God! what red arms you have got!" at others, "Oh! what a villanous head-dress!" or, "Who has bundled your hair up in that fashion?" Sometimes, again, "You have got a very dirty robe! Do you never change your gown? I have seen you in that dress twenty times before." In this he had no mercy, and generally liked to see money disbursed.* Often present at the toilet of his wife, who had a most exquisite taste, he had become not easily satisfied as respected the costume of other ladies. At first, elegance was what he chiefly required; a little later, he looked to expense and magnificence; but always propriety. At the commencement of the consulate, he complained more than once of the fashion which left the neck exposed.

Bonaparte did not love play; and it was so far very fortunate for those invited to his circles; for when he sat down to a card table, as he sometimes considered himself obliged to do, nothing could be more tiresome than the party, whether at the Luxembourg or the Tuileries. On the contrary, when he walked about through the numerous assembly, every one felt pleased, for he addressed a great many people. It was, however, always with the learned men present that he held conversation, especially with those who had accompanied the Egyptian expedition, or with some popular author. But, on the whole, it was not so much in a drawing-room, as at the head of his troops, that one must have seen, to have formed a

* When Emperor, he one day said to the beautiful Duchess de Chevereuse, in presence of the whole circle at the Tuileries,—"Ah, how droll! I declare your hair is red!"—"Perhaps it is, sire; but you are the first man who ever told me so." This spirited lady was soon after exiled to Tours, for having declined the office of maid of honour to the Queen of Spain.

high idea of Bonaparte, and appreciated his powers. Uniform became him much better than the most splendid civil costumes; and, in these latter, his first essays were not by any means happy. I have been told, that the first time he appeared in official robes, he wore with them a black stock,—a singular contrast, as was remarked to him. "So much the better," replied he; "that leaves something at least of the soldier, and there's no harm done."

The First Consul was sufficiently punctual in paying his personal expenses; but he disliked discharging public accounts, arising out of former transactions with ministers, for the various services of the state. These payments he put off as long as possible, by every sort of chicanery and difficulty, having recourse to the very worst reasons. Hence, had accumulated so immense an arrear of expenses as occasioned the necessity of a committee of liquidation. It was with him a fixed opinion, a settled conviction, that "Whoever writes himself contractor, signs himself knave." Whatever was not paid to this class of functionaries, he considered as a just restitution; and the sums deducted from their accounts seemed to him as recovered from a robbery. The less a minister paid upon his budget the more favourably was he regarded; and this ruinous economy can alone explain the protracted credit of the claims against the French marine.

On religion, Bonaparte had only vague ideas. He was wont to say, "My reason keeps me in unbelief regarding many things, but the impressions of childhood, and the feelings of early youth, throw me back into uncertainty." I have already mentioned the effect produced upon his mind by the sound of bells, and it is a fact which I have twenty times witnessed. He liked very much to converse about religion. I have very frequently, at Passeriano, in Egypt, on board the *L' Orient* and *Le Muiron*, heard him take a most active share in animated conversations on

this subject. He readily conceded whatever was proved, and every thing that appeared to him to come of men and of time; but he would never hear of materialism. I remember, that, being on deck one beautiful night, surrounded by several persons, who were discussing in favour of this afflictive opinion, Bonaparte, raising his hand towards the heavens, and pointing to the stars, said, "Gentlemen, your arguments are vain—who made all these?" The perpetuity of a name in the memory of men was to him the soul's immortality. To all religions he extended entire toleration, and could not conceive how men should be persecuted on account of religious creeds.

Among Bonaparte's singular habits, I may cite that of sitting side-ways upon every table within reach. He used to seat himself in this manner upon mine, resting the left arm upon my right shoulder, and balancing his left leg, which did not touch the floor, thus continuing to dictate, shaking the table all the while, very much, of course, to the improvement of my penmanship.

Bonaparte felt great repugnance to reverse a decision, even when aware of its injustice. In little as in great things, nothing could induce him to withdraw a step: to recede was, with him, to fall. Here his heart was at variance with his conduct: he felt this, too; but his good dispositions were silenced by what he regarded as a political exigency. Never, perhaps, did Bonaparte say, "I have done wrong;" his favourite expression was, "I begin to suspect all is not right." Nevertheless, and in opposition to this maxim, more becoming a disappointed theorist than the head of a government, Bonaparte was neither rancorous nor vindictive. His character was not sanguinary. I cannot, of course, justify all those sentences drawn from him by the inexorable law of war, and the cruel necessity of circumstances; but I am able to say, that, in this respect, mankind have often been most unjust towards him. Outrageous fools

only could have given him the appellations of Nero and Caligula. There existed nothing in his actions or character which ought to have exposed him to such insult. I believe I have remarked with sufficient sincerity on his real faults, to be taken on my word: well, then, I can assure the reader, that, setting aside political considerations, Bonaparte was feeling, kind, accessible to pity. He was very fond of children; and rarely does a wicked man shew such an attachment. In the habits of private life, he had—yes, the word is not too strong—he had much benevolence, and great indulgence for human weakness. A contrary opinion is too deeply rooted in some minds, that I should flatter myself with being able entirely to remove the impression. I shall have, it is to be feared, some opposers; but I address myself to those who seek for truth. I lived in the most unreserved confidence with Bonaparte for six-and-twenty years, and I advance nothing lightly. At all events, allowance must be made for difference of times, circumstances, and characters. The Collegian must be distinguished from the General, the Consul from the Emperor, if we would pronounce an impartial judgment.

CHAPTER V.

TRANSACTIONS OF THE CONSULATE IN THE TUILERIES —CLEMENCY AND GENEROSITY OF BONAPARTE— JOSEPHINE—HER HABITS—EXTRAVAGANT CHARGES —ANECDOTES—PUBLIC BUILDINGS—BONAPARTE'S TASTE IN ARCHITECTURE—ANECDOTES.

We were then at the Tuileries! On the morrow of the so much wished for day, on which we slept in the palace of our kings, I addressed Bonaparte, on entering his chamber,—"Well, General, behold you at length arrived here, not only without difficulty, but with the acclamations of the people! Do you remember your remark in the Rue St Anne,—'I ought to make myself king, but it is not yet time?'" —"Yes, very true; I remember. See what it is to will. It was only two years ago! Don't you think we have managed matters not so badly in that time? On the whole, I am much satisfied. The affair of yesterday passed off well. Do you suppose that all those who came to play the sycophant about me were sincere? Not so, undoubtedly; but the joy of the people was real; and the people are right. Besides, consult the grand thermometer of opinion. Look at the state of the money market. The course of exchange, at *eleven* on the 17th Brumaire, had risen to *sixteen* on the 20th, and, to-day, is at *twenty-one.* With that I can allow the chattering of the Jacobins: but—let them not speak too loud!" Having dressed, he went to walk in the gallery of Diana; examined the statues placed there by his order; and, in the course of the morning, felt in full possession of his

new abode. Among other things, I recollect he said, —"Bourrienne, to be at the Tuileries is not *all;* we must remain there. Who have inhabited this palace? Robbers—the Convention. Hold; look, there's your brother's house. Did I not thence behold the Tuileries besieged, and the good Louis XVI. carried away prisoner? But you may rest in security. Let them try that again!"

Already was the ancient ceremonial of the court of France in request; and till the chamberlains and grand-master of the ceremonies should be forthcoming, a counsellor of state presented to the Consul, in public audience, the members of foreign diplomacy then in Paris. A hall in the palace was expressly fitted up for this ceremony, like many others, unknown for long. At this and other presentations that followed, three consuls were, indeed, present; but what chiefly distinguished the first from his colleagues, besides receiving all credentials, was, that, on leaving these official audiences the presented paid their respects to Madame Bonaparte, as formerly to the queen.

Thus the ancient usages of royalty insinuated themselves, by little and little, into the royal abode. Among the rights of the crown, and which the constitution of year VIII. did not grant to the First Consul, was one he greatly desired, and which he arrogated by the most excusable of all usurpations, namely, the right of pardoning. To save men sentenced by the laws, where the imperious demands of his policy, to which, in truth, he sacrificed every thing, did not interfere, was to him a source of the greatest pleasure. He even seemed grateful to those who afforded him an opportunity of being merciful. Such was the Consul: I speak not of the Emperor. Of this the following fact, which touched me so nearly, offers an incontestable proof:—

M. Defeu, a French emigrant, had been taken in the Tyrol, with arms in his hands. In January,

while we were yet at the Luxembourg, the unfortunate youth was ordered to be put on trial at Grenoble. The laws against emigrants in his situation were terrible, and the judges dared not mitigate. Tried in the morning, condemned in the course of the day, and shot in the evening; such was their usual fate. Informed by my cousin, Mademoiselle Pointrincourt,* of the situation of Defeu, I had left the cabinet for a moment to meet her, she having posted from Sens on purpose. On returning, I found the Consul surprised at being left alone, so contrary to my usual habits. "Where come you from?" asked he,—"I have just been with a relative who entreats a favour of you." —"What is it?" I then related the sad condition of Defeu. His first reply was terrible. "No mercy!" exclaimed he; "no pity for emigrants! He that bears arms against his country, is a child who would murder his mother!" This burst of resentment over, I pleaded the youth of the culprit, and the good effect which clemency would here produce. "Well," said he, "write,—'The First Consul wills that judgment be suspended in the case of M. Defeu.'" He signed, and I despatched by an extraordinary courier, this laconic order. Next morning I had hardly entered the Consul's bed-chamber, when he said,—"Well, Bourrienne, you say nothing of your friend Defeu; are you satisfied?"—"General, I cannot find terms to express my gratitude."—"Oh, as to that,—nonsense! but I like not to do things by halves. Write that I desire M. Defeu be instantly liberated. I make perhaps one more ungrateful—no matter! so much the worse for him; and, Bourrienne, in similar cases, always apply to me: when I refuse, it is because it is impossible to comply." My first note arrived just in time to save Defeu, who now lives, the father of three children, in happiness and tranquillity at Sens.

* Afterwards, and still, I believe, Madame Defeu.—*Translator.*

Imboldened by this success, and by the kind expressions of the Consul, I ventured to request the pardon of Count de Frotte, a chief of the Vendean league. He had at first refused all offers of pacification; subsequent reverses, however, of the royalist forces, necessitated him to propose advances, which he had formerly rejected. But, while he was actually treating with the republican general, circumstances occurred, and letters were intercepted, giving grounds to believe that his intentions were not sincere. He had even designated the consulate as "the criminal enterprize of Bonaparte, which must soon terminate." I had here much more difficulty; but at length prevailed so far as to obtain an order for suspending judgment on the Count. How painful the lesson I then received on the misfortunes which may arise from the loss of time! Not supposing things so far advanced as they actually were, I delayed to despatch immediately the order of suspension. The minister of police had marked his victim, and his agents never tarried on their errands of destruction. He sent an order to hasten judgment, and my reprieve arrived too late! The Count was tried, condemned the same day, and executed on the following, being that before we removed to the Tuileries. I have reason to believe that some secret accusation had, in the interval, reached the Consul; for, on learning what had happened, he appeared quite indifferent, and merely said to me with unusual bitterness, "You must learn to take your measures more surely.—Say, is it my fault?"

This generous conduct of the First Consul towards a Vendean chief, leads me to speak of the efforts he made during the first period of our abode in the Tuileries, for tranquillizing that unhappy country. He collected from all quarters information respecting the true state of things, and these documents we studied carefully. Among others, was a long and singular letter on the character and examination

of the Marquis Charante, who was executed 29th March, 1796. This letter I read twice to Bonaparte, who considered the Marquis to have been a most determined enemy of the republic, and one of the firmest supporters of monarchy. The principal leaders in La Vendée also were invited to Paris, in order to confer with the First Consul. To him a civil war appeared a fearful thing. The celebrated Georges Cadoudal was admitted to a private conference,—an audience attended with circumstances which proved, that, if Bonaparte did not believe in men's virtue, he believed in their honour. General Rapp introduced Georges, leaving him alone with the First Consul in the saloon, and retiring to the cabinet, where I also remained, but without shutting either of the doors of the bed-chamber, which, as described, separated the saloon from the cabinet. We could thus observe the two walking backwards and forwards the whole length of the hall. This continued a long time. Their conversation seemed very animated, and we could even hear many things, but without connection. Sometimes there was a good deal of anger in the tones and gestures. The interview came to nothing. The Consul, perceiving that Georges entertained some apprehension of his own safety, reassured him with the utmost nobleness. "You view things in an unfortunate light," was the remark, "and you do wrong in refusing to listen to some accommodation; but, if you persist in desiring to return to your own country, you shall retire as freely as you have come to Paris." Upon re-entering the cabinet, Bonaparte addressed the General in these words, "Now, tell me, Rapp, why did you leave the doors open, and remain with Bourrienne?"—"If you had shut the door, I would have opened it again. Ought I to have left you alone with such a man as that?"—"There was no danger—shame now, Rapp, to think so!" When we were left alone, however, the Consul appeared to

me pleased with this mark of attachment, but was much grieved at the refusal of Georges. "He does not estimate properly the state of things," observed he; "but the exaggeration of his sentiments has its origin in noble ideas, which must give him great influence among his countrymen. We must, nevertheless, bring the affair to a right conclusion."

The least slight offered by a foreign power to the rights or dignities of France, put the First Consul beside himself. Of all the actions of Louis XIV, that which he, consequently, admired most, was obliging the Genoese deputies to come to Paris, in order to apologize for the act of the Doge, their master. Bonaparte shewed this ardent desire of causing the French government to be respected, in an affair which, about this time, made great noise, but terminated amicably, through the most powerful of all pacificators,—gold. Two Irishmen, Napper-Tandy and Blackwell, brought up in France, and ranking as officers upon the lists of the French army, had retired to Hamburg. The British government having claimed them as traitors, they were delivered up; and, as France also considered them her subjects, this their arrest caused violent complaints against the senate of Hamburg. Blackwell had been a leader of the United Irishmen, but naturalized in France, and bore the rank of adjutant. Napper-Tandy had also been an agitator in Ireland. The former had been shipwrecked while on a secret mission to Norway, before reaching Hamburg; the latter, escaping in a French brig, was passing through that city, on his way to Sweden. The interposition of the French government saved their lives: Blackwell was imprisoned for life, but released, and Napper-Tandy, after two years' confinement, sent back to France.

At first, the Consul vowed the severest vengeance against Hamburg; but the senate addressed to him a letter, justifying their conduct, and supported this

justification by an enclosure for four millions and a half francs (£187,500.) The money softened him greatly. It was, in some sort, a remembrance of Egypt; one of those small *ways and means* to which the General had familiarized the pachas; except that, for this once, not a penny entered the public treasury. As to the *well-composed* justification, he replied, "We have received your letter, gentlemen; it justifies you not."

For the space of eight days, I had kept the four millions and a half of the Hamburgers in a desk, when Bonaparte decided on their application. After paying Josephine's debts, as we shall see immediately, and the great expenses incurred at Malmaison, he dictated a list of persons to whom he designed making presents. My name crossed not his lips, consequently I was relieved of the trouble of writing it down. Some time afterwards, however, he said to me, with the most affable kindness, "Bourrienne, I gave you none of that Hamburg money, but shall now make you amends." Then, taking from a drawer a large and lengthy sheet of printed paper, with the blanks filled up in writing, "Here," said he "is a bill of exchange for 300,000 francs of Italy, (about £12,500,) due by the Cisalpine republic, for cannons sold; it is indorsed Haller and Collot: I make you a present of it."—"But, General," was my reply, after having examined the said present, "this has been due long since; why did you not get it cashed? the indorsers are no longer bound to any thing."—"France," replied he, "is charged with paying that sort of debts; send the paper to Fermont (the minister;) he will liquidate at three per cent. You will not receive ready money, but 9000 francs or nearly in stock; for the Italian is somewhat less than the French livre." I made my acknowledgments, and sent the letter as directed. Answer was returned, that the claim had fallen into arrear, and could not be discharged, not being included under any of the

categories specified by the laws of *aire*, *ose*, *al*, and *or*.* I laid this reply before the Consul. "Ah, bah! he knows nothing about it; he is mistaken. Write"—He then dictated a note, urging the liquidation: a new refusal was the only reply. "General, the minister pays as little attention to you as to me."—"Well," said he, with the tone of one who knew what he had to expect from the first, "what the devil would you have me do, since the law is against us? Insist—follow the usual method for liquidations, come what may." What came was, that, by a precious decree, the treaty was annulled, erased, and deposited among the archives, as were also of course my twelve thousand pounds.

Neither from the General of the Army of Italy, nor from the Commander-in-chief in Egypt, nor under the Consul for ten years, nor under the First Consul for life, had I any fixed appointment. I took from his funds whatever was necessary for my own, as well as for his, expenses. He never asked me for an account. Soon after the scene of the bill of exchange, when the winter was setting in, he said to me, "Bourrienne, the season gets too cold; I shall be but seldom at Malmaison. Go, while I am at the council; bring away my papers and little effects: here is the key of my desk; bring every thing that may be in it. At two, I set out, and returned at six. He was at dinner. I placed on his writing-table, in the cabinet, various things I had found in the scrutoire, and fifteen thousand francs (£625) in bank cheques, which were in the corner of a small drawer. Upon entering, after dinner, "Here's money," said he; "whence comes it?"—"Upon my word, I know nothing of it; I found it in your desk."—"Ah! yes,

* Terminations of the republican months, consequently when the laws were passed. Fermont was so rigid that he was generally known by the sobriquet of *M. Fermons la Caisse. Mr Shut-the-box*,—a play on his name.

I had forgotten—for my petty expenses. Take and keep it." I recollect perfectly, that he had once given me his key, on a beautiful summer evening, to bring two cheques for a thousand francs (£84) for a *petty expense*, but was not aware of his having drawn no more than the reserve.

I have already said, that Josephine's debts were paid from the contribution inflicted upon the Hamburg senate. This concern of the interior appears to merit some observations. The estate of Malmaison had cost one hundred and sixty thousand francs, (£6666, 13s. 4d.) Josephine having concluded the purchase while we were in Egypt. Many improvements had been made, and the beautiful grounds subsequently added. All these things were not done for nothing; and, besides, a considerable sum of the purchase remained unpaid. But this was not the only debt of Josephine. Creditors began to grumble,—a circumstance beginning to be productive of a bad effect in Paris; and, I confess, though aware of the fact, I so much dreaded the Consul's bad temper, an ebullition of which was certainly to be expected on these explanations, that I deferred them indefinitely. With much satisfaction, therefore, I learned, that M. Talleyrand, than whom no one could better gild a bitter pill for Bonaparte, had anticipated me. One night, at half-past eleven, the minister broke this delicate matter: on his taking leave, I entered the cabinet, where Bonaparte had remained alone. "Talleyrand has just been talking to me of my wife's debts: I have that Hamburg money: ask her the exact amount. Let nothing be concealed; I wish to make an end, and will have no recommencement: but don't pay without shewing me the accounts of these rascals; they are out and out robbers."

On the morrow, I saw Josephine. She was delighted with these dispositions; for the very idea of the scene she had expected made her tremble: but this did not last long. When I requested an exact

account of all engagements, she conjured me not to insist, but to rest satisfied with her admissions. "Madam, I must not dissemble; the First Consul is very angry; he believes you owe a large sum, and is now disposed to discharge all. You will have to support bitter reproaches, I have no doubt; but these will be the same for the sum you acknowledge, as for the whole. Complaints, too, will soon break out anew; they will reach the ears of the First Consul, and he will be still more exasperated. Believe me,—avow all, the results will be the same; and you will be afflicted but once by hearing the disagreeable things he may say to you: concealment will constantly renew your grievances."—"I cannot tell him all; it is impossible for me! Do me the favour to conceal what I now confess to you. I owe, I believe, about twelve hundred thousand francs (£50,000;) but I can acknowledge only six: I will contract no more debts, and pay the rest by little and little, through economy."—"Here, madam, I can only repeat my former observations; *six* will cause you as painful a scene as *twelve* hundred thousand; and, by going to the full extent, you will be quit of the affair for ever."—"I will never do it, Bourrienne; I know *him;* I never can support his violence." After a quarter of an hour's discussion to the same effect, I was obliged to yield to her pressing entreaties, promising to report only six hundred thousand francs to the Consul.

His displeasure and bad humour may be conceived. He strongly suspected, too, that his wife concealed something; but at last said, "Well! take the six hundred thousand francs; but—discharge all debts with that sum; and let me hear no more of them. I authorize you to threaten the people with receiving nothing, unless they give up their enormous profits: we must teach them not to be so ready in giving credit." Madame Bonaparte remitted all the accounts to me. The exaggerated charges, arising from the

fear of not being paid till after long credit, and then of reduction, is not to be conceived. There appeared also to be overcharges in the number of the articles furnished. In a milliner's account, for instance, were set down *thirty-eight* new hats, and all of high price, for *one* month: there were for the feathers alone 1800 francs (£75,) and for perfumery 800 (£33) more. I asked Josephine, if she was in the habit of wearing two hats a-day? This shameful imposition she merely termed a mistake. It was the same knavery throughout. I profited largely by the authority given me by the First Consul, and spared neither reproaches nor threats. I am ashamed to say, that the greater part accepted the half of their demands: one person took 35,000, for an account delivered of 80,000 francs, (£1400 for £3300,) and had the impudence to tell me, he had a comfortable profit after all. I had finally the satisfaction, after the most complete squabbling, to settle the whole with the 600,000 francs. But Madame Bonaparte soon fell into similar excesses. Happily, money was becoming more abundant. This incomprehensible rage for expense, proved almost the exclusive source of all her uneasiness: her thoughtless profusion rendered disorder permanent in her establishment.

The good Josephine! she had not less ambition in little, than her husband in great, matters: to acquire, not to possess, constituted her pleasure. Who would believe it? she became tired of the beauty of the grounds of Malmaison, and constantly besought me to take her to walk on the public road, in the midst of dust, raised by vehicles of all descriptions: the bustle and noise of the highway appeared to her preferable to the silent repose of the beautiful avenues of the park; and Hortense, in this respect, had the same tastes as her mother. This strange predilection astonished Bonaparte, and sometimes put him out of humour. My intercourse with Josephine was charming, for never have I seen any woman carry into

every-day society so great equability of disposition, so much of that gentle spirit of kindliness, which is the first requisite to perfect amiableness.

Madame Bonaparte was so good as order to be fitted up at Malmaison a very pretty suite of apartments for myself and my wife, earnestly entreating me to accept with all that benevolence for which she was so remarkable. But, almost as much a captive at Paris as a state prisoner, I wished in the country to preserve the only intervals of liberty which were permitted me to enjoy. And yet, what was this liberty? I had purchased a small house at Ruel, and here, when I met my friends, it was at midnight, or at five in the morning; and often, during the night, the First Consul sent to call me up on the arrival of couriers. Here, too, I was rarely left alone, not even while dressing; and on leaving my house at six in the morning for Malmaison, I passed through a double file of suitors, who had to solicit something of the First Consul. Alas! all is not pleasure in the friendship of a great man! Such was the liberty for whose sake I refused the offer of the amiable Josephine. Bonaparte came only once to see me in my retreat, but the ladies were frequent visitors. To call upon Madame Bourrienne gave an object to their walks.

At Paris, I quitted Bonaparte even more rarely than at Malmaison. Sometimes we took an evening walk together in the gardens of the Tuileries. On these occasions, he always waited till the gates were closed; and constantly, in all evening rambles, wore a gray surtout and round hat. It was my duty to answer, "The First Consul," to the challenge of the sentinels. These walks were much the same as in the country, but our strolls in the town were often very piquant. This was only during our early residence in the Tuileries, and then, on seeing Bonaparte enter the cabinet about eight, dressed in his gray coat, I was certain it would be, "Come, Bourrienne, let us take a turn." Sometimes, instead of

the arcade, opening into the gardens, we went out by a postern, leading into the court. He would then take my arm, and we strolled along the Rue St Honore, making small purchases in the shops. While I affected to be looking at the articles we wanted to purchase, he played the questioner. Nothing could be more laughable than to see him striving to assume the light and bantering tone of the young man of fashion; or his awkward attempts to catch the graces of a genuine exquisite: adjusting his cravat, he would say something like the following,—"Well, madam, what news?—Citizen, what is said of Bonaparte?—Yours is a capital affair here; you must see a great many customers.—What say they of this farcical Bonaparte?" How happy he was upon one occasion! It happened that one night we were obliged to make rather a precipitate retreat, in order to avoid the consequences drawn upon us by the irreverent manner in which *Bonaparte* had spoken of the *First Consul!*

I have already mentioned Bonaparte's taste for building. In the commencement of the consulate, during the period of which I now speak, little had yet been done; but already improvements had begun in the Tuileries, by sweeping away the mean sheds which encumbered the court of the palace. Designs for the embellishment of Paris, not yet called *my* capital, succeeded. But while he gave much employment to his architects, the First Consul also kept the surveyors of roads and bridges stirring; for his incredible activity had something infectious, which seemed to electrify all in the service of government.

The destruction of men, and the construction of edifices, were perfectly reconciled in the mind of Bonaparte. It might be asserted, indeed, that his passion for building equalled his passion for war; but, as in all things, he held in horror whatever was sordid or little, so he preferred vast erections as he loved great battles. The aspect of the colossal ruins of the monuments of Egypt, had in no small degree contri-

buted to unfold this natural taste for large edifices: it was not, indeed, the structures themselves he loved, but the associations of history which they perpetuate, the great names they consecrate, the mighty events they record. But it is equally to be observed, that, notwithstanding this species of necessity he felt of doing great things, he attended with no less care to the minutest proposals for improvement. His genius desired grand monuments as memorials of his glory, but, at the same time, in the prudence of his administration, he knew how to appreciate the least contribution to utility. Rarely, in this respect, could he be accused of erring from neglecting to examine a proposal; nor was the examination long: with his habitual tact, he at once saw things in their true light. These dispositions occupied a conspicuous place in the series of his thoughts, and in his schemes of greatness: but here I give only a few details, without confining myself to any precise epoch.

If the greater part of the monuments and embellishments of Paris were the result of taste and talent, some have arisen from a happy chance. I remember one instance: One day Bonaparte had just left the cabinet, and I was taking the advantage of his absence to stand up for a moment before the window which looked into the gardens. Having forgotten a paper, he returned almost immediately to ask me about it. "What are you at there, Bourrienne? For a bet, looking at the pretty girls as they pass on the terrace."— "Sometimes I happen to be so engaged, I must confess, General; but at this moment no. I was looking at that villanous left bank of the Seine, with its filth, inundations, and unfinished quay, and vowing in my own mind to speak to you about it." He then approached the window, and looked out. "Truly you had reason; how very ugly! It is quite disgusting to see them wash their dirty linen before our windows. Come, write: 'The quay, from the School of Natation, shall be completed in the ensuing season.'

Despatch that to the minister of the interior." He went out, and the order was obeyed; but he was unable to overcome the habit of a name; the quay was inscribed at each extremity, "*Quay Bonaparte*," still the old appellation, "*Quay d' Orsay*," prevailed. Upon another occasion, while on a journey to Belgium, he found the ferry boat across the Meuse at Gevet out of order. This occasioned a delay of some minutes—a decree was dictated on the spot: "A bridge shall be erected on the Meuse, joining Little Gevet with Great Gevet. It must be completed in the ensuing summer." The bridge was constructed within the appointed time, and France this day possesses one of the finest bridges I have ever seen, because Napoleon was detained some minutes on the right bank of the Meuse. The iron bridge across the Seine, in front of the palace of the Institute, (Pont des Arts,) was a whim of his own, in opposition to his architects; but no sooner was it finished than he was dissatisfied. "It has no appearance of solidity," was his remark afterwards, "and no effect of grandeur; I can conceive that, in England, where stone is scarce, they may properly employ iron for arches of large dimensions; but in France, where all abounds—!"

At one time it was intended to unite, by magnificent galleries, the palaces of the Louvre and Tuileries; but the idea was renounced, when the First Consul found that the *estimate* amounted to sixteen millions, consequently, in *practice*, to twenty-four millions (one million sterling) at least. He consoled himself with the reflection, "that, every thing considered, no building, however noble, could equal the effect of a vast open area between two palaces." On this subject, we may add the following, to many examples, of the enormous difference generally found between the architect's estimate, and the sums to be paid by the hapless proprietor. The palace of St Cloud was to be repaired for the Consul; but the Revolution had

been there—all was in total disorder; and, though desirous of a possession which he had formerly rejected, he shrunk from loading the budget with the heavy sums he suspected would be required to render the building habitable. Flattery had not then reached the perfection to which I saw it afterwards attain, but a flatterer of those days assured the First Consul, that twenty-five thousand francs, (little more than £1000,) would suffice. I could not be silent on hearing such an absurdity, but immediately asserted, that twelve hundred thousand, or more, would be required. An estimate was taken, and the architect gave in nearly three millions, (£125,000.) This was a large sum, but Bonaparte had resolved to *sleep* at St Cloud: and to work he went. The whole expense, exclusive of furnishing, finally amounted to six millions, (£250,000.) Such were the three millions of an architect, and the twenty-five thousand of a flatterer!

In Paris, all the new streets were forty feet wide, and one, the projected *Imperial*, was to be one hundred feet broad, with arcades, and planted. In a word, Bonaparte esteemed nothing too beautiful, too majestic, for the embellishment of the capital of a country, which he desired to render the mistress of the world. This, next to war, was the first wish of his ambition. After returning from conquest, and enriching France by a new peace, with what pleasure did he examine the labours executed during his absence! A conquest, a peace, a triumph, was to him a work not completed, while it wanted a fitting monument to transmit the remembrance to posterity. Thus arose the column of the Place Vendome, covered with the bronze of Austrian cannon, captured in a campaign of three months. Such were the bridges of Austerlitz and of Jena. The quays on both banks of the Seine, confined its captive waters, giving health and beauty to the metropolis; and, like the bridges of St Cloud, of the Arts, of Severes, belonged to peace. The Dome of

the Invalids, again hung in air, brilliant with gold, as in the reign of the great king, and the Temple of Glory, were tributes paid to the army. The Corn Market burnt down, was re-constructed of iron, as if bidding defiance to conflagration. The Exchange, worthy of the commerce of a capital, was destined to reproduce, in its forms and greatness, the Parthenon of Athens. The range of palaces begun even beyond Paris, were destined for the proud abodes of the ambassadors of kings; at least, while there were yet in Europe other sovereigns than Napoleon. Even the dead were to have cities; and he had designed to establish on the cardinal points, four vast cemeteries, such as he had admired, and contributed to people, at Cairo.

Glory, always glory! Such was his wish for France, and for himself. How many times has he said to me, when speaking of his great designs,—"Bourrienne, it is for France I do this! All that I wish, all that I desire, the end of all my toils, is, that my name may be inseparably bound to the name of France!"

But Paris is not the only city, nor France the sole country, which to-day bears witness to the passion of Napoleon for great and useful monuments. In Belgium, in Holland, in Piedmont, in the kingdom of Italy, he executed great things. His highways levelled the obstacles and barriers, by which nature had set bounds to ancient France, in order more firmly to unite thereto the provinces he successively added to her empire. Thus, in Savoy, a road, smooth as the alley of a garden, replaced the dangerous steeps of Bramant: thus the passage of Mount Cenis is now no more than a walk in almost all seasons. The Simplon thus was forced to stoop his head to the lever and the mine of French engineers; and with more truth might Bonaparte say, There are no longer Alps, than Louis XIV. boasted, There were no longer Pyrenees!

CHAPTER VI.

BONAPARTE'S METHOD OF CONDUCTING BUSINESS — DIRECTIONS TO BOURRIENNE — GENERAL MELIORATION OF FRANCE — EDUCATION — ANECDOTES OF A POLISH STUDENT — GENEROSITY — COINCIDENCE — CORRESPONDENCE BETWEEN LOUIS XVIII. AND BONAPARTE — ANECDOTES OF THE LATTER — OPINIONS OF THE BOURBONS.

THE following instructions, dictated for me by the First Consul to General Duroc, and of which I have carefully preserved the original, will shew the confidence reposed in my services, and the manner in which Bonaparte entered into the details of his government.

Duties of Bourrienne.

"I. Citizen Bourrienne will take charge of opening *all letters* addressed to the First Consul, and present them to him three times a-day, or when they arrive, should there be any thing pressing. The letter basket will be kept in the cabinet, where the letters are also to be opened. He is to analyze all those of secondary importance, writing upon each letter the decision given by the First Consul. The hours shall be,—when the First Consul rises, eleven o'clock at night, and a quarter of an hour before dinner.

"II. He is charged with the superintendence of the *Topographical Office*, and *Office of Translation*, in which there shall be a German clerk and an English clerk. Every day he will present to the First Consul,

and at the same hours, the journals of these countries, with the translations which may have been made from them: in the Italian journals, he is only to mark what the First Consul should read.

"III. He will keep one register for nominations to places in the administration; one for nominations to places in the justiciary; one for nominations in foreign affairs; and another for the places of receivers, and important offices in finance. In these registers, he is to inscribe the names of all those individuals which the First Consul may transmit to him. These registers must be written with his own hand, so that no person can have knowledge of them.

"IV. The secret correspondence, and the different reports of police, are to be addressed directly to him, and transmitted from *his own hand into the hand* of the First Consul. He will peruse these, so that no one may have knowledge of them.

"V. There shall be a register for every thing connected with the secret expenditure extraordinary, and whatever may have reference to that department. He is to write the whole with his own hand, in such manner that no one may have any knowledge thereof.

"VI. He will take care to expedite all that shall be transmitted to him, whether from the office of Citizen Duroc, or belonging to the private cabinet of the First Consul, taking care to arrange his work, and class the whole in such a manner that all may continue to be secret.

(Signed) "The First Consul, BONAPARTE.

"PARIS, 13*th Germinal, Year VIII.*"

The official occupations assigned in these instructions, were by no means my only labours; I had to write to the Consul's dictation during a great part of the day, or to decipher what he had written himself—always the most painful of my functions. So unremitted were my avocations, that they scarcely ever

allowed me to leave the cabinet during the day, and if by any chance I dined in town, I could arrive only as the company sat down to table, and was obliged to retire with the coffee.* Once a-month, at most, I went to the Theatre-Français, without Bonaparte, but could remain not later than nine o'clock: at that hour we recommenced work. My medical friend constantly told me he trembled for my health; but zeal carried me on, and if the Consul spared not others, neither did he spare himself; nor can I express how happy I found myself at this period, in the unreserved confidence of that man upon whom the eyes of all Europe were turned.

In these early times of the consulate, it was wonderful to behold the eagerness with which every one strove to second the activity of the First Consul in his exertions for the social regeneration of France. All seemed animated with new life, and struggled as if competitors in doing good. Already might it be said, that France, especially in her moral aspect, no longer resembled the France of the Directory; and yet five months had not elapsed since the expulsion of the directors. The course of events, too, seemed to concur in the benevolent intentions of the Consul. Vaccination, which perhaps has saved as many men as war has mown down, was introduced into France,† and Bonaparte, who knew well how to appreciate, highly approved the discovery. New institutions were organized, and the members of the ancient constitutional assemblies of France invited to return. Management here was doubtless necessary, and the invitations were limited or modified to suit the various

* That is to say, immediately after dinner. Among the very few objections made to the first edition, is the phrase "dined in town;" but *diner en ville* is not here the proverbial expression *to dine out*. Bourrienne means to say, when he dined in *Paris*, as distinguished from the Tuileries; a distinction, by the way, which gave rise to the idiomatic form. — *Translator.*

† By M. de Liancourt, a celebrated physician.

parties whom he could not yet set at defiance. The personal sentiments, however, of the First Consul, appear from the following fact, which occurred at this time, when none of his actions was without a motive. "Bourrienne," said he to me one day, "I still can venture nothing against the regicides: but I shall shew them what I think of them. To-morrow I am to be engaged with Abrial in organizing the tribunal of appeal. Target, who is president of this court, refused to defend Louis XVI. Eh, well! do you know whom I shall name instead of him?—Tronchet, who undertook the defence! They may talk as they like; I care not."

At the same period, Bonaparte often spoke of his desire to improve public education, to which he conceived a proper direction had not been given. The central schools were not to his satisfaction; but he could not refuse praise to the Polytechnique school, the best establishment for instruction ever founded, and which in the sequel he spoiled, by giving it a military organization. A single college had preserved at Paris the remembrance of ancient studies: this was the college of Louis XIV, to which had been given the appellation of the Pritanée.* This establishment the First Consul visited unexpectedly one day, accompanied by Lebrun and Duroc. He remained upwards of an hour, and, in the evening, mentioned to me his visit with much interest. "Do you know, Bourrienne, that I have been acting the professor to-day?"—"You, General!"—"Yes, indeed, and acquitted myself not so ill. I examined the students of the mathematical class; I still remember my Euclid pretty well, and gave them some demonstrations on the board. I went through the class-rooms, the bed-chambers, the eating-hall. I tasted their soup; it is better, in truth, than ours was at Brienne. I must give serious attention to the state of public

* From the Prytaneum of ancient Athens. —*Translator.*

instruction, and the regulation of the colleges. There wants a uniform for the scholars: I observed some who were very well, and others poorly dressed. That serves no good purpose; it is at college, above all places, where equality should reign. We must plant for the future."

Of the students who had been examined, seven or eight of the most distinguished, after consultation with the rector, received pensions of two hundred francs, (£8, 6s. 8d.) and three were placed in the foreign office as students of diplomacy,—an excellent method of rearing men of business, the projection of which is due to Talleyrand. This visit to the college recalls the memory of a fact in some measure connected therewith, and which shews all the loftiness of the Polish character. Among the students of the Pritanée, was a son of General Miackzinski, who died fighting under the banners of the republic. This young man was then between sixteen and seventeen years of age. Soon after, having left the college, he inlisted, and, being in one of the corps reviewed by Bonaparte on the plain of Sablons, was pointed out to the Consul, who said to him, "I knew your father; he was a brave man; act like him; in six months you shall be an officer." Six months passed; young Miackzinski wrote to the First Consul, reminding him of his promise. Another month; he wrote again, "You desired me to be worthy of my father; I shall be so. You said I should be an officer in six months; since that seven months have elapsed. When you receive my letter, I shall be no more: I will not serve under a government whose chief fails in his word." The youth was but too faithful to his own. After having thus written to the First Consul, he retired to his room, and with a pistol shot himself through the head. A few days after this tragic event, the nomination of Miackzinski arrived at his regiment; for he had not been forgotten. A delay in the war office occasioned the catastrophe. The Consul seemed

greatly affected, and said to me,—"These Poles! they are all honour!—My poor Sulkowsky!—he was just such another!"

Much about the same time, occurred the evasion of General Mack, who broke his parole, and escaped from Paris, when the Consul merely said, "Mack may go where he pleases; I never met such mediocrity in any man. I have not the slightest fear of him; and if he ever be opposed to any of our good generals, there will be good sport. But a thought strikes me,—there are other Austrian officers prisoners also. One of these, Count Dietrischstein, belongs to a great family in Vienna. I will set them all at liberty. On the point of commencing the campaign, that will look well; they will see I fear them not—and then, who knows? that will perhaps procure us friends there." The order was expedited for liberating the Austrian prisoners. It was ever thus,—his acts of generosity, his choice of agents, his very severities, were the results of premeditated aims. He was always governing. And this aptitude, this continual preparation, for measures of government, manifested itself in all things. While thus occupied with so many important cares, he was arranging and authorizing the celebration of sacred operas, and the promenades at Longchamps, discontinued since the Revolution. While the republican calendar was still observed in all public acts, the ancient times and ancient calendar were imperceptibly recalled in the seasons of pleasure. Good Friday was marked by the first ball, and the holy weeks by promenades and concerts. *Apropos* of these trifles, I must here relate a *coincidence*, which greatly diverted the First Consul. A day had been fixed for the debût of the son of Vestris the opera dancer, and the grandfather, after having accomplished three generations of *artistes*, was to reappear on the occasion. The same day had been appointed for a solemn meeting of the Institute, at which Bonaparte

was to preside. One morning I observed in some journal, and could not refrain reading to him, a notice,—"The appearance of young Vestris is advanced a day, in order that there might be no competition with the First Consul, whose presence at the Institute ought to draw a great audience." He laughed most heartily at this *delicate* attention on the part of citizen Vestris.

From the commencement of the month Germinal, (April, 1800,) the First Consul had been exerting himself with fresh activity in reorganizing the Army of Italy. His own presence in Paris, the fine body of consular guards, the desire, so natural to young people, for splendid uniforms, had stimulated the military ardour of the youth of better estate in the capital. This was a disposition, of which the First Consul was too wise not to take advantage, by thus inviting to his cause many families of consequence, and diffusing more widely the spirit of the army. Of these Parisians he formed a body of volunteers, destined for the army of reserve, then concentrating at Dijon. Their uniform was yellow, and, on that account, in certain saloons, where every thing was still attempted to be turned into ridicule, the volunteers got the name of *canary birds*. Bonaparte, who did not always understand pleasantry, took this very seriously, and frequently expressed to me his dissatisfaction.* In other respects he viewed with pleasure in this corps a first essay towards establishing privileged soldiers, an idea he had always entertained, and subsequently often put in practice.

But before passing to the active period of the

* Bonaparte may not have understood pleasantry; but in this, as on all occasions, he shewed that he understood the character of the French, among whom these very memoirs shew, that a witticism, a ball, a spectacle, produced a more serious sensation, than a general battle, won or lost, would create in these islands. — *Translator.*

Italian campaign, we must turn to one, certainly now become not the least interesting page in Bonaparte's life, and to which the order of time now leads us. Since the fortunate restoration of the monarchy of the Bourbons, the question of their re-establishment on the throne by Bonaparte, has assumed a character more elevated, and belongs to history. It becomes necessary, therefore, to expose facts with the most scrupulous exactness.

Napoleon, in his Memoirs from St Helena, says, that he thought not of the princes of the house of Bourbon. This, to a certain extent, is true. He thought not of these princes, in order to restore them to their throne; but, we have seen, in several passages of these Memoirs, that he often thought of them, and that, more than once, their bare name struck him with terror. The Memorial from St Helena adds, "A letter was remitted to the First Consul by Lebrun, who received it from the Abbé Montesquieu, secret agent of the Bourbons in Paris. This letter, composed with extreme care, ran thus:—

"'You delay long to restore to me my throne. It is to be feared you may allow the favourable moments to pass away. You cannot secure the happiness of France without me, and I can do nothing for France without you. Haste, then, and do you yourself determine all the places which you would wish to be reserved for your friends.'"

Napoleon says he replied,—

"I have received the letter of your Royal Highness. I have ever felt a lively interest in your misfortunes, and those of your family. You ought not to think of presenting yourself in France: you cannot enter that country, save over one hundred thousand dead bodies. As to the rest, I shall ever be anxious to do all in my power to soften your destiny, and cause you to forget your misfortunes."

The sense of these two letters is exactly rendered; there are to be found nearly the same ideas as in the original letters, of which I possess the autographs; and, every thing considered, it is not surprising that, after so long an interval, Napoleon's memory should have failed. But, in an affair of this nature, between two men elevated so high, the one by birth and spirit, the other by genius, I deem it not unimportant to give the text of this correspondence, and to explain certain curious circumstances therewith connected. The following are the words in which Louis XVIII. expressed himself:—

"20*th February*, 1800.—Sir,—Whatever may be their apparent conduct, men such as you never inspire distrust. You have accepted an eminent station, and I acknowledge myself, on that account, your debtor. You, better than any one else, know, that influence and power are requisite, to secure the happiness of a great nation. Save France from her own madness, and you will have fulfilled the first wish of my heart; restore to that country her king, and future generations shall bless your memory. You will always be too necessary to the state that I should deem important appointments sufficient requital of my grandfather's obligation, and my own.

"Louis."

The First Consul was strongly moved on the reception of this letter. Though he daily evinced his resolution to have nothing to do with the princes, still was he reflecting whether an answer ought, or ought not, to be given to this overture. The numerous affairs, which then engrossed his attention, seconded this indecision, and he was in no haste to reply. It is proper to state, that Josephine and Hortense conjured him to give the king hopes; that, by so doing, he engaged himself to nothing, and would leave time to examine, whether he could not, in the end, play a far

nobler part than that of Monck. Their entreaties were so urgent, that he said to me, "These devils of women are mad! The Fauxbourg St Germain has turned their heads! They have got to enacting the tutelary saints of the royalists. But that is nothing to me; I will have no more to do with them." Madame Bonaparte told me, she urged him to this step, because the very thought of his being king awoke in her mind a presentiment of misfortune she found impossible to banish. Her imagination had been strongly impressed during our absence in Egypt. In the course of that period, a famous Pythoness, a Dame Villeneuve, drew the ladies of Paris in crowds to consult her on futurity;—among the rest, Josephine, as she informed me herself, to whom the prophetess said:—"You are the wife of a great general, who will become yet greater. He will cross the seas, that now keep him distant, and you shall one day occupy the first place in France,—but only for a short time!"

In numerous conversations with me, the First Consul discussed, with admirable tact, the proposition of Louis, and its consequences; but observed,—"The partizans of the Bourbons are much mistaken, if they imagine that I am the man to play the game of Monck." The affair rested here, and the king's letter lay upon the table. In this interval, Louis XVIII. wrote a second letter, without date, as follows:—

"You must be aware, General, that you have long possessed my esteem. If you doubt my gratitude, name your place, fix the fortunes of your friends. As to my principles, I am a Frenchman; clement by disposition, I should be so still more from reason.

"No! the victor at Lodi—at Castiglione—at Arcola; the conqueror of Italy and of Egypt, cannot prefer a vain celebrity to glory. But you lose precious time. We have it in our power to secure the glory of France.

I say *we*, because, for that end, I require the aid of Bonaparte; while he can accomplish nothing without me.

"General, Europe observes you, glory awaits you, and I am impatient to restore happiness to my people.

"LOUIS."

This letter, so full of nobleness and dignity, was allowed likewise to lie over for some time without reply. At length he resolved on dictating an answer. I took the liberty of remarking, that the king's letters were autographs, and, consequently, that a response, under his own hand, would be regarded as more becoming. He then wrote as follows:—

"Sir,—I have received your letter: I thank you for the honourable mention made of me therein.

"You ought not to wish your return to France: Your march must be over one hundred thousand corpses.

"Sacrifice your interest to the repose and happiness of France: History will indemnify you.

I am not insensible to the misfortunes of your family: I shall learn with pleasure, and contribute willingly, to assure the tranquillity of your retreat.

"BONAPARTE."

He shewed me his letter, asking, "How do you like it? Is it not good?" He never gave himself any trouble about my grammatical observations. I answered, "As to the import, since you have made up your mind, there is nothing more to be said; but I must make one remark on the style." I then pointed out to him, that "*we do not learn with pleasure to assure.*" He himself, on reading the passage again, thought he had gone too far, and would be too strongly compromised in saying, *would contribute willingly.* He, therefore, erased the last

sentence, and wrote above, " *I shall contribute with pleasure to render your retreat agreeable and tranquil.*" The letter, thus interlined and blotted, could not be sent; it remained upon the table, with his signature attached.

Some time after, he wrote a new letter, identically the same as the former in the three first paragraphs; but the last was changed, and ran thus:—" I am not insensible to the misfortunes of your family; and it will give me pleasure to learn that you are surrounded with all things which can contribute to the tranquillity of your retreat." By these expressions, he no longer stood engaged in any way, not even by words. Each day augmenting his power, and consolidating his influence, diminished, in his opinion, the chances of the Bourbons; and it is worthy of remark, that seven months elapsed between the king's first letter and the definite answer of the First Consul. This last was dated 2d Vendemiaire, year IX, (24th September, 1800,) at the moment of opening the Congress of Luneville.

Some days after the arrival of the king's letter, we were walking together in the Consul's favourite alley, at Malmaison, separated from his cabinet only by a small bridge. Affairs were going on well, and he was in excellent humour. " Has my wife yet spoken to you of the Bourbons?" — " No, General."—" Yet, when conversing with her, you seem to fall in a little with her views. Tell me, then, why you desire their return. You can have no interest therein; nothing to expect from them. Have you ever seen men rise, through merit alone, near a throne? All, in such governments, is given to birth, to grand alliances, to fortune, to intrigue. Consider things better. Regard the future with more reflection."—" You speak of the future," answered I; " I wish to believe that you can retain power while you live; but you have no children; and it is almost certain that you never will, by Josephine. What, then, looking to

this beautiful France, shall we do? What will become of us after you? You have often said that your brothers"——"Ah!" said he, interrupting me with quickness; "as to that, you are right;" if I saw not thirty years for accomplishing my work, you would have, after my death, long civil wars. My brothers do not suit France. You know what they are. You would then have a violent struggle between the most eminent generals, each believing himself entitled to take my place."—"Well, General; why will you not prevent these evils which you foresee?"—"Think you, then, these things do not occupy my reflections? but weigh well all the difficulties of what you propose. How guarantee all acquired rights, so many important results, against a family returning to power, backed by eighty thousand emigrants, and the influence of fanaticism? What must become of those who voted the death of the king,—of those men who have become deeply implicated in the Revolution? What is to be done with the national property? How arrange the multitude of transactions which have occurred within the space of the last twelve years? Who shall say to what extent reaction will operate?" I replied at some length that he had it in his power to make conditions; that, in fact, these were left to himself; that he was in a position to play a far higher part than Monck, of whom he had spoken; "For," continued I, "you know well the difference between a general who combats an usurper, and him whom victory and peace have elevated on the ruins of a throne actually cast down, and who voluntarily restores the sceptre to its ancient possessors. Once, again, what after you?"—"All *that* I know," was the reply; "but whatever you can say—or nothing—it is to me the same thing. Believe me, my good fellow, the Bourbons will consider themselves as having reconquered their inheritance. They will dispose of it at their pleasure. Engagements the most sacred, promises the most positive, will dis-

appear before force. You are the veriest simpleton to count upon these things. My part is taken: let us talk no more on the subject. But I am aware how the women teaze you; you must undeceive them as to their folly and absurd presentiments. Let them mind their knitting, and leave me to act."

The ladies knitted; I wrote to his dictation; he made himself Emperor. The empire has crumbled into dust; he is dead in St Helena; and the Bourbons have returned.

CHAPTER VII.

PREPARATIONS FOR THE ITALIAN CAMPAIGN — PASSAGE OF THE ALPS — ANECDOTES — ARRIVAL AT MILAN — THE SPY — A FAMILY SCENE — 18TH AND 19TH BRUMAIRE.

If Bonaparte's learning had equalled his practice, he would have reversed the well known adage, *Si vis pacem, para bellum:* for while endeavouring, as we have seen, to establish pacific relations with the powers of Europe, and engaged in the civil arrangements of France, the First Consul, from the end of February, 1800, had resolved in person to deal a decisive stroke in Italy. "I hope," said he, talking to me of his designs, "to fall upon the rear of Melas before he shall even suspect that I am in Italy, provided, indeed, Genoa still hold out: but Massena defends there." At this period, the versatility and vigour of his genius would have wrung praises from the most inveterate enemy. At Dijon, the station appointed for the formation of an army of reserve, he created every thing where nothing had previously existed. He entered into all, even the most minute details: for instance, while occupied every moment with these vast cares, he sent twenty-four thousand francs (£1000) to the monks of St Bernard, for the purchase of refreshments.

On the 17th March, in a moment of gaiety and good humour, desiring Chauchard's large map of Italy to be unrolled on the floor of the cabinet, he stretched himself upon it, making a motion for me to place myself beside him. He then began, with

grave attention, to fix pins here and there, having heads covered with black and red sealing-wax. I looked on in profound silence, waiting the result of this inoffensive campaign. Having finished operations, and stationed the red-headed pins on the points he hoped to occupy with his own troops, he asked me, "Where do you think I intend to beat Melas?" "Devil take me if I know any thing about it," replied I.—"You are a blockhead. Look here a little. Melas is at Alessandria, his head-quarters; he will remain there till Genoa has surrendered. In Alessandria are his magazines, hospitals, artillery, reserves. Passing the Alps here, (pointing to the great St Bernard,) I fall upon Melas, cut off his communications with Austria, and engage him here in the plains of the Scrivia," (placing a red pin at St Juliano.) Perceiving I regarded this manœuvring with pins as pastime, he commenced anew his ordinary little apostrophes, which were but an affectionate kind of raillery, and then proceeded with his lucid demonstrations on the map. We got up after about a quarter of an hour; I folded the chart, and thought no more of the matter. Four months after, on finding myself with the victorious army at St Juliano, I frankly avowed my admiration of his military combinations. He smiled himself at the justness of his foresight.

The First Consul was dissatisfied with the administration of Berthier as minister at war, and replaced him by Carnot, whose firmness and integrity of character had already been proved. To console Berthier, whom he knew to be better fitted for the field than the cabinet, he dictated to me the following note:—

"*Paris*, 2*d April*, 1800.—The military talents, of which you have given so many proofs, citizen-general, and the confidence of government, call you to the command of an army. In the course of the winter,

you have *reorganized* the war administration; you have provided, as far as circumstances permitted, for the wants of our armies. It remains for you, during the spring and summer, to lead our soldiers to victory, as the efficient means of obtaining peace, and consolidating the republic."

Not without much laughing was this epistle dictated; and, on pronouncing the word in italics, he burst out altogether. Berthier departed for Dijon, where he commenced forming the famous army of reserve, which, in principle, was really nothing; but which, some weeks later, by a single battle, was destined to bring back the whole of Italy under French domination. I remember Berthier sent a courier express for a mould to cast balls. Who would ever have divined Marengo at Dijon?

The constitution of the consular government forbade the First Consul to go beyond France as commander of an army. He therefore desired that his long meditated design of putting himself at the head of the Army of Italy should not be divulged. I remarked, that, by the promotion of Berthier to the command of the Grand Army, so named for the first time, no one would be deceived; all would see clearly that he had made the choice in order to command in person. The First Consul smiled at the observation, and explained himself openly to the new minister, in my hearing:—"Well, Collot," said Bonaparte, having sent for him to the private cabinet, "I am going to Italy. A grand stroke is contemplated. The campaign will be short. Italy has echoes to repeat my name. I want you; and will take you with me." Collot gave the First Consul to understand, that he must decline the commissariat with the present commander. "Pillage will be the word," said he; "and it will be impossible to establish good order in the service."—"Ah, bah!" replied the Consul; "it is all for form's sake. Can you suppose I would have

confided my army to Berthier, if I were not to be there myself? Berthier knows not how to command; but he executes my orders better than any other; and I am accustomed to his manner. You must absolutely come." Collot had still the air of being very indifferent about the campaign; but was at length prevailed upon by Bonaparte's entreaties, and even caresses. For this condescension, Collot suffered afterwards, as constantly happened; for in such cases —and it may be remarked as a peculiar trait in his character—Bonaparte shewed himself a perfect male coquette.

The 6th of May (16th Floreal) had been fixed for our departure from Paris. The dispositions of the First Consul were settled, his orders given; but even yet he wished it to be believed that he was not to command the army. The evening before, having assembled the two Consuls and the ministers, he said to Lucien, "Prepare for to-morrow morning a circular for the prefects—Fouché, do you cause it to be published in the journals. Say I am gone to Dijon to inspect the army of reserve: you may add, that perhaps I shall go as far as Geneva; but give positive assurance of my return within fifteen days. Cambacèrés, you will preside to-morrow at the council of state: in my absence, you are the head of government. Speak you to the same purport to the council; say my absence will be short, without specifying any thing; express to the members of council my entire satisfaction; they have already rendered important services: I am content; let them persevere—Ah! I forget. You will announce, at the same time, that I have named Joseph counsellor of state. If any thing happen, I will return like the thunderbolt! I recommend to you all the grand interests of France. I hope to be soon talked of in Vienna and London."

At two o'clock in the morning, we took our departure, following the route through Burgundy, so often traversed in circumstances very different.

Conversation was of war—of the warriors of antiquity and I then learned the preference which the first General of modern times gave to Alexander over Cæsar.

"Whom do you prefer," asked I; "Cæsar, or Alexander?"—"I place Alexander in the first rank. Still I admire Cæsar's fine campaign in Egypt. But my reason for preferring the king of Macedon is, the conception, and especially the execution, of his Asiatic campaign. Those who blame that prince for having spent seven months in the siege of Tyre, cannot have the least idea of war. Great discussions are held on this subject in the schools; but, for my part, I would have spent seven years before that city, if necessary; I regard the siege of Tyre, the conquest of Egypt, and the march to the oasis of Ammon, as proofs of the genius of that consummate captain. He wished to give the king of Persia, whose feeble vanguard only, so to speak, he had beaten at the Granicus and at Issus, time to assemble all his forces, in order that he might overthrow, by a single stroke, the colossus, which he had only shaken. Alexander, by pursuing Darius into his states, would only have thrown a greater distance between himself and his reinforcements, while he encountered but scattered troops, which would have drawn him into deserts, whereas his army would have found a tomb. By persevering in the siege of Tyre, he secured his communications with Greece, that country which he so dearly loved, for whose sake he had undertaken all, in like manner as I perform all for France, and in whose glory he placed his own. By taking possession of the wealthy province of Egypt, so powerful at this era, he forced Darius to march to its defence or deliverance, and to march half the way, in order to meet him. He made a useful impression upon the always excited imagination of the Orientals, in causing himself to be acknowledged the son of Jupiter. It is well known how all this tended to his success. Dying, too, at the

age of thirty—what a name has he left!" Though a stranger to the noble profession of arms, I could not but admire the strong sense and profound remarks of my companion, and found it impossible to forbear saying, "General, you are always reproaching me with being no flatterer: now, in truth, you fill me with admiration."

It is not to be dissembled, that though the affairs of the interior, from the 18th Brumaire to the period when Bonaparte entered upon the campaign now about to commence, had experienced innumerable improvements, external relations presented a very different aspect. Italy was lost; and from the frontiers of Provence might be discerned the smoke of the Austrian bivouacs. Bonaparte was not ignorant of the difficulties of his position; and quickly to get rid of these, excited him to the daring enterprize on which he had entered. Here he practised no delusions on himself or others. Often would he repeat to me at this time, "We must play our all against all."

The army to be attacked was numerous, warlike, victorious; ours, with little exception, composed of new levies, but officered by chiefs of unequaled ardour. The fate of Bonaparte hung upon the gain or the loss of a battle. He saw the danger, but without being daunted, confiding in himself and the devotion of his soldiers. "It is true," he would exclaim, "I have many conscripts in my army; but are not these conscripts Frenchmen? Four years ago, with a feeble army, did I not chase before me the Austrian and Sardinian hordes, and sweep Italy? We will do the same. The sun which now shines upon us is the same light that shone at Arcola and at Lodi. I rely on Massena; I hope he will hold out in Genoa: But if he be forced to yield to famine, I will recover Genoa in the plains of the Scrivia. Ah! with what pleasure shall I then revisit *my* beautiful France." My beautiful France! this at

such a time! At the very moment when a possible, nay, rather probable, chance seemed on the point of wresting from him for ever the possession, he ventured for the first time to call it his own!

In this brilliant disposition of mind, the First Consul reached Martigny on the 20th May. This is a convent of Bernardines, situated in a valley, into which the rays of the sun scarcely penetrate. The army was now in full march for the great St Bernard. In this sad solitude, Bonaparte tarried three days, impatiently waiting for the surrender of the fortress of Bard, on the other side of the mountain, which covered the road to Yvrie. The town had been carried on the 21st; but on the 23d, he learned that the fort still held out, and that nothing announced its approaching surrender. Exhaling his resentment in complaints against the commandant of the siege, he said to me, "I am tired of this convent: yonder imbeciles will never capture the fort: I must go and see things with my own eyes: they force me to interfere in so paltry an affair." The order was given for instant departure.

The invasion of Italy, by the pass of the great St Bernard, was a grand conception, altogether the Consul's own, which has fixed the admiration of the world. A solitary hospital, placed on the summit, between the valleys of Martigny and Aosté, destined for the reception and relief of travellers, attests the danger of these elevations, — regions of the tempest. But here the question was not of single travellers, who were to pass Mount St Bernard; but of a whole army: Cavalry, baggage, ammunition waggons, artillery, were to defile along paths so narrow, that the goatherd there picks his steps with caution. On one side, overhanging snows might every moment overwhelm our squadrons in their avalanches; on the other, a single false step was death. We all passed, men and horse, one by one, along these chamois

tracks. The artillery was dismounted; the guns, enclosed in hollow trunks of trees, were dragged along with ropes.

I have already mentioned the money despatched by the First Consul for the purchase of provisions. The good fathers had collected from both valleys, but especially from the Swiss side, store of cheese, bread, and wine. Tables were spread in front of the hospital between the house and the road. Each soldier, as he defiled, emptied his glass of wine, took his portion of bread, with a slice of cheese, and gave place to another. The fathers served out and renewed the repast with admirable zeal; and their warrior-guests were thankful for the brief pause from toil.

The First Consul climbed St Bernard with that steady coolness, and air of indifference, which never forsook him, when he felt the necessity of setting an example, or exposing his person. He interrogated his guide concerning the two valleys, entered into all details respecting the means of livelihood and manners of the inhabitants, and inquired whether accidents were so common as reported. To this last question the guide replied, that a succession of facts, treasured up in the course of time, enabled the mountaineers to foretel so certainly the approach of bad weather, that they were rarely deceived. Bonaparte was dressed in his gray riding-coat, and marched on foot, with a whip in his hand, ever and anon casting an angry and somewhat anxious look to see if any one approached to announce the surrender of Bard. During the ascent, I never quitted him for an instant; and, despite the excessive difficulty of the route, we incurred no personal hazard, and came off with merely great fatigue.

The First Consul, on arriving at the hospital, was received in a hall upon the ground floor. He visited the chapel, with its three little libraries, and even found time to read a few pages in some antiquated volume, whose title I have forgotten. Our repast

was very frugal. The small garden was still covered with snow. "You must have very few vegetables here," said I to one of the fathers. "Sir," was his reply, "we draw every resource from the valleys. In the month of August only, in warm seasons, we raise small cabbages." The good monks farther entertained us with relations of the deaths of travellers, who, contrary to their remonstrances, had attempted to scale two pointed rocks of ice, about eighty feet high, and not far distant.*

When we had reached the extremity, where commences the descent on the Italian side, a great many of us slid down, seating ourselves on the snow. The first who passed rendered a service to those that followed, by smoothing the snow, and tracing the course. This rapid mode of conveyance caused us great laughter; and we were only prevented from any occasional flight, after some three thousand feet, by the termination of the snows.

On the 23d, we arrived within sight of Bard. On the left is Mount Albaredo; on the right, the Doria-Baltea, a mountain stream; between lay our route, commanded by the fort. To avoid the fire, our army crossed, or rather escaladed Albaredo; but as the cannon could not thus be carried over an almost inaccessible steep, it was resolved to traverse, with our whole train, the town of Bard, which is not fortified, and separated from the fort by the inconsiderable torrent already mentioned. Advantage was taken of the approaching night; the wheels of the carriages, and even, in many instances, the feet of the horses, were bound round with straw and boughs of trees; the whole thus passed with noiseless rapidity through the little town. Our men were, indeed, under the enemy's fire; but the houses afforded sufficient protection against its worst effects. A great part

* The plateau on the summit of the great St Bernard is 796 feet above the level of the sea, and little more than 160 feet below the altitude of perpetual snow.—*Translator.*

of the army had thus passed before the surrender of the fortress, which so completely commands the narrow valley, that, but for the negligence and carelessness of the Austrians, it might have rendered fruitless the passage of the great St Bernard. When the Commander-in-chief arrived within gun-shot, he gave the order to cross at full speed the intervening space, gain a small goat-track on the left, conducting to the summit of Mount Albaredo, and thus turn the town and fort of Bard. We scrambled up this track on foot with much difficulty. Having reached the plateau on the summit, which commands the fort at a small distance, Bonaparte, resting his telescope upon the grass, and concealing himself from the view and shot of the besieged, surveyed the fortifications most carefully. After putting several questions to those who had come to give information respecting the place, he pointed out, with impatient dissatisfaction the errors into which the besiegers had fallen, and with that glance which so rarely deceived him, indicated the position of a new battery, and the point against which its fire was to be directed, guaranteeing the surrender on the first few shots. Scarcely had he issued these orders, when, descending the opposite side of the mountain, he left Bard in the rear, and slept at Yvrie. On the sixth day after, he learned that the place was in our possession.

We arrived at Milan on the 2d of June, almost without resistance; for the country was completely exposed, with the exception of some weak detachments, incapable of retarding our progress; and, to the affairs with these, we could scarcely give the name of combats, since success was not for a moment doubtful. Our leader had detected, and struck through the gap in his opponent's armour—had completely surprised and astonished the Austrian; who now conceived that nothing better could be done than to retrace his steps, and renounce the invasion of France. It is in such circumstances that audacity in war

becomes the veritable inspiration of genius. But the bold enthusiasm which fired Bonaparte, inspired not Melas; the latter, instead of returning, to place himself in communication with the hereditary states, ought to have imitated the daring of the former, and boldly advanced upon Lyons. He had nothing to fear from Massena; Suchet was incapable of opposing him; Italy was secured, by its strengths being in his own possession; and in France, there were only open towns, and no combatants. Fortunately for us, Melas proved himself to be no Bonaparte. The citadel of Milan was immediately blockaded; Murat, despatched against Placenza, seized that post without obstacle; and Lannes beat General Ott at Montebello. He little imagined then, that, by this exploit, he had made conquest of a future duchy.

The First Consul passed six days at Milan. On the second, a spy, who had been very serviceable to us in the former admirable campaigns in Italy, sent in his name: he was remembered, and ordered to be admitted. "What! not yet shot!" was the address of the First Consul. "General," replied the spy, "when the war recommenced, I entered the service of Austria, because you were far from Europe: I attach myself to the fortunate; I have always found my account in so doing: but I am tired of my profession; I wish to leave off business, make up my little fortune, and live in tranquillity. Sent into your lines by General Melas, I have it in my power to render you important service. But I must report to my employer. You are sufficiently strong to communicate to me some real information, which I may impart to him."—"As to that," said the First Consul, "it imports nothing though the enemy, while ignorant of my designs, knew my force and position, provided I am well informed of his force and position. You shall be satisfied; but attempt not to impose upon me. These thousand louis shall be forthcoming,—but only after you have done me good service." I then

wrote, from the mouth of the spy, the names of the Austrian corps, their force, their position, the names of their generals, &c. The First Consul marked with pins, upon a map, all the disclosures thus made, relative to localities. The spy afterwards added, that Alessandria was not provisioned, and Melas far from expecting a siege; that there were many wounded in the place, and medicines wanting. Berthier, in return, received authority to give him a note, pretty nearly correct, on our position. The thousand louis were paid after the battle of Marengo; for the information had proved exact and important. The spy afterwards informed me, that Melas, enchanted with his manner of serving the Austrians, had also handsomely rewarded him: "I am now," added he, "able to bid adieu to my villanous trade." This little event the First Consul regarded among the favours of his good fortune.

In passing through Geneva, he had an interview with M. Necker, which Madame de Stael has mentioned, acknowledging the agreeable impression made upon her father, in a conversation of two hours. I was not present; but, anxious to learn Bonaparte's opinion of a man so celebrated in France, contrived, one evening, to turn the conversation on this subject. "Necker," was the reply, "appeared to me far below his reputation; and in nowise came up to the idea I had formed of him. I talked a great deal, in order to bring him out; he said nothing striking. He is an *ideologist*, a banker; it is impossible for such people to have straightforward views: and then, look you, celebrated persons always lose by being seen near." —"General, not *always*."—"Ah! ha!" said he, laughing, "that's not quite so bad, Bourrienne. You improve; we shall make something of you!"

Another day, during our short stay at Milan, I had a very interesting conversation with M. Collot, who, perhaps, next to myself, best knew the disposition of Bonaparte. About three days after the arrival from

Egypt, he had, it seems, opened his mind to Collot, on the subject of Josephine's indiscretions. The former, as I had done, and by exactly the same arguments, laboured to bring about a reconciliation. "No!" exclaimed Bonaparte, "it is decided; she shall never put her foot within my door! She shall go to Malmaison; I will remain here."—"So much violence," said Collot, "only proves her empire over you. She will make her appearance, and explain matters. You will forgive her, and be happy."—"*I* forgive her? Never! You know me well. If I were not sure of myself, I would pluck out this heart, and cast it into the fire." At these words, passion almost choked his utterance, and he seemed as if about to tear open his own breast. Collot, soon after, retired; but not before accepting an invitation to breakfast for next day. In the interval, Madame Bonaparte arrived, during the night, having missed her husband, as we have seen, at Lyons. On seeing Collot next morning, Bonaparte appeared much disconcerted, and, taking him aside, spoke as follows:—"Well, she is here."—"So much the better," said M. Collot; "you have done an excellent thing, both for yourself and friends."—"Do not suppose I have forgiven her—never, while I live! I must ever have my doubts. Yet, her frankness!—I ordered her away, on her arrival! And that rascal Joseph stood by! But what would you, Collot? As she was descending the stairs, weeping, I saw Eugene and Hortense, who followed, sobbing bitterly. My heart has not been so framed as to enable me to witness tears flow unmoved. Eugene accompanied me to Egypt; I have been accustomed to regard him as my adopted son,—he is so brave, and so good a youth! Hortense has just entered the world: every one who knows, speaks well of her to me. I avow it, Collot, I was deeply moved by all this. I could not bear the sobs of these two poor children. I said to myself, ought they to be the victims of their mother's faults? I brought back

Eugene; Hortense returned with her mother. I said nothing. What could I have done in the case? He is not a man who is not weak."—"Be assured, they will repay you."—"They ought to do so, Collot—they ought to do so; for it has cost me much." On that day, we both remembered having breakfasted with Bonaparte, Eugene only being present; neither his mother nor sister appeared at table.

Another very interesting conversation which I had some time after with M. Collot, referred to Bonaparte's conduct on arriving from Egypt, and the proceedings of the 18th and 19th Brumaire. The General, it seems—for I did not accompany him, and, still more strange, he did not mention the visit—presented himself so unexpectedly to the Directory, that the members had come to no decision as to the mode of his reception. He was announced by an usher. The embarrassed directors left him waiting for a few minutes in the antichamber. He grew impatient; left the room; descended; and was about to get into his carriage, when the Directory, informed, sent after him with all speed. He returned, and, entering the council-room, marched up to the chairs of the five sovereigns, and addressed them more like a man who had come to demand an account of their conduct, than to justify his own. He knew their weakness. M. Collot, after their reconciliation—for a coldness had arisen between him and the General, from the former remaining at Malta, instead of accompanying the expedition to Egypt—remained in the secret of all that was carried on between the 5th and 19th Brumaire, both for and against Bonaparte. The prime agitators were Talleyrand and Fouché, who gained Sieyes without difficulty; but Moreau refused all participation, till brought over, as we have seen, by Bonaparte himself.

On the 18th, on leaving his own house, Bonaparte rode to the Tuileries, where he had already been assured of the good disposition of the directoral

guard, and of the garrison of Paris, by Jubé and Sebastiani, their respective commanders. On alighting, he perceived Botot, secretary of Barras, who had been sent by his master, to observe what was going forward. To this functionary he advanced straightway, and addressed him as if representative of the whole Directory, demanding, "*What have you done with France?*" "You know," said M. Collot to me, "that the Consul is not always eloquent: I am unable to divine what genius inspired him at that moment; but expressions and images the most sublime flowed from him in torrents of eloquence, and with an enunciation so vehement, so imposing, and so mournful, that all were filled with indignation against the Directory. Of this speech, though many tried, it was afterwards found impossible to draw up a proper outline for the journals." The reception which the General met with from the Five Hundred, by no means prepared him for the scenes of the morrow, at St Cloud. He was received with universal enthusiasm, and saluted as the saviour of the country. The initiated of the representatives had been sent to occupy the most commanding seats, and all was prepared: these raised deafening acclamations, and the rest, astonished or intimidated, remained silent, or, carried away by excitement, joined in the applause.

On the 19th, we have seen what passed in the Council of the Ancients. "On leaving that assembly," continued M. Collot, "while you were absent, Bonaparte proceeded to that of the Five Hundred, with the grenadiers marching in column of three ranks. The crowd at the door made way for the General, who entered the hall supported only by two or three of his escort; for the others, less favoured by the crowd, remained without. In this situation, and hearing outlawry vociferated against him, in amazement, he made for the door, and regained the court. If a single representative had seized Bonaparte, his party was too weak to have saved him; and if, an instant

after, his bleeding head, from one of the balconies, had been shewn to the soldiers as that of a traitor, they could neither have obtained, nor would have demanded, vengeance. But the deputies lost a precious half hour in disputation and mutual reproaches, which Lucien had tact sufficient to encourage and prolong. When Murat entered at the head of the grenadiers, in double quick time, taking possession of the hall by assault, the adherents of Bonaparte cried out, 'The troop is preparing to fire: save yourselves!' At these words, the assembly, but a few minutes before so courageous, now found the doors too few for escape, and leaping from the windows, almost on a level with the ground, scampered off into the woods of the park, or neighbouring fields, seeking wherein to hide their vain and ridiculous boasting."

"You know," continued M. Collot, "what noise—what tumult, accompanied the dispersion of the deputies, and the difficulty of re-organizing the shade of an assembly, when the former members, like pigeons frightened by a shot, returned one by one. During this interval, Bonaparte's anxiety was intense, and Talleyrand's presence even could hardly reassure him. The new sitting opened at ten at night. I was present; and never, while I live, will the aspect of that nocturnal assembly be effaced from my memory. How silent and gloomy the scene! how harassed and melancholy appeared the actors! Imagine a long hall, filled with benches overturned; a desk placed near the middle, with its back against a bare wall; below, and a little in front of this, a table and two chairs; upon the table two candles, with the like number on the desk; no chandelier, no lamp, no other light, beneath the arched ceiling of the vast chamber. Conceive, also, the pale countenance of Lucien, in the desk, reading the new constitution, and two deputies at the table reporting. Opposite, in a narrow space cleared of benches, had crowded a number of deputies, indifferent to every thing that was

passing. The majority reclined upon three benches—one serving as a seat, another for a foot-board, and a third supported their head. Confusedly intermixed with them, and in the same attitude, were some private individuals, interested in the success of the day. Not far off, behind, might be seen a few lackeys, who, seeking shelter from the cold, had fallen fast asleep, while waiting for their masters. Such was the strange Areopagus, which gave to France a new government.

CHAPTER VIII.

PREPARATORY OPERATIONS — BATTLE OF MARENGO — REDUCTION OF ITALY — DEATH OF DESAIX — RETURN TO PARIS — DEATH OF KLEBER.

THE day now approached when all must be lost or won. The First Consul was busied in making his dispositions, and directing the different corps of his army upon the points of occupation designed. Murat, at Placenza, had intercepted a courier from Melas, with despatches to the Aulic Council at Vienna. These reached head-quarters on the night of the 8th June. Melas announced the surrender of Genoa on the 4th, and spoke with inconceivable disdain of our pretended army of reserve, and of Bonaparte's presence in Italy as a fable, declaring him to be at Paris. It was scarcely possible to carry hallucination and ignorance farther. It was three in the morning when I received this precious document, written in German, and by four had finished that translation which was afterwards published. On entering the chamber of the First Consul, I was forced to shake him gently by the arm; for, with bad news, as the reader is aware, he desired to be awakened. I read my translation; so greatly did its contents surprise him, that he exclaimed, "Nonsense! Surely you have forgotten your German!" Scarcely, however, had he vented this pleasantry, when he sprung from bed, and, before eight o'clock, the necessary orders for repairing the possible consequences of this unexpected event, the fall of Genoa, and to hasten the march of the troops upon the Scrivia, were expedited. On the same day,

the 9th, he left Milan, with his personal staff; fixing head-quarters at Stradella, on the 12th.

By one of those effects of chance, often so singularly coincident, Desaix, who was destined to aid the victory, and arrest the retreat at Marengo, reached Toulon the very day we quitted Paris. The capitulation of El Arych, on the 4th January, 1800, had enabled him to leave Egypt. After a tedious voyage, on board a Ragusan vessel, he had been taken by the English cruisers, and carried to Admiral Keith's station, at Leghorn. The French General here demanded his release, in terms of the capitulation of El Arych, and in virtue of the English and Turkish passports which he produced. But he was placed in quarantine, and treated as a prisoner of war, till advice arrived from England, ordering his release. In the letter addressed to Bonaparte, giving an account of his adventures, the autograph of which is in my possession, towards the conclusion, he says: "Yes, my dear General, I wish most ardently to be engaged; but, by preference, against the English. I have sworn an eternal hatred against them: their insolence and bad treatment are ever present to my memory. Whatever rank you assign me I shall be satisfied: you know I neither wish nor aspire to the first commands; I shall serve, with the same pleasure, as a private volunteer, or a general; only, let me know my destination immediately, that I may not lose an instant: a day not well employed, is a day lost." On recovering his liberty, in consequence of communications from England, he was captured a second time by pirates, in crossing to the coast of France, but not detained. Arriving at length, he wrote to me, from Toulon, on the 6th May. This letter I received at Martigny, and, shewing it to the First Consul, "Ah! would we had heard this at Paris!" said he, and instantly the order was issued for General Desaix to repair, with all despatch to head-quarters. He joined us at Stradella on the morning of the 11th, and was

received with the most cordial friendship, remaining closeted with the First Consul upwards of three hours. On the morrow, an order of the day published to the army the appointment of Desaix to the command of the division of Boudet, who had been killed in a previous engagement. That General was intimately connected with, and, without doubt, much lamented by, the First Consul; yet, on receiving the news of his death, he merely said, "How the devil shall I replace Boudet?" On expressing to General Bonaparte my astonishment at the long conversation he had just held with Desaix, he replied, "Yes, I have been long with him; but you know that I esteem him most highly. Immediately on my return to Paris, I make him minister at war: he shall always be second only to myself: I would make him prince, if I had the power. I find in him an antique character." In two days, Desaix was no more. He fell at the age of thirty-three.

On the 12th, we moved forward from Stradella. On the 13th, in concentrating towards the Scrivia, we passed through Montebello, and beheld the scene of the conflict between Lannes and the Austrians on the 9th. The churches were still full of wounded, and the traces of death, which every where presented themselves, testified but too clearly how well this bloody victory had been disputed. The combat had been terrible. In conversing some days after with Collot and me, Lannes uttered these remarkable words, which I might well remember,—"Bones crashed in my division like hailstones against windows." He merited the title, (Duke of Montebello,) afterwards borne with so much simplicity, and so much honour.

On the 13th, the First Consul rested at Torre di Gallifolo. In the course of the evening, an officer of the staff, sent to reconnoitre whether the Austrians had a bridge upon the Bormida, while I was present, reported in the negative. This information tranquillized the Consul, who then retired, well satisfied, for

the night. But, on the morrow, when the Austrian cannon were heard early in the morning, and learning that the Austrians had debouched, and were engaged on the plain, he expressed the greatest disapprobation, accused the officer, whose name I conceal, of being a coward, and spoke even of bringing him to trial. Mounting on horseback, Bonaparte, in all haste, sped to the scene of contest, and I saw him no more till six o'clock in the evening. According to instructions, I repaired to St Juliano, the village indicated, as already mentioned, in the consular cabinet at Paris, as the field destined for the decisive battle, and not above two leagues from the spot where the combat actually commenced. About mid-day, I beheld a number of wounded, with their escort, passing through, and, soon after, a great many fugitives. These talked of nothing but retreat, which, it was said, Bonaparte alone opposed with firmness. They then advised me to quit St Juliano, where I had just received a courier for the Commander-in-chief. In retiring, I fell in with the division of Desaix, which, in the morning, had been sent off towards Novi, to watch the road to Genoa, but had been countermanded, when the engagement began. With this division, I returned to my former station, struck with the numerical weakness of a corps thus in march to succour an army alike weak, and now much broken, and even dispersed. All regarded the battle as lost; and it was so, in effect: for the First Consul having asked Desaix what he thought of it, that honest and brave general replied, without any boasting, "This battle is completely lost: but it is only two o'clock; we have still time to gain one to-day." The First Consul himself reported to me, the same evening, these simple and heroic words. Who would have thought that this little column, and a handful of heavy cavalry under Kellermann, would be able to change, before five o'clock, the fate of the day.

Hardly two hours had elapsed from the moment of

the departure from St Juliano of Desaix's division, when, most agreeably surprised, I beheld that army returning in triumph, which, from morning, had caused me the deepest anxiety. Never, in so brief space, had fortune shewn herself under aspects so very opposite: at two o'clock, all wore the desolation of defeat, and its unhappiest consequences; at five, victory had returned, faithful to the flag of Arcola: Italy was regained at a single stroke, and the crown of France gleamed in prospective.

While returning to head-quarters with the First Consul, about seven in the evening, I witnessed his sorrow for Desaix, for whose loss he expressed the most lively regret. Afterwards, he said, "Little Kellermann made an excellent charge, and most opportunely: we owe much to him. Observe upon what accidents affairs may depend." From these few words, it is evident, he could appreciate the service which he refused to acknowledge. He was unwilling that a result so decisive, should be attributed to any other cause than the combinations framed by his own genius and foresight. That genius, too, had been displayed so fully, so greatly, on so many occasions, that, less informed respecting his insatiable thirst of glory, I should have felt surprised at a kind of half discontent at the cause of success, in the midst of the success itself. It must be acknowledged, that in this he resembled neither Jourdan, nor Hoche, nor Kleber, nor Moreau, who, on all occasions, shewed themselves eager to render justice to the services of those who had fought under their standards. On the contrary, when Kellermann presented himself at table, where the First Consul was seated, surrounded by a number of generals and officers, the latter merely said, "You made a pretty good charge, Kellermann;" and, as if in opposition to this coldness, turning immediately towards Bessières, who commanded the horse grenadiers of the guard, speaking very loud, he said, "Bessières, the guards covered themselves with

glory." The real truth, however, was, that the guard had taken no part in the charge made by Kellermann, who had not been able to assemble more than five hundred heavy cavalry. This handful of brave fellows cut in two the Austrian column, which was on the point of overwhelming the division of Desaix, and made six thousand prisoners. The guard did not charge at Marengo till late in the afternoon.

On the morrow, at head-quarters, it was reported that, in the first impulse of feeling, Kellermann, hurt by so dry a reception, replied to Bonaparte,—"My pretty good charge has placed the crown on your head!" I did not hear this reply, and therefore am not sure it was made; but this I can affirm, that such a sentiment was written, and the fact known to Bonaparte. The director-general of the post-office, M. Delaforrest, sometimes transacted business with the First Consul. Every body knows what sort of business would engage the attention of the post-master-general and the head of government. During one of these *laborious* sittings, the First Consul discovered a letter from Kellermann to Laselle, and read therein,—"Would you believe it, my friend? Bonaparte has not made me general of division—me! who have just placed the crown upon his head!" The letter, neatly re-sealed, was forwarded to the address; but the contents Bonaparte never forgot. Hence the small share of favour enjoyed ever afterwards by Kellermann.

But be this as it may, whether the general did or did not give the crown of France to the First Consul on the day of Marengo, certain it is, that at night he gave him a supper; and not him alone, but all his famishing staff. This, be it noted, was no small service, destitute as we were of every thing. We enjoyed ourselves most heartily, profiting by the precaution of General Kellermann, who had sent to search for provisions in one of those pious retreats, always well furnished, which one is extremely fortunate in

discovering while in campaign. On this occasion, it was the convent of Del Bosco which had been put under contribution; and the worthy fathers, in just recompense for the ample store of good things and capital wines made forthcoming to the commandant of the heavy cavalry, were presented with a protection against all other claimants on their hospitality.

After supper, the First Consul dictated to me the bulletin of the battle. The following is an abstract: "After the battle of Montebello, the army moved forwards, in order to pass the Scrivia: the advanced guard, on the 24th Prairial, (13th June,) defeated the enemy, who defended the approaches of the Bormida, and those near Alessandria. Melas was shut up between the Bormida and the Po. On the 25th, (14th June,) at day-break, the enemy passed the Bormida by three bridges; surprised our advanced posts; and commenced with the greatest fury the battle of Marengo. Four times, in the course of the conflict, we were in retreat, and as often in advance. Upwards of sixty pieces of cannon, on both sides, were taken and retaken during the day. More than twelve charges of cavalry were made, with various success. At three o'clock, ten thousand men and horse, supported by artillery, charged our right flank, in the vast plain of St Juliano, in which were stationed the guards, as a redoubt of granite. Cavalry, artillery, infantry, were directed against this battalion; but in vain. This obstinate resistance kept in check the enemy's left, and our right carried at the point of the bayonet the village of Castel-Canolo. Our left, already disordered, was forced to retreat, by an overwhelming charge of cavalry. The enemy then advanced along his whole line, pouring in a fire of grape from upwards of one hundred pieces of cannon. The roads were covered with fugitives, wounded, and ruin. The battle seemed lost. The enemy advanced within musket shot of the village of St Juliano, where was drawn up the division of

Desaix, behind whose columns the fugitives rallied. The enemy had now committed faults, which presaged the catastrophe: his wings were too much extended. The presence of the First Consul reanimated the confidence of the troops. 'My children,' said he, 'recollect, my custom is to sleep upon the field of battle!' Shouts of 'Live the Republic!' replied. Desaix charged: in an instant the enemy were overthrown. General Kellermann, who, with a brigade of heavy cavalry, had protected the retreat on our left, charged so vigorously, and with so much skill, that six thousand grenadiers, with General Zack, chief of staff, remained prisoners in his hands. Our whole army followed up this movement. The enemy's right was cut off; consternation spread through their ranks; their cavalry, attempting to protect the retreat, were dispersed by Bessières, with the guard. We have taken fifteen standards, forty pieces of cannon, and from six to eight thousand prisoners. Of the enemy, more than six thousand have been left on the field. We have lost six hundred killed; fifteen hundred wounded, among whom are three generals; and nine hundred prisoners. But the loss of Desaix, who was struck by a ball as his division commenced the charge, shuts the heart to joy. He died almost immediately, having only time to say to young Lebrun,—'Go, tell the First Consul I die with regret, not having achieved enough to live in the remembrance of posterity.' In the course of his life, Desaix had four horses killed under him, and received three wounds. He had joined headquarters only three days before, and, on the evening preceding, had repeatedly said to his aides-de-camp, —'It is a long time since we last fought in Europe: the balls no longer know us: something will certainly happen.' When, in the hottest of the fire, news arrived of his death, the First Consul allowed only the single expression to escape,—'Why is it not permitted me to weep?'"

When the despatch was finished, and we were left alone, I said to the First Consul, "General, what a noble victory is this of to-day! You remember what you said to me of the pleasure with which you would revisit France, after a grand stroke in Italy: you have reason now to be satisfied?"—"Yes, Bourrienne, I am satisfied. But Desaix!—Ah! how glorious had this day been, if at evening I could have embraced him on the field of battle!" I observed Bonaparte ready to shed tears, so deep and sincere was the sorrow caused by this sad event. Of all whom he ever knew, Desaix was certainly the best beloved, the most esteemed, and the most regretted.

The manner of Desaix's death has been differently related; and I need hardly say, that the words given to him in the fabulous bulletin just quoted, were imaginary. He did not fall into the arms of his aide-de-camp, Lebrun, as stated by the First Consul; nor did he utter the fine sentiment which I wrote to his dictation. The following is the exact, or at least most correct statement:—The moment of the general's fall was not observed, nor when the ball which terminated his days struck him. He fell without a word, at a little distance from Lefebvre Desnouettes. A sergeant of the ninth brigade of light infantry, commanded by Barois, requested from that officer permission to pick up the general's *capotte*. It was pierced in the back. The circumstance leaves a doubt, whether Desaix had been slain, while leading on the division, by the awkwardness of his own soldiers, or by the fire of the enemy, while in the act of turning round to encourage his followers. Besides, the struggle in which he met his death was so brief, the disorder so instantaneous, and so sudden the change of fortune, that it is by no means surprising the circumstances of his death were not more positively remarked. Savary and Rapp, his aides-de-camp, were received into the personal service of the First Consul, on the loss of him whom they with truth termed

their parent. My intercession, joined to the name of Desaix, overcame any objection; and they served most faithfully their new master, with unchanging zeal and devotedness, to the very last hour of his political existence. Savary, however, was the greater favourite. Rapp had an Alsacian frankness which little calculated to raise him at court.*

Early on the morning after the battle, Prince Lichtenstein, on the part of General Melas, arrived at the head-quarters of the First Consul, with proposals of negotiation. The conditions did not suit Bonaparte, who declared his willingness to grant liberty and the honours of war to the army shut up in Alessandria, whither the Austrians had retired after the defeat at Marengo; but on the condition, that Italy and its fortresses should be delivered to France. The prince requested to confer with his commander: he returned again in the evening, and made numerous observations on the severity of the conditions. "Sir," replied the First Consul, with marked impatience, "carry my last resolves to your general, and return quickly: they are irrevocable. Know that I am perfectly acquainted with your situation: I am not a soldier of yesterday. You are blockaded in Alessandria; you have many wounded and sick; you are in want of provisions and medicines. I occupy your rear; you have lost, in killed and wounded, your choicest soldiers. I might demand more; my position authorizes me; but I moderate my claims out of respect for the gray hairs of your general, whom I honour." This reply was given with great nobleness and energy. The prince agreed to all. As I conducted him to his escort, he complained that "These conditions were very hard, especially the surrendering of Genoa." This latter seemed the more severe, that the Emperor of Austria learned by the same post the capture and restitution of the city.

* See Appendix, A.

How few the events, and how brief the period, which may sometimes reverse the fate of nations! We quitted Milan on the 13th June; on the 14th, had conquered at Marengo; on the 15th, were in possession of Italy. A suspension of hostilities between the French and Austrian armies proved the immediate result of a single battle; and, in virtue of a convention, we obtained entrance into all the fortified places, with the exception of Mantua. As soon as the convention was signed, Bonaparte dictated to me the following note, at Torre di Galifolo:—"The day after the battle of Marengo, Citizen-Consuls, General Melas sent to inquire at the outposts, if he might be permitted to send to me, as envoy, General Skal. During the day, was signed the convention, of which a copy is here adjoined. It has been signed in the course of the night, by Generals Berthier and Melas. I hope the French people will be satisfied with their army.—BONAPARTE."

We returned to Milan: the appearance of the First Consul was everywhere saluted with almost continual acclamations. From the first, indeed, we had been well received; but now any little clouds formerly overcasting the *sincere* joy and love of a conquered people were dissipated. During this second sojourn at Milan, Bonaparte beheld, for the first time since his return from Egypt, Massena, who, having been left behind in the command of Alexandria, had thrown himself into Genoa, upon returning to Europe in consequence of the convention of El Arych. The First Consul praised him most highly for his admirable defence of Genoa, and appointed him successor in the command of the Army of Italy. Moreau being on the Rhine, there presented, in fact, none other than the conqueror of Zurich worthy of commanding; where, though the grand blow was struck, the state of affairs required the presence of an able and experienced general.

While he himself was thus engaged in reassuring

victory and conquest to the arms of France, his brothers, always less occupied with her affairs than with their own, were endeavouring to turn his success to their own account. They loved money as much as Bonaparte loved fame. The family of future kings, not yet aware of their coming dignities, hastened to make hay while the sun shone, not concealing from each other their slender chance for futurity, should he, through whom they were any thing, have been stretched, like Desaix, on the plain of Marengo. We find that the philosopher Lucien—and the thing is curious enough—had caused *Te Deums* to be chanted, in order to produce a sensation on the Stock Exchange!

The following is his letter to Joseph, with all its luxuriancy of exclamations and italics:—

"I send you a courier. I earnestly desire that the First Consul advertise me of his arrival twenty-four hours previously, and inform me—*me only*—by what barrier he will enter. The city has decreed the preparation of triumphal arches. He merits them sufficiently not to refuse them.

"The day before yesterday, *by my recommendation*, a *Te Deum* was chanted. There were present sixty thousand persons!

"The intrigues of Auteuil have continued. There has been much balancing between C——and La F——. The latter has caused make offer to me of his daughter in marriage. The intrigue has been carried to the last extremity. I know not, as yet, whether the high-priest has decided for one or other; I rather think he will bilk both for one of Orleans, and your friend Auteuil is the soul of all. The news of Marengo has filled them with consternation: nevertheless, on the morrow, for certainty, the high-priest passed three hours with your friend of Auteuil. As to ourselves, if victory had marked the end of the First Consul at Marengo, this hour in which I write to you would have beheld us all proscribed! Your letters tell me

of nothing I wished to know. I hope, at least, to be advised of the reply from Vienna—This above all. James is ready. The fête of the 14th July shall be a good one. Here all is tranquil; peace is expected as a thing fixed, and the First Consul in triumph. Your family is well, and at Montfontaine. I embrace as I love you. Why do you return with the First Consul? And peace!—and Italy! Think of our last interview!" On the margin is to be read, "Read the letter to the Consul, and give it to him, *after having sealed it with care.*

"Deliver the enclosed. Madame Murat has never lodged in my house. Her husband is a fool, whom his wife would do well to correct by not writing to him for a month to come. LUCIEN BONAPARTE."

After some days passed at Milan, engaged in settling the affairs of Italy, the First Consul set out for France, by way of Turin. Here he remained some hours, chiefly to inspect the citadel, just given up to us, in consequence of the capitulation of Alessandria. Crossing Mount Cenis, we met Madame Kellermann: the Consul stopped his carriage, and offered felicitations on the brave conduct of her husband at Marengo. I shall not attempt to describe the manifestations of joy and admiration with which Bonaparte's return was hailed in France. At Lyons, the assembled multitude, with continued acclamations, demanded to see him: he appeared at a balcony, and next day consented to lay the foundation-stone of new public buildings, designed to efface the very remembrance of the revolutionary scenes.* Before going out to this ceremony he dictated to me the subsequent note:—

* I occupied apartments said to have been those of Bourrienne, at the Hôtel des Celestines, and at the window above was the balcony where the First Consul shewed himself to the Lyonnais. "He ought to have died then!" said my informant.—*Translator.*

"I arrived at Lyons. Citizen-Consuls, I have stopped there in order to lay the first stone of the façades of the Place Bellcour, which are to be rebuilt. That circumstance alone could have retarded my arrival at Paris. But I have not been able to resist the ambition of hastening the restoration of that square, which I formerly had beheld so beautiful, and which is now so hideous. I am given to hope that in two years the whole will be completed. I expect that before then, the commerce of this city, of which all Europe is proud, will have resumed its prosperity. I salute you. BONAPARTE."

At Dijon, the rejoicing of the inhabitants really partook of delirium. I have seldom seen a sight more pleasing or more touching than a procession here of young females, of remarkable beauty and elegance, who, crowned with flowers, attended the carriage of Bonaparte, recalling the triumphs of the Grecian and Roman conquerors.

All, however, was not equally agreeable on our route. When at some distance from Sens, our carriage broke down, and the First Consul sent a courier to inform my mother, that he would remain with her till it should be repaired. He dined at my mother's, and set off at seven in the evening. But we had not yet done with accidents. The right fore-wheel came off, and we were overset while passing rapidly the long bridge which then conducted to Montreau-Faut-Yonne. The First Consul, on whose right I was seated, fell upon me, and received no injury; something suspended from the roof, cut my head; but nothing so serious occurred as to cause a stoppage, and we reached Paris the same night, 2–3 July. We have already seen that Bonaparte talked much during his journeys: his conversations were not all of equal interest. I may here note one remark of his while crossing Burgundy, on returning from Marengo. "Come, come, a few more such events as this cam-

paign, and I shall pass to posterity."—"It seems to me," replied I, "that you have already done enough for men to talk long and every where of you."—"Ah! well said! Enough, quotha? True, I have in two years reduced Cairo, Paris, and Milan. Eh! well, my dear fellow, were I to die to-morrow, I should probably, ten ages hence, have half a page in a general history." He was right; in an epitome, a page passes in review the conquests of Alexander or Cæsar. It is scarcely worth while to ravage the world for so petty an affair!

I am here unwilling to disjoin two events, united in time, though, from their distance in place—Italy and Egypt—we necessarily heard of them at different dates. On the very day of Marengo, when a more than uncertain victory was in some measure assured by the death of Desaix, a Mahometan fanatic poniarded Kleber, and by the blow achieved the deliverance of Egypt. Thus were taken from their country, on the same day, almost within the same hour, two of the most illustrious generals of the French army.

The house of Elfi Bey, which Bonaparte inhabited at Cairo, and subsequently Kleber, his successor in the command, had a terrace leading from the saloon to a ruinous cistern, whence a flight of steps conducted to the garden on one side, while on the opposite lay the public square. When we were in Egypt, this was the favourite promenade of the Commander-in-chief, to whom I had often represented the propriety of filling up the cistern, and making it level with the terrace. My precautions were not adopted, and Soleyman Haleby, the assassin of Kleber, profited by the neglect. Hiding himself in the cistern, he stole behind the general, and stabbed him mortally in the groin.

This sad news reached Bonaparte some time after our return to Paris. Long deprived of information from Egypt, he expected despatches with much anxiety. When a courier from the East at length

arrived, it was past two o'clock in the morning. In his eagerness, the First Consul would not wait to awake any one in order to call me. He came up himself, and as there were two doors, he knocked twice at my secretary's, who slept in one of the three chambers composing my small suite. The secretary rose and opened. On seeing a man with a taper in his hand, a drab coloured greatcoat, and a night-cap on his head, the reader may conceive the secretary's surprise. "Where is Bourrienne?"—"Good God! General, is it you?"—"Where is Bourrienne?" The secretary, still in his shirt, then shewed my door to the First Consul; who, after expressing his regret for having disturbed him, came into my room. I dressed in haste, and we descended, having rung several times before we could gain admission; for the housekeeper, though not asleep, was afraid to open, apprehensive of robbers from the comings and goings she had heard. At length we were admitted, and the First Consul laid upon the table the voluminous despatches he had just received. They were labelled, and had been steeped in vinegar. On hearing the death of Kleber announced, Bonaparte displayed in his whole manner the greatest uneasiness; an expression which silently but eloquently spoke his fears, "Egypt is lost!"

I stop not to rebut here the atrocious calumnies which have been published respecting Kleber's death. By that unlooked for event, Bonaparte was most deeply affected. The knowledge which he had of Kleber's capacity; the command of the army confided to his talents; the succours which by every means he essayed to send him, repel not only the horrible suspicion of the slightest participation in that crime, but even the thought, that he viewed with pleasure, or even desired, the destruction of Kleber. Doubtless there existed between Bonaparte and Kleber an aversion as obvious, as the friendship between the former and Desaix was apparent. The fame of Kleber

annoyed him; he had the weakness to be somewhat jealous of his reputation; he knew also the manner in which Kleber spoke of his plans,—for the latter took no care to conceal his sentiments. During the long and bloody siege of Acre, he would say to me,—"Your little scoundrel, Bonaparte, who is not taller than my boot, will enslave France. See what a cursed expedition he has led us into!" I give it not for certain that such remarks, often repeated to others, were reported to Bonaparte, but there were those who sought advancement by informing, and would not spare Kleber. A frank republican, he had divined and feared the projects of Bonaparte against liberty. But with all this—and a fault-finder by disposition—as a soldier, duty was ever paramount. He grumbled, swore, stormed—but marched bravely amid the hottest fire. He was courage personified. One day, while in the trenches at Acre, standing upright, and, by his great height, exposed to every shot, Bonaparte cried out, "Stoop now, can't you, Kleber!"—"Eh!" was the surly reply, "d—— your bit of a ditch, it is not knee deep." He never regarded the Egyptian expedition with a favourable eye, looking upon it as too expensive, and as useless to France. In short, cold, discriminating, and reflecting, Kleber judged Bonaparte without enthusiasm,—a rare thing in those days,—and consequently pardoned not a single fault. On the other hand, Bonaparte, ever animated by the desire of retaining Egypt, whose preservation alone could justify its conquest, allowed Kleber to *talk*, for Kleber *acted*. He knew that duty, and the virtues of the soldier, would always prove too powerful for personal prejudice or opposition. Thus, the death of his lieutenant, far from awakening the least feeling of satisfaction, afflicted him the more, that it destroyed almost entirely the hope of preserving to France an acquisition so dearly purchased, and which was his own work.*

* See Appendix, B.

CHAPTER IX.

ANECDOTES — RESULTS OF THE BATTLE OF MARENGO — ATTEMPTS TO ASSASSINATE BONAPARTE — PUNISHMENT OF THE CONSPIRATORS — SEVERITIES TOWARDS THE JACOBINS.

On his return to Paris from Marengo, Bonaparte was received with greater enthusiasm than ever. Men looked on in astonishment at the rapidity with which, in a campaign of less than two months, he had brought back victory to the standard of France. Negotiation now engaged all his attention and activity; but, both with England and Austria, great difficulties arose. Of these hereafter: at present, a few mere private occurrences may be noticed.

Among the immense number of letters received at this time, I have preserved some, and among these, one from an emigrant then resident in Jersey, General Beaumanoir. It contains details connected with the Bonapartean family, and appears to me very interesting:—

"*Jersey*, 12*th July*, 1800.—I consider, General, that on your return I may, without impropriety, interrupt your daily occupations, to recall to your remembrance one whom I flatter myself you have not entirely forgotten, after a residence of more than eighteen years at Ajaccio. But perhaps you will feel surprised that so insignificant a matter should be the subject of the letter which I have the honour to address to you. You will recollect, General, that when your late father was obliged to go to Autun, in order

to remove your brothers from the college there, and whence he went to see you at Brienne, he found himself at a loss for ready money: he asked me for twenty-five louis, (£21, 6s. 8d.) which I lent him with pleasure. After his return, he had not found it convenient to repay the sum, and when I left Ajaccio, your mother offered to sell some plate in order to pay me. This I would not permit, requesting her to take her own time, and left the acknowledgment of your father with M. Souirez, to be discharged when convenient. I suppose Madame had not found a favourable opportunity of accomplishing her wish in this respect, when the Revolution broke out. You will think it singular, General, that for so small an affair I should now intrude upon your engagements; but my situation is so unfortunate, that this little sum is an object. Expatriated, exiled from my country, forced to seek refuge in this island, where my abode is odious to me, and so expensive, that it will prove a relief if you can let me have the sum, small as it is, and which would formerly have been a matter of indifference. This you may believe, General, when you think of one at the age of eighty, who, after sixty years spent in the service of his country, has been obliged to flee, subsisting on the slender provision granted by government to French emigrants,—I say emigrants, for I was obliged to become one; I had not the least idea of such a step, but I had, it seems, committed a great crime—I was the oldest general of the canton, and a Grand Cross of St Louis. My house at Caen was attacked by a band of ruffians, and I had just time to escape by a back door, with nothing save what was on my person. In this state I came to Paris. I was told there remained no other resource than to leave the country; yet I never had dispute or discussion with a human being, but lived in retirement. Thus, General, my property and moveables were abandoned to the mercy of what was called the state. The state has profited to the full, for it has left me without

wherein to lay my head. I do not ask, therefore, to return, for I have nowhere to go; besides, I have here a brother still more aged than myself, who, though in bad health, and in second infancy, was banished also, and whom I would not leave for any consideration. I am resigned to my unhappy lot; my only and great grief is, that not only have I myself been ill treated, but, contrary to law, this has influenced the situation of relatives, whom I love and respect. I have a step-mother eighty years of age, who has been refused her legal claim upon my property, which indeed I enjoyed only in reversion. All this, if things do not change, will cause me to die a bankrupt: the very thought breaks my heart.—I confess, General, I am little acquainted with the new style, but, according to the old, am your humble servant,

"Durosel Beaumanoir."

I make no remarks upon the irregularity of style in this letter, or its grammatical slips, formerly not considered as derogatory in a loyal gentleman. When I had read it to the First Consul, "Bourrienne," said he, with solemnity, "that is sacred; lose not a minute. The good old man! Send ten times the sum. Write to General Durosel that I will take care of him. I will that he be immediately erased from the list of emigrants. What evils have been wrought by these ruffians of the Convention! I see plainly I never can repair all." In speaking thus, Bonaparte betrayed unwonted emotion, and, in the course of the same evening, inquired if his orders were executed. They had been expedited instantly; the death of M. de Frotte had read me too cruel a lesson ever to be neglected.

The reader has already perceived my inattention to studied transitions: I pass now to a little domestic incident. The First Consul received visits and gave audiences in the grand saloon adjoining the state bed-chamber, which adjoined to our cabinet. When wanting any thing, or wishing to speak with any one,

he pulled a bell, which was answered by the attendant in waiting, attached to this particular station. He was a faithful and intelligent servant, named Landoire, who, on such occasions, had to pass through the cabinet and bed-chamber to receive his orders. To me the First Consul usually applied for any paper, date, name, or information. Impatient, probably, of the delay caused by so many goings and comings, he took it into his head one day, without saying any thing on the subject, to order a bell for the cabinet, which should be hung directly above my table. Next morning, on entering the cabinet, I perceived, in room of my own table, a ladder with a workman a-top:—"What are you about there?"—"Hanging a bell, sir."—"Landoire, who gave that order?"—"The First Consul."—"Come down, (to the bell-hanger,) or I shall overturn your ladder." He descended, and removed the steps. Immediately after, I went as usual to awake the First Consul, and read the journals to him. "General," said I, having wished him good morning, "I found just now in your cabinet one at work hanging a bell: I am informed you gave the order. Convinced there must have been some misunderstanding, and that your directions had been misinterpreted, I dismissed the workman. It certainly could not be for you that the bell was required; I do not expect it was intended for me; for whom then?"—"What a blockhead that valet is! Yesterday I was with Cambacèrés: I wanted you: the attendant came not when I rang. Imagining something wrong, I gave orders to have the wire examined, and as it traverses my cabinet, doubtless the workman had to be there: this is the whole affair." I feigned satisfaction with this explanation, of which, however, I was not the dupe; and he persisted no farther in the attempt.

The people rarely feel an actual interest in public events; they behold them pass in review with cold indifference, and take part in the fêtes proclaimed

by government, as spectacles which it is not even attempted to refer to their causes. Such was not the case on the festival of Marengo; the joy was universal, pervading all ranks, and sincere as general. "Bourrienne," said the First Consul, "hear you these still continued acclamations? the sound is to me sweet as the voice of Josephine: how happy, how proud I am of being beloved by such a people!"

During his last sojourn at Milan, the Consul had organized a new government for Piedmont, in which he took care to include those only who had shewn themselves partizans of France. He entertained a strong desire permanently to unite to France a rich and fertile province, of which a portion had been possessed by Louis XIV,—the only monarch whom Bonaparte really admired. "If Louis XIV," he would say, "had not been a king, he would have been a great man: but he knew not mankind; he could not know them: and then, he was never unfortunate!" He delighted to find, also, in many parts of Piedmont, traces of the times when France had ruled beyond the Alps, and that even the French language was still used. The preamble to the new organization stated that act to be "A new proof to the Piedmontese nation of the affection and generosity of the French people." Over the regency commission appointed by this act, to regulate the affairs of Piedmont, General Dupont was selected to preside, with the title of Minister Extraordinary of the French Government. On this occasion, I remarked, and am now very happy in pointing out, a secret movement on the part of Bonaparte towards overturning the republic. Having written a scroll of General Dupont's nomination, I had mechanically put "Minister extraordinary of the *French republic*." "No, no!" said the First Consul, on reading this,—"*no republic;* insert *government*."

At Paris the First Consul took pleasure in declaring his presence by evident proofs of his incredible activity: thus, on the second day after his arrival from

Italy, he affected to promulgate a great number of decrees. Subsequently, he decerned military honours: Kellermann he named general of division, which, in all justice, ought to have been done on the field of battle. On the sabres of honour awarded at the same time was engraven this inscription, flattering to himself:—"*Battle of Marengo, First Consul commanding in person;* presented by the government of the republic to General Lannes." Four similar sabres were presented to Generals Victor, Watrin, Gardanne, and Murat. A great number of swords, inferior in value, were distributed to other officers; as also fusils, and badges of honour, to the privates and drummers of such regiments as had distinguished themselves at Marengo and in the Army of the Rhine; for Bonaparte was too politic not to include, among those deserving national rewards, the officers and soldiers who then fought under the orders of Moreau. A medal was even struck commemorative of the entrance of the same army into Munich. But it is worthy of remark, that, amid all the official fables and exaggerations published on the short Italian campaign, a false modesty was thrown over the whole by retaining the name of the Army of *Reserve*. Through means of this artful precaution, the honour of the constitution, and of the First Consul, was saved in appearance: he had not violated its acts; if he had made war, it was only by accident, with a body of reserve. Yet had he saluted this said army of reserve as the grand army, and his own bulletins witnessed against him. Truly I never could comprehend how, with ideas so grand, often so noble, Bonaparte could descend to such contemptible and shallow frauds. Strangers, and even his own prisoners, were the objects of his calculating attentions. I recollect his saying one evening about this time,—"Bourrienne, write to the minister of war to choose from the manufactory at Versailles, a pair of the finest pistols, and send them in my name to General Zach. He dined with me the other day, and

very much praised our manufactory of arms; I wish him to have a specimen, and besides, this can be productive of nothing but good. People will talk of the circumstance, and perhaps it may find echoes at Vienna: Write."

The 14th July had been appointed as a festival in honour of the republic, and upon this day, Lucien, minister of the interior, had made preparations for solemnizing the victory of Marengo. Certainly, since the establishment of the republic, France had never beheld the future through a vista of brighter hopes.

On that day, in the Temple of Mars, Lucien pronounced a discourse upon the promising situation of France, as compared with the horrible Reign of Terror, and the disgraceful period of the Directory. Lannes had the merited honour of presenting to the government the colours taken at Marengo, and accompanied the presentation with words becoming his own frank and generous character. After other speeches, and the distribution of five medals, to as many veterans, declared by their companions most deserving of this distinction, the First Consul spoke as follows:—"The colours, now presented to the government, before the people of this mighty capital, bear witness to the genius of generals-in-chief Moreau, Massena, and Berthier; to the military talents of the generals, their lieutenants; and to the bravery of the French soldiers. On returning to the camps, declare to the armies, that, for the epoch of the 1st Vendemiaire, in which we celebrate the anniversary of the republic, the French people expect, either peace, or — if to this the enemy oppose invincible obstacles — more standards, the fruits of new victories."

After this address of the First Consul, the vaulted roofs of the Temple resounded to the notes of Mehul's military hymn. But, of all the occurrences of the day, the most striking was the arrival of the consular guard, returning from Marengo. I was at a window of the Military College when this body of brave men

arrived on the ground; and never shall I forget the electric movement, so to speak, of enthusiastic feeling called forth by their appearance. These soldiers defiled before the First Consul, not in fine uniforms, as if on parade. Hurried from the field of battle, on the morning after the contest, they had traversed Lombardy, Piedmont, Mount Cenis, Savoy, and France, in the space of twenty-nine days. They presented themselves, worn down with the fatigues of a long march, bronzed by the sun of an Italian June, and with arms battered, and accoutrements torn in the murderous conflict.—Reader! would you form an idea of this? Look at the grenadier in Gerard's picture of the battle of Austerlitz.

The First Consul, in stating that the French people looked for peace, could not think that the moderate conditions, proposed after victory, would not be accepted by Austria. In this hope, to which every thing seemed to conspire, the deputies of the departments had been convoked for the first time since the commencement of the consular government. This meeting had been fixed for the 1st Vendemiaire, an epoch already designated in the Consul's speech, and at this precise date farther remarkable, as ending the old and beginning a new century, (23d September, 1800.*) To this and similar festivities, however, it appeared as if peace were not destined to add the expected gladness. The armistice concluded after the battle of Marengo, at first broken, and subsequently renewed, had continued to be observed for some time between the French and imperial armies; but Austria, engaged by a subsidy of two millions sterling, refused to treat definitely, unless conjointly with England. She never lost hope of recommencing a more fortunate contest. The court of Vienna refused to ratify the preliminaries signed by

* The reader will recollect that the republican year began at the autumnal equinox.

M. de St Julien, at Paris; and Duroc, commissioned to present them for the Emperor's ratification, was not permitted to pass the Austrian advanced posts. This inconsiderate step, the result of the all-powerful influence of England, excited the reasonable indignation of the First Consul. "I have need of peace," said he to me, "in order to organize the interior, (he did not say to mature my plans for seizing the supreme power,) and the French people cherish the same desire. Austria, a second time beaten, is offered the same terms as she accepted at Campo-Formio. What would she more? My demands might have been higher; but tranquillity is necessary. I will not, however, be trifled with—I must be decided." On this, Moreau received orders to break the armistice and declare hostilities, unless the bridges of the Rhine and the Danube,—that is, the towns of Philipsburg, Ulm, and Ingoldstadt,—were delivered up to the French. The Austrian cabinet then acquiesced so far; and on the very day which he had purposely appointed in his ultimatum, 23d September, the First Consul was informed of the occupation of these three places.

Before speaking of a circumstance connected with the date at which we are now arrived,—namely, the conspiracy of Ceracchi and others, I deem myself usefully employed in assigning its true value to an expression used by Napoleon at St Helena, where he is made to say,—"The two attempts on my life, which placed me in the greatest peril, were those of the sculptor Ceracchi, and of the fanatic at Schœnbrunn." I was not at Schœnbrunn, but believe, as will appear hereafter, in the danger incurred by Napoleon. With regard to the attempt of Ceracchi, the following are the real facts, in their most scrupulous fidelity: The conspiracy was a shadow, but to give it a body served a purpose. There was then upon the town, one named Harrel, formerly a colonel in the army. He was in want, and consequently discontented. Harrel

united himself to Ceracchi,* Arena, Topino-Lebrun, and Domerville. From different motives, all these individuals were violently exasperated against the First Consul; and, concerting together how to take him off, fixed for the day of assassination the 10th October, at the opera. Thus far Bonaparte's life might have been in danger. But what follows? On the 20th September, 1800, Harrel came to inquire for me at the Tuileries. Here he unveiled the whole, engaging to betray his accomplices in the very act, and asked money, as he said, to nourish the plot, and bring it to maturity. I could make only general observations to Harrel, but, without assuming too serious responsibility, dared not dismiss him, before informing the First Consul of this singular confession; and he ordered me to give the money to Harrel, but forbade any intimation to Fouché, to whom he wished to prove his own superiority in police. Harrel came almost every night at eleven, to give me an account of the proceedings. But time pressed. The First Consul became impatient. At last, Harrel came to state, that they only wanted money to purchase arms. It was given. But next night, he returned to say, that the armourers had refused to sell without an order. Fouché was then informed of the whole, and gave the order, as I had not the power. The day having arrived, the Consuls, after transacting business, entered the cabinet of their chief colleague, who asked, in my hearing, if they thought he should go to the opera. They advised in the affirmative, as there could be no danger, all precautions being taken, while it would be of advantage to prove the nullity of all such attempts. After dinner, Bonaparte threw a great-coat over his little green uniform, and got into

* Ceracchi had sculptured the bust of the First Consul at Milan. He was young, but already much distinguished in his art. See "*Life of Canova*," by the Translator of this work.

his carriage, accompanied by Duroc and myself. He arrived, and entered his box, without interruption. In about half an hour, keeping Duroc alone with himself, he desired me to go into the corridor, and observe what passed. Scarcely had I left the box, when, hearing a great noise, I learned that a number of persons had been arrested. I returned to inform the First Consul, and we drove instantly back to the Tuileries. Harrel was replaced on the army list, and named commandant of Vincennes, a circumstance to which I shall have to refer hereafter under details of most melancholy interest.

As to the conspiracy itself, it is evident that the actors therein wished to take the life of the First Consul; but it is no less clear, that their machinations, being every one of them known through an accomplice, could readily have been suppressed. In fact Carbonneau, one of those condemned, while he made frank confession of the part he had acted in these extravagant conceptions, declared also, that they had assumed consistency only through the countenance of the agents of the police, ever eager to evince their zeal by some fresh discovery to their employers.

Although three months elapsed between these watched machinations, which might easily have been prevented altogether, and the horrible plot of the 3d Nivose, it may be proper here to consider these two events in succession. The plots, also, had no farther resemblance than in their object. The former conspirators belonged to the revolutionary faction, and, as if to establish a similitude between Bonaparte and Cæsar, had prepared those who were willing to act the part of Brutus. The second, I say it with profound grief, were of the royalist party; and, in order to murder the First Consul, these men felt no restraint from the fear of hurling to destruction a great number of their fellow-citizens. On this account, it is impossible for an author who cherishes sentiments of self-respect, whoever may have been the

abettors of such an act, to avoid stigmatizing this as one of the most atrocious crimes committed since there were miscreants in the world. Here, more than ever, do I feel how much it may sometimes cost, to render homage to truth; but when truth commands, who would refuse to obey?

On the 3d Nivose, the Consul had appointed to be present at the first representation of Haydn's magnificent oratorio of the Creation. On leaving the cabinet for dinner—for I did not dine with him on that day—he said, "Bourrienne, you know I go to the opera to-night. You may go too; but I cannot set you down, as I take Lannes, Berthier, and Lauriston with me." Much pleased with this arrangement, I set out before, and was in the house when the First Consul arrived. On entering his box, as usual, he took the front seat; and, as all eyes were fixed upon him, he affected the greatest calm. Lauriston, on seeing me, came in all haste to the box, and informed me what had happened,—"The First Consul has narrowly escaped assassination in the Rue St Nicaise,* by the exploding of a barrel of gunpowder, which broke the glasses of the carriage. He escaped," added Lauriston, "by not more than ten seconds. When the coachman, on turning Rue St Honore, pulled up to receive orders, Bonaparte merely said, 'To the opera.'" On hearing this, I returned immediately to the palace, well assured the First Consul would soon require me. He was not long in retiring; and, as the explosion had been heard over all Paris, the grand saloon was thronged in an instant with a crowd of functionaries, who came to observe the eye of the master, that they might know how to think.

* A narrow street, or rather lane, leading from the Tuileries to the Rue St Honore, but which is scarcely now to be traced in Paris, the explosion producing at least this good effect, that the consular government purchased the damaged houses, and thence began the chief improvements in the French capital.—*Translator.*

Nor did he keep them long in suspense. "This is the work of the Jacobins!" cried he, with a loud voice; "it is by the Jacobins this attempt to assassinate me has been made. Neither nobles, nor priests, nor Chouans, are implicated here. Since we cannot chain, we must crush them. France must be purged of such disgusting filth. No pity for such miscreants!" It would require to have beheld the animated countenance of Bonaparte — his gestures, always few, but expressive — to have heard the sound of his voice — before an idea can be formed of the bitterness with which he pronounced these words. In vain some of the counsellors of state, and especially Fouché, represented, that there existed no proof against any one; Bonaparte repeated, with increased vehemence, what he had already said regarding the Jacobins; and if the proverb be true, that the wealthy get the reputation of greater store than they actually possess, the First Consul was excusable in attributing to the Jacobins one crime more.

Fouché had many enemies. It was not surprising, then, that several of those at the head of administration, sought to widen the difference of opinion between him and the First Consul. The minister of police, like the rose in the fable, bent, but only to elude the tempest. The ablest comedian could not give to the life his attitude of serenity during Bonaparte's bursts of rage — his evasions of direct reply — his patience of accusation — his negative silence — and, above all, his half revelations. I saw clearly he did not believe the Jacobins culpable. I stated the same opinion privately to the Consul; but nothing could undeceive him. "Fouché," was his reply, "has reasons for being silent. He knows how to manage, for he seeks to screen his own partizans, a mass of men, practised in blood and crime! Was he not one of their leaders? Do I not know how he acted at Lyons, and on the Loire? Well, Lyons and the Loire furnish me with the key to Fouché's con-

duct." This is the exact truth. I oppose it to a thousand fictions, of which this event has been the subject. These are mere inventions. The First Consul merely said afterwards to Fouché, "I do not confide in your police. I make my own police, and wake till two in the morning." This was true only in rare instances.

On the morrow, it rained felicitations. The prefect of the Seine had assembled the twelve mayors of Paris, and attended the consular audience at their head. To these worthies, Bonaparte addressed himself thus:—"So long as a handful of brigands attacked me directly, I left the law to punish; but since, by a crime without example, they have endangered the population of the capital, chastisement shall be as prompt as it is exemplary. We must transport some hundred of wretches, who have calumniated liberty, by committing crimes under that name, and thus take from them the possibility of committing new ones." The council of state several times assembled. The First Consul's opinion being known, every one strove to confirm it. Even Fouché, making his conviction yield to the delicacy of his ministerial position, addressed to the Consul a report, which conceded largely to the consular will. The public journals played their part, by filling columns with revolutionary remembrances against those who were now to suffer from a retrospective enactment. Upwards of one hundred individuals were sentenced to transportation, and the senate took its date from inexhaustible compliance, on this occasion, with the desires of the First Consul. This list was filled up from those whom it pleased their accusers to qualify as Jabobins. I was fortunate enough to obtain the erasure of some, who may, perchance, be among my readers. I name only M. Tissot,* and who, in turn, was not ungrateful,

* Author of an elegant work, entitled, "Studies on Virgil." *Translator.*

when my day of political influence had passed away. In writing this, I tremble to think, that men were struck at hazard, strangers to the crime with which they were branded, without proof, nay, without inquiry. A simple act of the Consul's, 4th January, 1801, confirmed on the morrow by decree of the senate, sufficed to banish beyond the territory of the republic, and to place under especial surveillance, one hundred and thirty individuals, of whom nine were merely designated *Septembrisers!* Such, too, had been the odium excited against these men, as actors or contrivers in the plot of the "infernal machine," that they narrowly escaped being massacred by the populace at Nantes, on their way for embarkation, and were only saved by the vigorous interference of the armed force. "If," said Bonaparte, at one of the sittings of the council, "there are no proofs, we must take advantage of popular excitement. The event is to me only an opportunity. We can now transport for all that is past." Again he told me, on leaving one of the sittings, where the question of the *special tribunal* had been agitated, "that he had been a little too warm; that he had declared it necessary to strike like the thunderbolt; to shed blood; to shoot as many of the guilty as the explosion had made victims, —from fifteen to twenty; transport two hundred; and purge the republic of such miscreants." In all this, the tyrant was so evident, that, in its decree, the senate did not once mention the attempt of the 3d Nivose; but it did not the less declare the act of the Consul's to be a measure for the preservation of the constitution. This by way of blind. If, under the designation of Jacobins, the First Consul included all those whom France could boast as devoted supporters of her liberties, we can hardly reproach him with his hatred of such men. He could not pardon them for having judged with unbending severity the oppressive acts of his magistracy, nor for having opposed the destruction of those national rights which he himself

had sworn to maintain and to defend, but which, nevertheless, he laboured incessantly to overturn. These were the true motives of his resentment. It was thus his own injustice had, in his eyes, rendered culpable those who refused to wink at that injustice. This was the cause why he shewed more suspicion of those whom he termed Jacobins, than of the Royalists. But I extenuate, while I point out, the errors of Bonaparte. Any other in his situation would have done the same, and perhaps more. Already truth reached him with difficulty. He was surrounded by men who uttered, not what they themselves thought, but what they divined were his thoughts.* Only in so far did he admire the wisdom of his counsellors; and Fouché, to maintain himself in favour, was forced to give up to him one hundred and thirty proscribed, chosen from among his own most intimate associates.

But this minister, induced thus to act, though not convinced, was never deceived in the true authors of the attempt of the 3d Nivose. With his usual sagacity, therefore, he put in motion the whole machinery of the police. For some time his efforts were fruitless. At last, on Saturday, 31st January, 1801, that is, six weeks subsequently, about two hours after our own arrival at Malmaison, we beheld Fouché alight, and found that he brought irrefragable proofs of the soundness of his first opinion. There was no longer room for doubt: Bonaparte saw, clear as noon-day, that the attempt of the 3d Nivose had been a plot hatched among the partizans of royalty. But, as the act of proscription had gone forth against those whom he termed Jacobins in the mass, there was no receding. Thus the final result of this affair was, that the innocent and the guilty suffered together;

* This can be no excuse, but is rather a heavier condemnation. Who placed him in that situation? — His own passions and his own impatience of truth. — *Translator.*

but with this difference, that the latter were at least tried previously. When the former were so precipitately condemned, Fouché had been unable to substantiate their innocence; their arbitrary condemnation is, therefore, not to be imputed to him. Enough of criminal associations attach to his memory; let it be cleared of this crime. I even venture to assure the reader, that he opposed courageously the first burst of the Consul's anger, and arrested his arm when uplifted to strike. He never came to the Tuileries without asserting to me the innocence of those first condemned. He did not, indeed, dare to hold this language with the First Consul; but I frequently repeated the presumptions of the minister of police. As proofs, however, were wanting, I was answered with a triumphant air,—"Ah, bah! Fouché! He is always harping on that string; he halts on that foot. As to the rest, what signifies it to me?—for the present I have got rid of them. If the guilty be found among the royalists, they shall be seized next." When the real criminals were at length discovered, through the exertions of Fouché, St Regent and Carbon, the only immediate actors who had escaped the eyes of the police, because true to each other, insensible alike to fear and bribery, were executed, paying with their heads the price of an infamous crime. In this manner, the First Consul got rid of them too. Thus all his wishes were accomplished. He had his part, and justice had hers.

CHAPTER X.

HISTORY OF A PAMPHLET — BOURRIENNE OUTWITTED — JOSEPH A SPY — THE SECRETARY'S REVENGE — TREATY OF LUNEVILLE — JOSEPH'S UNFORTUNATE STOCKJOBBING — POLITICS AND GOOD EATING — THE DRAMA — DEATH OF THE CZAR PAUL — KING OF ETRURIA — CONCORDAT — RELIGION IN FRANCE, IN THE CONSULAR COURT OF THE FIRST CONSUL — BOURRIENNE A COUNSELLOR OF STATE.

I HAVE often had occasion to remark the innumerable means employed by Bonaparte to arrive at sole power, and to prepare the public mind for so great a change. He held it as a maxim — of which, indeed, the events of this life prove the truth — that, such preparation accomplished, by the people becoming accustomed to a report, all energy is taken from opposition, at the moment when any plan comes to be actually executed. The following is a curious history of a pamphlet, lanched into the world as a tentative upon hereditary power: — In December, 1800, while Fouché was in pursuit of the real contrivers of the plot just described, appeared a pamphlet, entitled "*Parallel between Cæsar, Cromwell, and Bonaparte.*" He was absent when I received and read this production, which openly preached hereditary monarchy. I had no information respecting the publication, but speedily found it had been issued with lavish prodigality from the office of the home department. Scarcely had I laid it on his table, when he entered, and, seeming to run it over, asked, "Have you read this?" — "Yes, General." —

"Well! what think you of it?"—"That pamphlet, General, is of a nature to do much harm in public opinion: it appears to me ill-timed, for it reveals your designs prematurely." The First Consul seized and threw the tract on the ground, as he had the habit of doing with all the absurdities of the day, after running rapidly through them. I was not the only one who judged thus; for next day arrived copies from the prefects nearest Paris, with complaints of the mischievous effects it was producing. I remember one of these representations stated, that such a writing was sufficient to unsheathe against him the daggers of fresh assassins. He glanced over this correspondence:—"Bourrienne, send for Fouché; let him come hither with all speed, and render me an account." In half an hour, Fouché formed thirds-man in our cabinet. "What about this pamphlet?" said the Consul, beginning and continuing the dialogue with the greatest warmth; "what is said of it in Paris?"—"General," replied the minister, with a coolness imperturbable and slightly sardonic, "all pronounce it to be extremely dangerous."—"Eh, well! why then have you allowed it to appear?—It is an insult."—"General, some delicacy was to be observed in regard to the author."—"Delicacy! what mean you? You ought to have clapped him into the Temple."—"But, General, your brother Lucien has taken this said pamphlet under his especial protection: the printing and publishing were by his order: in short, it came from the ministry of the interior."—"It is all one to me! Then, it was your duty, as minister of police, to have arrested Lucien, and incarcerated him in the Temple. Blockhead that he is! he contrives always to compromise me." At these words, the Consul left the cabinet, pulling the door after him with violence. "Put the author into the Temple!" exclaimed Fouché, who, from the half smile on his lips during Bonaparte's wrath, I clearly perceived had something in reserve; "that

would be difficult indeed! Do you know," continued he, turning to me, "that, alarmed at the effect which the '*Parallel*,' was calculated to produce, on getting notice of it, I hastened immediately to Lucien, to make him aware of his imprudence. Upon this, in place of answering, he set about rummaging in a drawer, whence he drew forth a manuscript, and shewed it to me: And what think you I saw there?—Corrections and annotations in the hand-writing of the First Consul!"

Lucien, informed of the First Consul's displeasure, came also to the Tuileries, reproaching his brother with having placed him in advance, and afterwards abandoning him. "It is your own fault," said the First Consul; "you have permitted yourself to be entrapped. Well! so much the worse for you! Fouché has been too dexterous—too able for you: you are but an ass in comparison." Lucien gave in his resignation, which was accepted, and set out for Spain. This diplomatic exile turned out a good thing, though but a disguised banishment. The Spanish negotiation became a mine of riches to Lucien and Godoy.—But we anticipate.*

My part was not yet finished in this unfortunate Machiavelism. Some time after the publication of the pamphlet, I received an invitation to dine with Fouché. As the First Consul had requested me to dine out as seldom as possible, I informed him of my engagement, and his consent was very readily granted. Fouché placed Joseph at his right, and me next to the latter. During dinner, Joseph's whole conversation, addressed to me, ran on his brother—his designs—and the bad effects of the pamphlet. In his questions, as also in his replies, there appeared a shade of blame and of disapprobation. I gave him to understand that my sentiments corresponded with his own; but spoke much less openly than I should

* See Appendix, C.

have done to the Consul himself. He seemed to approve, and his confidence encouraged mine. He talked so candidly, and with so little reserve, that, in spite of my acquired experience, I was far from supposing that I held conference with a spy of the first order. But who has never been deceived? On the morrow, the First Consul said to me, drily,—"*Leave my letters in the basket; I will open them myself.*" This unexpected sally surprised me; but, unconscious of offence, I resolved to amuse myself with the distrust thus shewn without reason assigned. I placed at the bottom of the basket all letters recognized as coming from the ministers, all reports which were despatched for the First Consul to my address, covering them with communications of no importance, or, at least, such as practice, and the appearance of the address, led me to judge were insignificant; requests for numbers in the lottery, in order to profit by his good luck; entreaties that he would stand godfather to a child; solicitations for places; announcements of marriages and births; ridiculous eulogies; disgusting anonymous trash, &c. The examining of all these letters, to which he was not accustomed, soon tired him; and he opened very few. Often the same day, but always on the morrow, arrived a fresh letter from a minister, requesting an answer to that of the preceding night, with complaints of not having received a reply. These I placed also under the others, for their mark and form enabled me to divine their contents; and, as usual, the First Consul, after opening some twenty letters, left the rest without examination. Not wishing to push this trickery too far, nor to remain in the suspicious situation in which the gossiping of Joseph had placed me, I determined to end the affair. On the fourth day, after the business of the evening had been sulkily got over, interrupted by slight outbreakings, I allowed Bonaparte to descend and go to bed. Half an hour after, I entered his bed-room, which I could do at all hours.

I had a light in my hand; took a chair; drew it close to his bed; placed the taper on the night-table. Both he and Josephine were roused. "How now — what news?" said he, with surprise. — "General, I come to explain, that I cannot longer remain in your service. Without confidence my place is untenable. You are aware how devoted I am to you. If you have wherewithal to reproach me, let me at least know the cause: but the situation in which I have been during the last three days is insupportable." Josephine anxiously inquired, — "Now, what has he done, Bonaparte?" — "That is no concern of thine." Then, turning to me, "Well, to be sure, I have reason to complain of you. I know you have talked about affairs of importance, in a manner that displeases me." — "I can assure you, I have spoken to no one save your brother; and, unquestionably, he knows far too much for me to divulge any secret to him. I alluded to an affair familiar alike to both. Besides, ought I to have suspected an inquisitor in your brother." — "Yes; I avow it. After what Joseph reported to me, I conceived it right to put my confidence in quarantine; it has lasted three days, — long enough in all justice. Come, Bourrienne, all is over; let us say no more about it. Open my letters; you will find them miserably in arrear. I found it too tedious; and besides, somehow, I constantly lighted upon fooleries."

I seem still to hear and see the kind Josephine raising herself in bed, and saying to him, with the most amiable sweetness, — "Now, Bonaparte, how could you possibly suspect Bourrienne, who is so attached to thee — who is thine only friend? How couldst thou permit them to spread such a snare for him? A dinner arranged on purpose! My God! how I detest all thy polices!" Bonaparte then fell a-laughing, and said to her, jokingly, — "Come, come, go to sleep! — mind thy frippery! Women know nothing about affairs of government." When I retired, it was

two o'clock in the morning. After some hours' sleep, every thing seemed forgotten; the First Consul was kinder than ever; and, *for the moment*, I saw that all clouds were dissipated. But what shall we think of Joseph's conduct? His part will doubtless be esteemed very worthy of a future king!

At this time M. Otto was in London, negotiating both for an exchange of prisoners, and on the Austrian affairs. But matters proceeded very slowly. The English cabinet would not listen to an armistice by sea, in like manner as France had concluded one by land with Austria. For this it was alleged, that, in case of a rupture, France would derive from the cessation of maritime hostilities greater advantages than Austria from the truce concluded with her.

With regard to the latter power, if, after the victory of Marengo, the First Consul had shewn himself punctilious, the manner in which Genoa was delivered up would have furnished grounds of complaint. There was here, in fact, some hesitation. When Massena presented himself before the place, in order to receive possession of it, Prince Hohenzollern, whom Melas had left as governor, with a considerable force, refused to give it up, not conceiving how he ought so speedily to leave, as one defeated, a city into which his commander had so recently made his triumphal entry. But the nobleness of the aged general, tried in so many difficult contingencies, did not desert him on this occasion: he ordered the place instantly to be ceded, or the refusal to be maintained at the prince's own peril. Obedience was the word; and the First Consul winked at the transaction. Far, however, from taking it in good part, his enemies seemed only to derive new audacity from this forbearance. Thenceforward orders were given to assume the offensive in Germany and Italy. The chances of war were for some time doubtful. Upon a reverse, Austria promised; after an advantage, she eluded her promises. At length, Fortune declared for France; her

armies passed both the Danube and the Mincio, and the celebrated battle of Hohenlinden, carried the French advanced posts within thirty miles of Vienna.

During these tergiversations of Austria, and the deep policy of England, the lively inquietudes of the First Consul may easily be conceived. He knew full well the intrigues set on foot for the restoration of the Bourbons. In these circumstances, still so fluctuating and doubtful in their issue, Moreau, on the 3d December, 1800, gained the memorable victory, which threw a preponderating influence into the vacillating scale. On the 6th, the First Consul received the news. His joy may be imagined. It was on Saturday: he had just entered from the theatre, when I laid the despatch before him. So extravagant was his satisfaction, that he jumped up, and fell back upon me, being only thus prevented from tumbling on the floor. I ought to say that he did not expect so great results from the movements of the Army of the Rhine.

On the evening previous to the battle, Moreau, being at supper with his aides-de-camp and several general officers, received a despatch which he read beside his guests. Although no boaster, he could not help saying, on this occasion, "I am informed of the movements of Baron de Kray, (the Austrian commander:) they are all I could desire. To-morrow we shall take from him ten thousand men." The Marshal was better than his word: he took forty thousand, with many standards.

On the news reaching Paris, Madame Moreau hastened to the Tuileries to visit the First Consul and Madame Bonaparte. She returned several times without being admitted to an interview. The last time she was accompanied by her mother, Madame Hulot. After waiting long in vain, she retired; and, on leaving the saloon, her mother, unable to restrain her resentment, said quite aloud, before me and several others,—"The wife of the conqueror of Hohenlinden was not made for dancing attendance in that sort of

way." This remark reached its address. Madame Moreau soon after joined her husband in Germany. Some days later, Madame Hulot came to Malmaison, soliciting advancement for her eldest son, since dead, and who was then in the navy. Josephine received her very graciously, and requested her, together with M. Carbonnet, a relative by whom she was accompanied, to remain to dinner. The invitation was accepted. The First Consul, who saw these new guests only at dinner, behaved very rudely to Madame Hulot, scarcely addressed her, and after dinner left the room. This conduct was so shocking, that Josephine, always excellent, endeavoured to excuse the First Consul, saying, that "He was very anxious about the arrival of a courier, whose delay caused him much uneasiness." Bonaparte entertained no hostility against Moreau, since he did not fear him. After the victory in question, he spoke of him in the highest terms; nor did he conceal the obligations due to him in that important juncture; but he could not suffer his wife's family, whom he termed "a pack of intriguers."

The day after this fortunate intelligence from the Rhine, M. Maret, the secretary-general, came, as usual, about four o'clock, to get some decrees of the Council signed. While in the act of signing, and without raising his head, the First Consul asked, "Maret, are you rich?"—"No, General;" replied the secretary, who was standing at his right hand, holding some papers.—"So much the worse. You ought to be independent."—"General, I wish never to be dependent except upon you." The First Consul then fixed his eye upon Maret, saying, "Hem! not so bad that!" And when he had withdrawn, turning to me, "Maret is a sharp fellow; he does not want sense; he answered adroitly."

The victory of Hohenlinden gave a new turn to the negotiations for peace, and decided the opening of the Congress of Luneville, which took place on the 1st of January following. Instructed by the past,

the First Consul would hear no more of a suspension of hostilities till Austria should consent to treat separately, to which she was obliged to consent, and abandon her dependence upon England. This power demanded to be admitted as a third party at Luneville, which was acceded to, on condition that war should cease between France and England, as between France and Austria. All this adjourned the preliminaries till 1801, and the peace between the two former powers till 1802.

On the 9th of February, 1801, six weeks after the opening of the Congress at Luneville, peace was signed between France and Austria. This alliance, termed, as usual, in the treaty, *perpetual*, lasted *four years*. This was a long while too! The plenipotentiaries were, Joseph Bonaparte and Count Louis de Cobentzel. Joseph met the latter on the way to Paris, he having passed Luneville for the purpose of sounding the dispositions of the French government. On this, both returned to the capital, and, having held an interview with the First Consul, set out on the morrow for the seat of Congress.

Joseph, while thus representing at Luneville the majesty of France, continued nevertheless a dabbler in the stocks, and made large purchases on the rise which, as he calculated, the peace would produce. Speculators, more able, who were also in the secret, sold out the moment peace became certain, and Joseph bought up in order to sell again on the signature of the treaty. But the news got air, and stocks fell. Joseph's loss was considerable: he was obliged to *waddle*, being unable to make good the engagements into which his avaricious and absurd speculations had led him. In this emergency he addressed himself to his brother, who neither would nor could give him the necessary sum. The First Consul, however, was not the less distressed to see his eldest brother in this predicament, and asked me what was to be done. I could advise nothing, but proposed consulting Talley-

rand. "How!" said the latter, with his well-known coolness, "is that all?—is it nothing more?—it is not worth mentioning; you can have no difficulty here—you require only to raise the funds."—"But the money!"—"It is no great matter to get money; take out from the savings' bank, or the sinking fund, and you will have money to cause a rise; stocks will get up; Joseph will sell and gain,—not the shadow of a doubt." All succeeded as Talleyrand had predicted. I may just add here, once for all, that to have a competent idea of these conversations with Talleyrand, it would be necessary to be acquainted with his manner of expressing himself, his ease, perfect *sang-froid*, a countenance unmoved and inaccessible to all emotion, and his prodigious talent. The recital, and still less the mere impression of a recital, cannot render these shades.

During the sitting of Congress the First Consul being informed that the carriers of the mails conveyed, besides letters and despatches, a variety of other articles, especially delicacies for certain privileged persons, forbade the post-conveyances, in future, to carry any thing but letters. The very same evening Cambacèrés entered the saloon, where I was sitting alone with the First Consul, who, in fact, had been laughing in his sleeve at the embarrassment he should thus occasion to his colleague. "Well! what is it now at this hour, Cambacèrés?"—"I come to request an exception to the order you have given respecting the post. How do you suppose one can make friends, if no longer able to treat them to rarities? You know yourself how large a share the table occupies in the art of governing." His colleague laughed heartily, called him a gourmand, and finished by slapping him on the shoulder, saying,—"Be comforted, my poor Cambacèrés, and don't alarm yourself; the courier shall continue to bring your turkeys in truffle sauce, your Strasbourg patés, your hams of Mayence, and your red partridges." But, in sooth, a good dinner

does exercise a potent influence in politics. Talent and sentiment,—are these, then, dependent on the stomach? Cambacèrés seemed to think so; he believed it impossible to have a tolerable government without an excellent table; and his glory—for every man has his ambition—was to know that throughout all Paris, nay Europe, men talked of the Second Consul's kitchen. A feast agreeable to all palates, praised by all tongues, was to him a Marengo or a Friedland.*

Bonaparte now began to tamper with the very amusements of the people, when these tended to excite popular ideas of liberty or government. New pieces were interdicted at the theatre, and their authors prosecuted. It was thus with the author of "Edward in Scotland." The piece had escaped the licenser, and been represented during Bonaparte's absence at St Quentin, whither he had gone to inspect the canal, and, if possible, to rescue that undertaking from its everlasting uselessness. The play had great success; royalist and emigrant crowded to the representation; numerous applications were made to the Bourbons. But the spirit of liberty breathed by the Scottish patriots seemed too animating to the First Consul, who, on his return, attended the second exhibition. "It is too palpable," said he: "I will that it be not played. What a blockhead to license such a piece! Why permit political dramas to be acted at all, without first consulting me?" The author, M. Duval, was obliged to leave France. One poor play-wright narrowly escaped banishment because accused of aping the manners of the First Consul and his colleagues, in a piece called the *Anti-Chamber;* wherein two lackeys addressed each other thus:

* A common saying was at this time current in Paris, descriptive of the hospitality of the three Consuls. "Bonaparte gives *hasty* dinners, Cambacèrés *good* dinners, and Lebrun *no* dinners at all." Bonaparte plied his jaws *au pas de charge;* Lebrun was a miser.—*Translator.*

"I am in service."—"And I also."—"We are colleagues." The dress of these valets, too, was considered as a burlesque on the consular costume. "This," said the First Consul to me, "forms a pendant to Edward; things cannot be suffered thus. If the imitation be as is said, the dresses shall be stript off in the Place de Grève, and torn by the hands of the hangman." M. Dupaty, the author, narrowly escaped being treated to the same toilet. It came out, on investigation, that the piece had been written years *before* the consulate! These successive triumphs engaged flatterers to get interdicted many of our ancient and long-admired masterpieces, from the applications that *might* be made. The piece most agreeable to the First Consul, was Cinna: this on account of the long and admirable invective against popular power. These, however, were but tentatives against liberty. The same year, 1801, beheld the fatal creation of Special Tribunals, justified neither by the urgency nor gravity of the circumstances to which their erection was referred. These courts were both the foundation and corner-stone of succeeding despotism; they judged without appeal, in secret, and on evidence upon which they sat, at once as judge, jury, and executioner.

About the commencement of the same year, Fulton presented his memorial on steam-boats. I endeavoured to bring the First Consul to give it a serious examination. "Bah!" said he, "all these projectors, and these inventors of schemes, are either intriguers or visionaries. Say no more about it." I pointed out to him, that the person he designated as an intriguer, did nothing more than renew an invention already known; since Franklin, in 1788, had written to one of his friends, "There is nothing new at present in physical science, except a boat propelled by a steam-engine, which of itself ascends against the stream. It is thought the construction of the machine may be

simplified, and perfected so as to become generally useful." He would listen to nothing on the subject. Fulton afterwards went to America, where, availing himself of the knowledge he had acquired in France and England, he constructed at New York, five years later, the first steam-boat which was tried successfully. We might have enjoyed the priority of this powerful agent in navigation and commerce. Distrust of projectors may easily be carried too far: nothing obliges to admit their propositions; but neither can a refusal be justified, without examination.

In the month of March of the same year, Paul I, by a domestic revolution, fell beneath the daggers of assassins. On this news, the First Consul, yielding only to a painful sentiment awakened by a stroke so unexpected, and which influenced so powerfully his political connections, ordered me instantly to send to the *Moniteur* the following note:—

"Paul I. died on the night between the 23d and 24th March. The English squadron passed the Sound on the 30th. History will instruct us in the relation existing between these two events."

Thus were associated in his mind the crime of the 24th, and the mark, justly discerned, I believe, of its authors. The amicable correspondence between Paul and Bonaparte had begun daily to assume greater consistency. "I was certain," said the latter to me, "in concert with the Czar, of giving a mortal blow to the English power in India. A revolution of the palace overturns all my designs." This resolution, and the admiration entertained by the autocrat for the ruler and republic of France, must unquestionably be reckoned among the causes of his death. Of this crime those were at the time chiefly accused who had been threatened with so much ardour and perseverance, and who had the greatest interest in the change of an emperor. I have read a letter of a northern potentate, which leaves me without doubt

on this head. The letter of this august personage even exhibited the wages of the crime, and the part of each actor. But it must also be confessed that the character and conduct of Paul, his tyrannical acts, his violent caprices, the frequent excess of his despotism, had kindled strong hatred against him; for patience has its limit. These motives probably did not *create* the conspiracy, but they greatly *facilitated* the execution of the plot, which deprived the Czar of his life and throne.*

On the death of Paul, the Consul's system in respect to Russia underwent a change. Already, in

* I have given the above exactly as in the original. The reader will not fail to remark the first instance of bad faith in the author on a subject of importance. A departure from honesty, too, has, as usual, led to a default of judgment. The insinuation regarding the participation of England in an atrocious domestic plot, is too absurd for refutation. The passage of the British fleet into the Baltic at such a crisis, was an event to be expected. Our naval superiority, and the ordinary precautions of a prudent policy, both enabled and required us to take such a step. In fact, if I mistake not, the English admiral, on learning the circumstances of Paul's death, properly deemed it his duty, without waiting special orders, to sail for the Gulf of Finland. The notion, that the man in France, with all Europe between, who, in Syria, with only one country to traverse, and that, according to his own statements, friendly, had been discomfited and disgraced by a handful of British sailors aiding the Turks, could be an object of terror to our Indian empire, is ludicrous. M. de Bourrienne is not ignorant that the odium of the murder of Paul, is not seldom cast upon France; and, at the time of the occurrence, this accusation was very generally believed. Certainly it could be made with greater probability, and rested upon infinitely more sufficient causes, than his own scandalous insinuation. Of the three powerful parties into which France was then divided, two — the Royalists and the Republicans, but from different motives — viewed with equal dread the growing intimacy of the French and Russian despot. Events at home shew that these parties were capable of any attempt to forward their respective views. Why are the name and title of the "northern potentate" concealed? — *Translator.*

Egypt, had he expressed to Sulkowsky his great desire of seeing Poland re-established. Now he often dictated to me for the *Moniteur*, notes, in which the object of various reasonings was to prove, that Europe could never enjoy repose till these national spoliations had been avenged and repaired: but frequently these notes were torn instead of being sent to press. The idea of a war against the empire unceasingly agitated him; and, for a certainty, the conception of the fatal campaign, which dates eleven years later, was now first formed. The subsequent motives, indeed, were very different; for the restoration of Poland was a mere pretence. Nevertheless Duroc was sent to St Petersburg to offer felicitations to the Emperor Alexander on his ascending the throne.

Soon after, a new royal acquaintance supplied for a little the loss thus sustained; and, before investing his own brow with two crowns, Bonaparte judged it politically useful to place one on the head of a prince —and that prince a Bourbon. He rejoiced in an opportunity to accustom the Parisians to the sight of a king. The Infant Louis de Bourbon, eldest son of the Duke of Parma, had gone to Madrid, in 1798, for the purpose of contracting a marriage with Maria Amelia, sister to Maria Louisa. The prince fell in love with the latter; Godoy favoured this inclination, and, using all his influence, succeeded in bringing about the match. To a son, born six years subsequently, was given the name of Charles Louis, after the King of Spain. France occupied Parma, which, according to the treaty signed by Lucien Bonaparte, was to revert to that power on the death of the reigning Duke. On the other hand, France was to cede to Prince Louis of Parma, the grand duchy of Tuscany. Spain paid a considerable sum, according to agreement. On going to take possession, Don Louis and his spouse passed through France, under the name of Count and Countess of Leghorn. At

Paris they were received as King and Queen of Etruria. The circumstances were yet in futurity which brought from the same hand that now gave a king to Tuscany, the temporary overthrow of the house of Spain. The literature of the day is filled with descriptions of fêtes given to the youthful pair. The one given by Talleyrand was especially remarkable for elegant splendour. The King and Queen of Etruria came also several times to dine at Malmaison. Upon one of these occasions, the king fainted. This indisposition he himself attributed to a weakness of stomach, but his people let out that it proceeded from some more serious malady. On their first visit, Bonaparte left the cabinet for a moment to see whether the saloon was properly arranged for their reception. He returned almost immediately, quite flurried:—"Bourrienne, can you suppose such stupidity,—they had exposed in full view a picture representing me pointing out Italy from the summit of the Alps, and commanding its conquest; a fine compliment to an Italian king!" During these visits to Malmaison, the prince amused himself in the most childish and ridiculous sports. In these the Consul never joined, and indeed saw very little of his royal visitor, being always engaged with business. "What a pity," said I, "that the people of Tuscany must be governed by such a ruler."—"Politics will have it so," replied he: "besides, there is no harm in shewing our men, who have seen no kings, what they are made of." The arrival of the youthful sovereigns in the capital, however, threw a kind of splendour over the first years of the reign of Bonaparte, who was everywhere hailed, in the words of Voltaire,—

I create monarchs, but would not be one;

a verse which was applauded to the echo. This applause he regarded as the oblivion of his unfortunate pamphlet. Moreover, the reception given by the

public to a king of his creation, was by no means a consideration of indifference: it began the habitude of admitting what he decreed. As to the new-made king himself, he was, in the language of the First Consul, *a poor man.* "I am tired of them," said he to me one day, after spending several hours alone with the two. "He is a perfect automaton. I asked a variety of questions; he could not reply to one. He seemed to consult his wife, who, poor thing, did her best, instructing him what to say. This poor prince sets out for a kingdom, without knowing what he is to do. He will not pass the Rubicon."

These occurrences recall the mission of Lucien into Spain, of which we see they were in some measure the fruit. Among other instructions, Lucien had received orders to employ every possible means to determine Spain to declare war against Portugal, with intention of constraining the latter power to separate from England, of which the First Consul had always looked upon that portion of the Peninsula as a colony. Charles IV. was thus prevailed upon, through Godoy aiding these views, to commence a war, which was but of short continuance, terminating almost without bloodshed, by the capture of Olivenza. On the 6th June, 1801, Portugal signed the treaty of Badajos, engaging to cede Olivenza, Almeida, and other places of less importance, to Spain, and to shut her ports against Britain. In reference to this peace, which Bonaparte at first refused to guarantee, until some new conditions of small moment had been added, it behoves me to relate an important fact. In order to obtain the recovery of Olivenza and its territory, Portugal made a secret offer to Bonaparte, through communications with me, of the sum of eight millions (£333,350) as the price of his concurrence. This offer he repelled with indignation, declaring, that never would he consent to sell honour for money. Those who have accused him of similar

transactions, must have indeed known little of his inflexible principles.

At this epoch, a considerable party urged Bonaparte to throw off the yoke of Popery, and to establish a Gallican church, whose head should be in France. They imagined his ambition would be captivated by this new power, bearing some resemblance to that of the first emperors of the Romans. But his sentiments did not coincide with the project. "I am convinced," observed he to me, "that a part of France would become Protestant, especially if I seemed to countenance such a disposition; but I am also as certain that the great majority would remain Catholic; nay, that this majority would struggle with the greatest zeal and fervour against the schism of one portion of their fellow-citizens. I dread religious contests—dissensions in families—inevitable evils. In re-establishing the religion which has always reigned in the land, and which yet keeps its hold on the heart, and in leaving the minorities freely to exercise their worship, I am in harmony with the whole nation, and give satisfaction to every body."

The First Consul judging, like a man of superior mind, that the re-establishment of religion would be of great assistance to his government, had, in fact, been occupied from the beginning of the year 1801, in arranging a concordat with Pope Pius VII. Cardinal Gonsalvi arrived in Paris in June, and the concordat, signed in July, 1801, passed into a law of the state, in April, 1802. A solemn *Te Deum* was chanted in the metropolitan cathedral of Nôtre Dame, on Sunday the 11th April. The crowd was immense, the greater part being obliged to stand. The ceremony was imposing; but who will venture to say that the general demeanour harmonized with the devotional act? Had the season not yet arrived for this innovation? Was it too rude a transition from the twelve preceding years? Be the cause what it might, certain

it is, that a vast proportion of those present exhibited, in their countenance and gestures, more of impatience and hostility, than satisfaction or reverence. On all sides were heard murmurs indicative of discontent; whisperings, which I might rather call conversations, sometimes interrupted divine service; the expressions employed were even far from being measured; finally, I know not through what fatality hunger had seized upon so many of the auditory, but sure it is, every moment might be seen those who turned round their head, to crunch with their teeth a piece of chocolate. I affirm even to have seen people taking lunch, without putting themselves to any trouble, or even seeming to give attention to what was going forward.

The consular court, generally speaking, was very irreligious; nor could it be otherwise, being composed chiefly of those who had most powerfully contributed to the overthrow of religious worship in France, and of men who, having passed their life in camps, had more frequently entered the churches of Italy to carry off pictures than to hear mass.* Those who, without being alive to any religious impression, had received that education which leads us to respect the faith of others, though we ourselves have no belief therein, attached no blame to the First Consul, and comported themselves with decency. But, on the way from the Tuileries to Nôtre Dame, Lannes and Augereau wished to get out of the carriage, on finding they were to be carried to mass; and would have done so, had not an order from Bonaparte prevented them. They went then to church; but on the morrow, when the Consul asked Augereau how he liked the ceremony, he replied,—"Oh, all was very fine; there only wanted

* If credit be due to the numerous stories still current in Italy, the French officers were in the habit of coveting other things besides pictures.—*Translator.*

the million of men who devoted themselves to death, in order to destroy what we are now establishing." Bonaparte was much irritated at this observation.

While negotiations were carrying on with the Holy See, he one day remarked,—"In all countries religion is useful to the government: we must employ it to work upon men. I was a Mahometan in Egypt; I am a Catholic in France. It is fitting, as far as policy is concerned, that the religion of a state should be entirely in the hands of the ruler. A great many urge me to found a Gallican church, and to make myself head of it; but these people know not France. If they knew her, they would understand, that she is—speaking of the majority—far from desiring this rupture with Rome. The Pope must push me very hard before I resolve upon it; but I do not believe he will force me so far."—"You have reason to think so. You recollect, General, what Cardinal Gonsalvi said,—*The Pope will do every thing which the First Consul may desire.*"—"He will do well: let him not suppose he has to do with an idiot. Guess what they place in front,—the good of my soul! But as for me—this immortality—why, it is the remembrance left in the memory of men. That idea elevates to great deeds. Better never to have lived, than to leave no traces of one's existence."

At that time, all resources were put in action to engage the First Consul to fulfil in public the duties imposed by religion: the necessity of a great example was insisted upon. He told me, on leaving one of these discussions, that he had settled all by this declaration:—"Things are now well enough: ask me not to do more: you will not obtain your request: you shall never make a hypocrite of me. Let us remain where we are."

Bonaparte finished, however, by hearing mass. At St Cloud, this usage of former days was renewed for the first time. He took care to have it said sooner

than the hour announced, in order that those who were disposed to make wry faces on the occasion, might not arrive till after the service had been concluded. When the First Consul went publicly to mass in the palace chapel, a little altar was arranged in the closet adjoining to the cabinet wherein we wrought. The former apartment, as I have already mentioned, had been the oratory of Anne of Austria: a small portable altar, and a platform of one step, restored it to its original destination. This closet, during the week, served for a bathing room: on Sunday, the door communicating with the cabinet was opened, and thus, in our usual place of labour, we assembled to hear mass. We were never more than three or four. I observed that the First Consul almost always continued to read, write, or examine papers, during the service, which never exceeded twelve minutes. Yet the journals repeated, as if in emulation, "The First Consul heard mass in his apartments." Louis XVIII. likewise, often heard mass in his apartments.

On the 19th July, 1801, a papal brief released M. de Talleyrand from his canonical vows, and restored him to a secular life. He then married Madame Grandt. All this took place without noise or publicity. This alone sufficiently proves how much the simple fact has been misrepresented. It has been said, that Bonaparte, on becoming Emperor, desiring to restore the regularity of morals which the Revolution had destroyed, resolved to silence the voice of scandal as concerned his prime minister, and proposed marriage in the tone of a master, which Talleyrand, though much inclined, dared not gainsay. This resurrection of morality by Bonaparte is excessively ridiculous. The brief was not registered by the Council of State before the 19th August, 1802.

I shall close this chapter with the recital of an occurrence unconnected with the preceding subjects, but which concerns myself personally. On the 20th

July, 1801, the First Consul, without solicitation, and of his own accord, *ex proprio motu*, appointed me Counsellor of State extraordinary. Madame Bonaparte had the condescension to make me a beautiful costume for the occasion, and which really displayed fancy and taste. The First Consul was taken with it, and requested such another to be prepared for himself. He wore it sometimes, and left it off afterwards. Never since his elevation had he shewn himself so amiable or engaging as in this little matter.

CHAPTER XI.

LAST RETROSPECT TO EGYPT — PEACE OF AMIENS — EXPEDITION TO ST DOMINGO — LOUIS BONAPARTE'S MARRIAGE — DISAPPOINTED LOVE — ANECDOTES — BONAPARTE PRESIDENT OF THE CISALPINE REPUBLIC — LIBERTY OF THE PRESS — PELLETIER — BONAPARTE'S GALLANTRY.

For the last time I revert to the affairs of Egypt—to that episode in the life of Bonaparte which occupied so brief a portion, yet holds therein so conspicuous a place. Of all his conquests, he attached most importance to this, because it had spread the fame of his name in the East. All was tried, all was done, for the preservation of this colony, but in vain.

One evening in April, 1801, arrived at Malmaison the English Gazette, announcing the successful disembarkation in Egypt of the army commanded by Abercromby, the battle which the British had fought, and the death of that general. The importance of the intelligence raised doubts of its veracity; at least, the principal personage affected disbelief, and in unison arose the chorus of officers and aides-de-camp present in the saloon when I laid my translation before them. All went into his views, particularly Lannes, Bessières, and Duroc. They probably imagined, that, by acting thus, they paid agreeable court to the First Consul, who said in a bantering tone,—"Pshaw! Bourrienne, you don't understand English and then you are such a strange mortal, always disposed to believe bad rather than good news." These words, and the approving simper of the bystanders,

put me out of humour: I answered accordingly,—"How, General, can you allow yourself to believe, that the English government would publish officially, unless true, so great an event, yet so little beyond expectancy, that you yourself have entertained apprehensions of its occurrence? Have you ever found news of this importance false, when published in the British Gazette?* However these gentlemen may talk, I believe it but too true, and, unfortunately, their laughter will not gainsay the information." Other and bitter retorts of the optimists and flatterers were probably cut short by the First Consul saying, in his usual way, "Come, Bourrienne! come let us to work." In our short passage from the saloon to the library, he added,—"Now, what a strange fellow are you! why trouble yourself about so trivial an affair? Eh! my God! I but too surely believe the intelligence; but they consider themselves doing me a pleasure by calling its truth in question. Let them alone: you know them."—"Is it even so? I entreat your pardon, but I do think my attachment is better proved by telling you my real mind. You desire me never to delay an instant informing you of bad news; to dissemble would be much worse."

That Bonaparte entertained a high opinion of the value of Egypt, there can be no doubt. In a letter to Kleber, he wrote,—"You can appreciate, as well as I, how important the possession of Egypt is to France. The Turkish power, which threatens ruin on every side, now begins to fall in pieces, and the evacuation of Egypt would be a misfortune the more grievous, that we should behold that fine province pass into other European hands—in our own days too." But the choice of Gantheaume to carry

* This acknowledgment, forced from him by circumstances, of the veracity of British official papers, is singularly and honourably contrasted with Bourrienne's own admissions on the continual and systematic falsehood of his master's bulletins.—*Translator.*

out the requisite succours, was unfortunate. He had, indeed, participated in the dangers of the homeward passage, and naturally enjoyed the consequent confidence yielded to one under similar circumstances. This predilection for mediocrity, awakened by an honourable feeling, failed in its recompense. Gantheaume made a poor return. The First Consul, seeing him still at Brest, notwithstanding he had received his orders, could not refrain exclaiming, from time to time,—"What the devil is Gantheaume about now?" In one of the daily reports was sent the following quatrain, which set Bonaparte a-laughing most heartily:—

No ballast in head, no freight in the hold,
Such is the trim Admiral Gantheaume;
From Brest he sets out, to go to Bertheaume—
From Bertheaume to Brest returns he full bold.

This conduct of the admiral, his tergiversations, his arrival at Toulon, his tardy departure thence on the 19th February, 1801, only ten days before Admiral Keith had appeared before Alexandria with Sir Ralph Abercromby, completely blasted all the prospects of those succours and reinforcements which the First Consul zealously laboured to send to the colony. At the same time, it is no less true, that his own retreat in 1799 had paved the way for the loss of that country. The death of Kleber, and the choice of Menou as successor, decided its fate.

One of the surest means of paying useful court to Bonaparte, was unreservedly to applaud his views with respect to the consolidation of the Eastern colony, or to contribute thereto. It was by the former means that Menou gained his confidence. From the first year of the occupation he began to expose to the General his dreams about Africa; spoke to him in a long letter of the negroes of Senegal; of opening a communication with Mozambique; of

recommencing the culture of sugar, which he maintained to have first come from Egypt to Europe and America; of cochineal being easily cultivated; and thus of ruining the commerce of England. The remembrance of this adulation procured for Menou the governorship of Piedmont, on his return from Egypt, which he had betrayed to the English, by absurd measures of defence, and by sending against Abercromby isolated detachments, instead of falling upon him with all his disposable force, and thus certainly annihilating the invading army. When he named Menou governor in Italy, the First Consul, at my request, had likewise the goodness to appoint my elder brother commissary-general of police in Piedmont. I am obliged to confess, that this mark of favour was subsequently withdrawn; for my brother abused the confidence thus reposed in his integrity.

In like manner, by flattering this oriental mania, Davoust, on returning from Egypt, in 1800, in consequence of the convention of El Arych, also insinuated himself into his good graces, and, if he did not merit, at least obtained, favour. At this period, Davoust possessed absolutely no claim to the sudden fortune which he made. He obtained, without previous rank or services, the command of the grenadiers of the consular guard. From that day dates the enmity which Davoust bore me. Astonished at the length of the interview with which Bonaparte honoured him, I asked, immediately after it terminated, "How could you endure to remain so long with a man whom I have always heard you term a confounded blockhead?"—"But really then I did not know him well: he is better than his reputation bears: you will find so likewise."—"I ask nothing better," was my answer. The First Consul, imprudent as he ever was, made no scruple to report to Davoust this my opinion of his merits. His hatred died only with himself. I shall have to speak repeatedly, and under remarkable circumstances, hitherto little known, of

this man, who, without reputation, without merit, attained all at once to the highest favour.

The First Consul did not forget his cherished conquest; it was the constant object of his thoughts. Towards the end of 1800, at length sailed from Brest six ships of war, and four frigates, selected from those in the best condition for sea, and forming but a small portion of the number that ought to have been ready. Every circumstance attending the sailing of the expedition, seemed to announce the bad success of the enterprize. A fearful tempest fell upon it on leaving harbour. The squadron, thus dispersed, rallied at Cape Finisterre, passed the Straits, and had reached, without encountering any new danger, the neighbourhood of Cape Bon. Here, by a strange manœuvre, and for which no cause was ever assigned, we learned that the fleet had tacked, and entered Toulon, instead of making directly for Alexandria. The most frivolous pretexts were alleged in justification of this inconceivable conduct. Thus, whether he would or no, the Consul was forced to attempt other expedients for the relief of Egypt. A second enterprize was accordingly set on foot, which alone shews his clear-sightedness and eager desire to save the colony. On board four ships of the line, and as many frigates, under the orders of Admiral Brueys, at Rochefort, which, with others at L'Orient, were to join Gantheaume at Toulon, he embarked troops and necessaries of all kinds, so that each carried a portion of every sort. This precaution had in view, that a little of every thing might reach Egypt, should only one, two, or three vessels arrive at their destination. Where there is nothing, a little is of great moment. Had this junction been effected, there would have assembled at Toulon eighteen ships of war, with 7500 troops in every department of the service, with a great variety of stores, which Bonaparte had noted as useful or necessary to the colony. But all things were adverse to the sailing of this armament,—season, wind, and

activity in the commanders. The adjournment of its departure rendered it inutile: Egypt was in the meantime evacuated.

I am far, however, from admitting, with so many who have repeated the assertion, that Egypt was lost at the moment when every thing most concurred to its preservation. Let any one figure to himself a small army, daily consuming its force by combat, by disease, by climate — without succours — without reinforcements — almost cut off from the possibility of receiving them — spread over a vast country — surrounded by an insubordinate population, whose religious hatred augmented their political aversion, — and he will be convinced that nothing conduced to the preservation — that nothing even authorized the hope of preserving, this costly acquisition. Neither has it been feared to publish, that the unfortunate army of Egypt, "in losing the hope of returning to Europe, lost also the desire." This is one of the grossest falsehoods which ever found its way into history. Let those who still survive this expedition be questioned: the universal answer will be, — "You talk of this matter very much at your ease." But what, then, were the results of this memorable expedition? — The destruction of one of our finest armies; the loss of the flower of our generals; the annihilation of our marine; Malta and the empire of the Mediterranean acquired by England. And, what remains of it at this day? — A book of science. The fables and mystifications of Herodotus, and the reveries of the good man Rollin, were less expensive, and are about equally valuable.

For some time, the First Consul had been under apprehension that the evacuation of Egypt would speedily take place. The last intelligence seemed to forebode such a catastrophe. He published the contrary; but the truth was not, therefore, less true. He rightly considered it of great importance to prevent the news of this evacuation arriving in England before the preliminaries, conducted by M. Otto, with

equal activity and talent, should be signed. We pretended to make a great sacrifice by giving up this conquest: but such plea would no longer avail in that case. The signature took place, accordingly, on the 1st of October. The First Consul replied himself to M. Otto's last despatch, which contained a copy of the preliminaries, as accepted by the English minister. Neither that despatch nor the reply was communicated to Talleyrand, the minister for foreign affairs. Convinced of his great ability, the First Consul never brought to a conclusion any diplomatic measure without consulting him; and in this did right. But I observed to him, that M. de Talleyrand having gone to take the waters at Archambault, four days must elapse before his answer could be received; and that this delay might entirely change the posture of affairs. I warmly pressed the probable fall of Egypt. He yielded to my advice: and well he did so; for the news of the forced evacuation arrived in London on the morrow after the signature of the preliminaries! Our plenipotentiary wrote to the First Consul, that Lord Hawkesbury (formerly Mr Jenkinson) had said to him, upon announcing the evacuation of Egypt, that he was very glad all things were settled; for it would have become his duty to declare the impossibility of treating upon the same basis, after the arrival of this intelligence. In truth, we, *at Paris*, consented to a voluntary evacuation of Egypt,—and that was not without value to England; while Egypt had already been evacuated, by a convention made *on the spot*, August 30, 1801.

This brings us to the most brilliant period of the consulate and of France,—the epoch of the Peace of Amiens. I except neither the era of the conquests of Louis XIV, nor the most brilliant years of the empire. The consular glory was then unsullied, and held in prospect the most flattering hopes; while those accustomed to examine the real situation of affairs, could readily discern great disasters under the laurels of the empire.

The proposals made by the First Consul to induce a pacification, proved that he really wished peace. He perceived that to unite his name and first acts of administration with a transaction so desirable, was to gain the love and gratitude of the French. His offers were,—to give up Egypt to the Grand Seignior; to restore all the ports in the Gulf of Venice and the Mediterranean to the respective powers; to cede Malta to the Order; and even to raze the fortifications, should England judge such proceeding needful for her interests. In India, Ceylon remained in our possession; and we made a demand of the Cape of Good Hope, and all that England had taken in the West Indies. Britain—who had resolved on retaining Malta, her second Gibraltar of the Mediterranean, and the Cape of Good Hope, her caravansera of the Indies—relaxed in favour of the former isle, by proposing an arrangement, rendering it independent both of Great Britain and France. But we had no pledge that this was not a feint; since, whatever might be the determinations, it seemed not likely that a maritime power would resign a station which commands the Mediterranean. In fact, we shall see that war broke out anew on this very point. I speak not of the discussions about the American islands. These, in my opinion, ought to have but small attraction for us: they cost more than they bring us. Our colonial system is absurd, obliging us to pay for colonial produce almost double what our neighbours give. This, both in date and circumstance, leads to the St Domingo expedition, which left the shores of France, on the 14th December, 1801. The fatal issue is well known: shall we never be cured of such absurd enterprizes?

After the First Consul had dictated to me, during the course of nearly a whole night, the instructions for this expedition, he sent for General Leclerc, and, in my presence, addressed him to the following effect: "Here are your instructions. Now is your time: go, get rich, and trouble me no more with your ever-

lasting importunities for money." The regard entertained by Bonaparte for his sister Pauline, entered not a little into the motives for this wholesale method of enriching her husband.

Leclerc's instructions provided for every thing; but it was painful to remark, that the appointment of one of the youngest and most inefficient generals, left no hope of a successful result. The belief, too, is forced upon us, that no other motive determined the First Consul's choice, save the desire of getting rid of, by enriching, a brother-in-law, who possessed, at least, the talent of being utterly displeasing to him. The inconceivable empire held over him by the members of his own family, constantly maintained its influence. The St Domingo expedition is one of the grand faults committed by Bonaparte: every one consulted dissauded him from it. Hence, he has deemed justification necessary through his organs at St Helena: but has he succeeded, by asserting to his historians there, "that he was obliged to yield to the advice of his council of state?" Was he the man to submit to a council the discussion, far less the dictation, of a warlike enterprize?

Bonaparte dictated to me, for Toussaint, a letter containing the most honourable expressions and flattering promises. He sent back, also, his two sons, who had completed their education at Paris; with an offer of the vice-governorship, provided Toussaint would lend his aid to bring back the colony to the mother country. This chief, either dreading deception, or entertaining more ambitious views, resolved on war, after for a moment having shewn some inclination towards an arrangement. He was easily reduced by an army yet vigorous, well found, and warlike. He capitulated and retired to a plantation, whence he was not to remove without permission from Leclerc. A pretended conspiracy furnished the pretext for sending him a captive to France. Placed, at first provisionally, in the Temple, on arriving in

Paris, he was afterwards incarcerated in the Château de Jou, under rigorous confinement. This, so different from his former habits, the change of climate, and his recollections of the past, were sufficient to shorten his days without recourse to poison,—a report unworthy of credence. Toussaint, I ought to say, did write to the First Consul; but I never saw the expressions attributed to him,—"Toussaint, first man of the blacks, to the first man of the whites." Bonaparte acknowledged him to be possessed of energy, courage, and great talent. I am certain he would have rejoiced in a different conclusion of relations with St Domingo, than this kidnapping and sudden deportation. Probably, too, another than Leclerc would have brought Toussaint to reconcile the interests of the colony, and the rights of humanity, with the claims of the mother country, moderated as these had become through time and events. The yellow fever, which carried off Leclerc, spread its ravages among the army: desertion became general. Rochambeau succeeded Leclerc, and, by his severity, completed the loss of the colony. He abandoned the island to Dessalines, and gave himself up to an English squadron, in 1803. Thus terminated this unfortunate expedition, which cost us a fine army, and of which the original expense was furnished by the plunder of the navy chest for the support of invalids. This sacrilegious spoliation boded no good. Unable to tear liberty from the colony by force, we have sold it. Will the colony pay? I answer before hand—No.

Bonaparte often suffered from extreme pain; and I have now no doubt, from the nature of his sufferings, that these already originated in the commencement of the complaint of which he died at St Helena. The pains, of which he almost constantly complained, affected him with more than usual severity during the night, while dictating to me the instructions for General Leclerc. I led him to his apartment at a very late hour. We had just taken a cup of chocolate,

as usual at all times when our labours extended to one o'clock in the morning. He always ascended to his chamber without light, being well acquainted with the passage through his very neat library. He was leaning on my arm. Scarcely had we left the small staircase leading into the corridor, when an individual, making at full speed for the stair, ran violently against the First Consul, who was supported from falling by clinging to me. On reaching his chamber, we found Josephine, who had heard the noise, awake and greatly alarmed. Inquiries, immediately set on foot, proved the aggressor to be simply one who, having like a fool exceeded the proper time for such manœuvre, was retreating from an amorous appointment. The meeting, as may well be supposed, did not take place,—at least at Malmaison. It was thought unnecessary to take any precautions beyond having the corridor better lighted; and the unlucky issue of this assignation only spoiled others of the same kind.

It was on the 7th January, 1802, the evening previous to the departure for the convocation at Lyons, that the marriage of Mademoiselle Hortense with Louis Bonaparte took place. At this period, as the practice had not yet been resumed, of joining to the civil act the nuptial benediction, the religious rite was performed in the private domicile, Rue Victoire, where a priest attended for this purpose. At the same time, Bonaparte caused the marriage of Caroline, performed by the magistrate two years before, to be also religiously solemnized. He did not follow this example; from what motive does not appear. Did he already entertain ideas of a divorce, which the sanction of religion would have rendered more difficult? or was his conduct the result of an indifference not experienced in the case of the others? It could not proceed from fear of being accused of weakness, since he thus revived the ancient usage, where both his sister and daughter-in-law were concerned? The

few words I heard from him on the subject evinced perfect indifference.

Napoleon has said, at St Helena, speaking of Louis and Hortense, " Their union arose from attachment: each was respectively the other's choice. As to the rest, this marriage was the result of Josephine's intrigues, who found her advantage therein." I shall clear up these facts, here somewhat misrepresented. Louis and Hortense were by no means attached: this is certain. The First Consul knew it; as he was also well aware of Hortense's decided predilection for Duroc, who did not return her affection with equal warmth. The First Consul consented to their union, but Josephine looked forward to the marriage with much pain; she exerted all her efforts to prevent its conclusion; and often spoke to me of it, though, unfortunately, somewhat late. " My two brothers-in-law," she would say, " are my most determined enemies; you see all their intrigues, and know how much uneasiness they have caused me; this projected marriage will leave me without any support; besides Duroc, independent of Bonaparte's friendship, is nothing; he has neither fortune, rank, nor even reputation; he cannot be a safeguard to me against the declared enmity of the brothers: I must have some more certain reliance for the future. My husband loves Louis very much; if I can succeed in uniting my daughter to him, he will prove a strong counterpoise to the calumnies and persecutions of my other brothers-in-law." I replied, that she had too long concealed her intentions from me; that I had promised my services to the young people the more willingly, knowing the favourable sentiments of the First Consul, who had often said to me, " My wife labours in vain; they suit each other; they shall be married. I love Duroc; he is well born. I have properly given Caroline to Murat, and Pauline to Leclerc; I can as well give Hortense to Duroc, who

is a brave fellow. He is as good as the others—he is general of division—there can be no objection to their union. Besides, I have other views for Louis." I added, in my conversation with Madame Bonaparte, that her daughter burst into tears when a marriage with Louis was even mentioned.

The First Consul, indeed, had caused to be expedited, by an extraordinary courier, the brevet of general of division to Duroc, in order to meet him as he returned through Holland from Petersburg, whither he had been sent, as already stated, to compliment the Emperor Alexander on his accession. This piece of politeness had its probable origin in the persuasion of the marriage taking place. During this absence, the correspondence of the youthful lovers had passed through my hands, at their own request. Almost every evening, I made one in a party at billiards with Mademoiselle Hortense, who played extremely well. When I whispered to her, "*I have a letter*," the game quickly ceased; she ran to her chamber, where I followed, and delivered the billet. Her eyes filled with tears, and she did not descend again to the saloon till long after I had returned thither. All was without result for her: Josephine required *in* the family a support *against* the family. Seeing her so firmly bent on this resolution, I engaged no longer to oppose her views, of which I could not disapprove; but pointed out to her that it was no longer possible for me to preserve silence and neutrality in these domestic debates. She appeared satisfied. During our stay at Malmaison, intriguing continued. I suppress details; it was always the same scenes—the same irresolutions. On our return to the Tuileries, things were in similar condition; but probabilities favoured Duroc. I even offered him my congratulations, which he received with wonderful coolness. In a few days, Madame Bonaparte, absolutely resolved on the marriage of her daughter with Louis, contrived to change the

whole face of affairs, and to bring over the First Consul to her opinion. On the 4th of January, after dinner, he entered our cabinet where I was at work. "Where is Duroc?"—"Gone out,—I believe to the opera."—"Tell him, as soon as he returns, that I have promised him Hortense: he shall marry her. But I will that this take place at latest in two days. I give him five hundred thousand francs, (£20,833, 6s. 8d.) I name him commandant of the eighth military division. He must set out for Toulon, with his wife, the day after his marriage, and we shall live separate. I will have no son-in-law in the same house with me. As I wish the affair settled, send me word, this same evening, if this suits him."—"I don't think it will."—"Very well; she shall marry Louis."—"Will she have him?"—"She must have him."

This overture was proposed in a tone so hasty, as led me to believe there had been a discussion in the interior, and that, tired of bickering, he had stated at once his final decision, not again to recur to the subject. About half-past ten, Duroc returned. I repeated to him, word for word, the proposition of the First Consul. "Since it is even so, my good friend, he may keep his daughter for me; I am going to visit the ———." So saying, with an air of indifference, beyond my comprehension, Duroc took his hat, and went off. The First Consul was informed, before going to bed, of Duroc's refusal, and Josephine received the assurance of her daughter's marriage with Louis; which accordingly took place a few days after. Such is exactly as things fell out, much to the sorrow of Mademoiselle Hortense, and probably to the satisfaction of Duroc. Louis suffered the infliction of a wife. She, on the other hand, had till then shunned him as much as possible; and always expressed for him a repugnance at least equal to the indifference he had manifested for her. These sentiments still remain unchanged.

Napoleon, at St Helena, speaks of having designed to unite Louis to a niece of M. Talleyrand. I cannot deny having heard him say, that he had other views for Louis; but neither from himself, Madame Bonaparte, nor her daughter, did I ever hear of this niece: I have good reason, indeed, for believing that the First Consul already contemplated royal alliances. Often did he express regret, when speaking of the precipitate marriages of his sisters. It is also to be recollected, that we were then in the year which beheld the consulship for life,—consequently, the presage of empire; and appetite grows by indulgence. Napoleon has truly said to the companions of his exile, that this match was the fruit of Josephine's intrigues; but I cannot comprehend for what reason he concealed his acquaintance with the purposed marriage of Hortense with Duroc, their attachment, and his own approbation. It is erroneous also, as published, that the First Consul wished to reconcile the happiness of his daughter with political views. Hortense never loved Louis, and dreaded this marriage. She had then no happiness to hope for, as the event has proved; nor is it easy to imagine how the politics of the First Consul could be concerned with his brother's marrying Hortense. In every point, this grand policy, which would strain so high its pretensions of freedom from female influences, was but humble minister to the designs of Josephine. Then, as had frequently before happened at the Tuileries, the *boudoir* was stronger than the *cabinet*.

Here, I consider myself fortunate in being able to give the lie, most formal and most positive, to certain infamous assertions. In the *parlance* of our ancient cavaliers, *they lie in their throats*, who pretend that Bonaparte entertained for Hortense other sentiments than those of a father-in-law for his daughter. We shall see hereafter what he said to me on this subject; but one can never be too speedy in destroying so base a scandal. Authors devoid of credit, have

affirmed, without proof, not only the criminal attachment which they imagined, but have gone so far as to say, that Bonaparte was the father of Hortense's eldest son. Lie, execrable lie! Yet has the report been spread generally in France, and throughout Europe. Alas! can it be true that calumny hath such powerful charms, that, having once yielded to their influence, it becomes no longer possible to withdraw men from their thraldom?

Prepared to ascend the throne of France, Bonaparte wished to pave the way for becoming one day king of Italy; thus imitating Charlemagne, of whom he prospectively regarded himself as successor. Desirous of harmonizing the Cisalpine government with that of France, chief of one, he judged it requisite to have a suitable president for the other; and who so fit for that office as Bonaparte? Thus these two presidencies, united in one person, served as a transition in the progress to two thrones. Unwilling to be long absent from Paris, and wishing to avoid the trouble of a journey to Milan, he arranged, that those named for the convocation, should meet him half way at Lyons; and for this purpose we left Paris on the 8th January, 1802. Some days prior to our departure, I asked, "Would it not have been agreeable to you again to visit Italy, that great theatre of your glory, and the beautiful capital of Lombardy, where you have been followed with so much homage?"—"Yes," replied the First Consul; "but the journey to Milan would have wasted precious time. I have also reasons for preferring France to Italy for this meeting: my influence over the deputies will be more absolute and certain in Lyons. Besides, I am very happy in the prospect of again beholding the noble wreck of the Army of Egypt, there reassembled." On the 26th, the title of president was conferred without difficulty. The journey, and the conferences, were only forms; but opinion was to be captivated by lofty words and solemn proceedings.

The attempts recently directed against the life of the First Consul, then caused to be spread, and have since given plausibility to, reports of extraordinary precautions for his safety having been employed in the course of this journey. I saw none of these: they were repugnant to his disposition. He knew very well, and often repeated, that "whoever chose to risk his own life, might always be master of his." The statement is not correct, that guards escorted the carriage, and lined the roads: as respected precautions, he travelled as a private individual. I rarely observed, at any time, even arms in his carriage.

On the 25th March, 1802, England signed a suspension of hostilities for fourteen months: this men have called the Peace of Amiens. The clauses of this treaty were not of a nature to induce the hope of long peace, as we have already seen; and even in England it was regarded as a truce which could be only of short duration. But this peace, truce, or treaty, served to consolidate the power of the Consul. England had treated with him as "Chief of France." As he perceived I appreciated these advantages, he did not dissemble his satisfaction in this particular.

It was at this era, when he beheld his glory and his power increased by peace, that he said to me, in a momentary elevation of spirits, slapping me on the shoulder while we were walking in one of the avenues of Malmaison, "Eh! well, Bourrienne, shall you not also be immortal?"—"And why, General?"—"Are you not my secretary?"—"Tell me the name of Alexander's secretary?" He turned towards me, saying with a smile, "Hem! not so bad that!" He believed I spoke truth. There was here a little flattery, I confess; but flattery never proved displeasing to him; and, for one day at least, I merited not the reproach, often brought against me, of "not being sufficiently a courtier—not enough a flatterer."*

* Bonaparte knew not the name of Alexander's secretary, and at the moment it had escaped me that he was called Callisthenes.

Here I may state the grounds of quarrel between the First Consul and the English journals, which exhibits a new proof of his love for liberty! At all times a declared enemy to the freedom of the press, the First Consul held the journals under a hand of iron. Often have I heard him say, "Should I give them the rein, my power would not continue three months." Unfortunately, too, the same sentiment guided his conduct with respect to all prerogatives of public liberty; the silence thus forced upon France, he wished, but was unable, to impose in England. He was enraged at the insults heaped upon him by the English newspapers and libels, especially by the journal *L'Ambigu*, (the Medley,) edited by one Peltier, who, at Paris, had formerly been editor of "The Acts of the Apostles." This newspaper was constantly filled with the most violent attacks against the First Consul and the French nation,—doubtless a circumstance very honourable to its author, a Frenchman. Bonaparte had never been accustomed, like the English, to despise newspaper satire: he avenged himself by violent articles in the *Moniteur*. M. Otto even received orders to present an official note on the subject of these systematic calumnies, which the Consul believed were authorized by the English government. Besides this official measure, he personally addressed Mr Addington, Chancellor of the Exchequer, requesting him to support the representation, and urging him to insitute legislative proceedings against those publications complained of. In order to lose no time in satisfying his hatred against the liberty of the press, he seized, for this purpose, the moment of signing the preliminaries.

Mr Addington replied, in a long letter, written with his own hand, and which I translated. The English minister forcibly refuted the arguments of

He wrote memoirs of Alexander, as I now write of Napoleon; but, in this resemblance, I am as far from foreseeing, as from desiring, the immortality of my name.

the First Consul; admitting, indeed, that the abuse of the press might occasionally become an evil; but that the constitution left every one free to use his pen at his own risk and peril. "One is punished for a delinquency in writing, as for any other crime. Such delinquencies," Mr Addington acknowledged, "sometimes escaped the severity of the laws. But there is no remedy," continued he; "and it is difficult to discover one; for the liberty of the press, which forms a constituent of the national system, cannot be infringed. The people owe much to this liberty, and no minister would be found sufficiently bold to hazard the question in Parliament,—so dear is this freedom to the English." Mr Addington afterwards observed to the First Consul, that, "though a foreigner, he was entitled to bring his complaint before the national tribunals; but that he must then be prepared to see reprinted, as portions of process, all the libelous pieces of which he complained." He entreated him, "by profound contempt, to suffer these nuisances to remain in their obscurity, and to act like many others, who attached to such calumnies not the slightest importance." I was happy, also, in contributing to prevent this scandalous prosecution.

In this state things remained for the moment; but after the Peace of Amiens, the First Consul caused Peltier to be cited before the Courts. The defence was conducted by the celebrated Mackintosh, (Sir James,) who, according to the accounts of the time, displayed the greatest eloquence in his pleadings. Peltier, however, was found guilty. This condemnation, which was regarded by public opinion as a triumph, was not carried into execution, because the rupture between the two countries speedily ensued. It is melancholy to think, that this excessive susceptibility to libelous articles in the English journals, certainly contributed as much, perhaps more, than grand political interests, to the renewal of hostilities.

One would be astonished at many things, were it possible always to see under the cards.*

On the occasion of the peace, Madame Murat, who lived at Neuilly, gave a splendid entertainment to Bonaparte. There was a grand dinner, with a ball in the evening. At the principal table were seated only ladies: the gentlemen dined in a room adjoining. Madame Murat, who did the honours of the fête with much grace, placed the First Consul opposite to herself. Bonaparte dined in haste, and said little. At length, during the dessert, he addressed a question to the ladies in turn: this question consisted in asking each how old she was! Coming to Madame de Bourrienne, he said to her, "As for you, I know your age." His gallantry went no farther: the ladies were far from being satisfied therewith.

On the morrow after this entertainment, there was brought to Bonaparte, while walking with me in his favourite alley at Malmaison, one of those numerous police reports, which were always so silly, and so tedious. This particular despatch told of certain remarks, made in Paris, on a new green livery which the Consul had adopted,—a colour he was said to have chosen because used by the house of Artois. I think I still see the fierce sneer on his countenance when he exclaimed,—"What are these animals thinking of now? Are they serious? Am I then no better than M. d'Artois? If they know not the difference, on my honour they shall feel it!"

* There are not wanting writers of the present day, who seem desirous, by libelous tirades, to embroil the two nations. The aggressors, however, are now to be found chiefly on the other side of the Channel. Witness the rhymes—I cannot call them poetry—of Messieurs Mery and Barthèlémy. Witness also numerous accounts of the latter campaigns of the English and French armies, and some of them by French officers. — *Translator.*

CHAPTER XII.

RECALL OF THE EMIGRANTS — RESTORATION OF PROPERTY — MISSION OF SEBASTIANI TO THE EAST — ILLNESS OF BONAPARTE — ITS CONSEQUENCES — ANECDOTES OF HIS FAMILY — RAPACITY — BULLETINS — LEGION OF HONOUR — PREPARATION FOR THE CONSULATE FOR LIFE — LA FAYETTE.

Till towards the middle of 1801, those emigrants proposed for removal from the list, had always been named by the minister of police. The First Consul having obtained proof that such erasures were often granted only in consequence of powerful solicitations, —to favour, to intrigue, and even purchased by money, decided on concentrating this department of business in his own cabinet. Other affairs, however, suffered from this tedious labour, which, in spite of all my exertions, produced not above ten or twelve erasures weekly. I brought this repeatedly under his notice. At first, he paid no attention to my remarks. Soon after the *Te Deum* had been celebrated for the concordat and the peace, I profited by a moment of gaiety and benevolence, in which he seemed to be at Malmaison, to hazard anew the proposal of a general return of emigrants. "You have," said I, laughing, "reconciled the French to God: reconcile them to each other. There never have been true lists of emigrants; there have been only lists of absentees: as a proof of this, we have been going on constantly erasing, and may continue the same occupation to the end of time." He embraced the idea. "Good!" said he, "we shall consider; but I must except one thousand individuals of the

principal families, especially those who have held offices in the establishments of the kings or princes, or at the ancient court." The number of exceptions was afterwards reduced to half.

I said in the Chamber of Deputies, and I have pleasure in repeating it here,—"In the draught of the *Senatus Consultum*, which the First Consul dictated to me in the course of a part of one night, he excepted from restitution only such properties as were actually occupied by public establishments. Of these, neither the capital, nor even the rent, was to be refunded. But with this almost sole exception, he restored all that the state possessed, and all that had not been alienated to third parties. In this mighty question, he never once thought of interfering with acquired rights: of this he foresaw all the danger. He made restitution of the remaining thirds even of the confiscated stock, except the bygone interest. This was consistent with the most perfect equity of which the case would admit: for the state had taken this stock, and enjoyed the interest which it did not repay. That infamous confiscation has since been concealed under the quibbling and barbarous name of *confusion*. Even now is the term in use,—a word invented to cover craft, fraud, spoliation, robbery, bankruptcy, and all the financial infamies with which governments have been but too often defiled—a word which ought to be found only in the vocabularies of uncivilized nations. What would be thought of one who, having stolen a bag of a thousand francs, should put it among a hundred similar bags, and make answer to the legal claimant, 'Yes, it is true I have your bag, but I cannot distinguish it: there is *confusion!*' 'We cannot,' was the reply made to those who demanded this restitution, without being interested therein, save by the sole feeling of right,—'we cannot distinguish this species of property.'" But during the same frightful period, confiscation of English stock also took place in our funds. It was probably no less

difficult to distinguish this description of property; and yet to the English have been restored both principal and interest, from the time of confiscation. What the English bayonets easily obtained, has been refused to eternal justice, that daughter of Heaven, without which, all constitutions never have, and never will be any thing but black upon white.

Having completed the schedule of his decree, the First Consul convoked, for the following day, a grand council, composed of the ministers, the two consuls, and five others of the chief public functionaries. I remained in the cabinet attached to the library, and which communicated with the circular saloon, in which the council assembled. The discussion was long and warm. I heard the whole, for they spoke very loud; sometimes, in fact, shouted. The First Consul combated, forcibly, the numerous objections urged against his proposal. He was answered with equal warmth. In the sequel, the Revolution rejected all restitutions. She consented, indeed to recall her victims, but determined to retain their spoils.

On returning to our cabinet, the First Consul was completely engrossed with the bad effect produced upon the council by the proposal of a decree, such as the one just deliberated upon. I took the liberty of saying to him, "You have too much good sense, General, not to perceive that your scheme has failed. The refusal to restore to the emigrants what may still remain in possession of the state, destroys, with this concession, all that is noble, or grand, or generous, in their recall. I cannot conceive how you yielded to an opposition so unreasonable and so grasping."— "How is this," said he, still in anger, "you must have overheard all. The Revolution had the majority in the council; what would you have had me do? Am I strong enough to overcome all these obstacles?" —"General, calm yourself, I wish not to pain you; but you are quite able to return to the attack, and to oppose these people."—"That will be difficult,"

replied he, softening a little; "I repeat, they have still the upper hand in these affairs: time is necessary for all that. Besides, nothing is definitely fixed: we shall see." Fifteen days after this conversation, was decreed the *Senatus Consultum* of the 6th Floreal, year X. (April 26, 1802.) That act, as is well known, granted the recall, but refused the restitution of property. We have just seen what were the intentions of the Chief of the State; but once more he was constrained to yield to the Revolution: Bonaparte would otherwise have adhered to his original design. As it happened, no party felt satisfied.

In the spring of 1802, and before receiving the intelligence of the unfortunate evacuation of Egypt, the First Consul had sent General Sebastiani on a private mission to the East. Peace with Constantinople facilitated the execution of this plan, important doubtless, but of less consequence than attributed to it by Bonaparte. Sebastiani acquitted himself with great dexterity. He visited the states of Barbary, Egypt, Palestine, and the Ionian Islands; contracting new friendships; strengthening old alliances; everywhere depreciating the power of Britain, and exalting the influence of France. The extract of Sebastiani's report, as published in the *Moniteur*, contained many things most offensive to England, as,—on the means of successfully attacking her Indian possessions; that, with six thousand men, Egypt might be conquered; and that the Ionian Isles were ready to shake off her yoke. For these aggressions, as they were termed, the English cabinet demanded satisfaction; and the discussions relative to Malta were broken off. Upon these occasions, Bonaparte, disregarding customary forms, desired to have a personal conference with Lord Whitworth, the English ambassador; hoping thus to seduce his lordship by those blandishments, which he knew so well how to employ when requisite: but in vain. When he signed the treaty of Amiens, the English plenipotentiary was well aware

that England would be the first to break through its stipulations.

From the commencement of the same year, 1802, Napoleon, as already mentioned, began to feel violent pain in his right side. I have often seen him at Malmaison, in the evening, while at work, and when midnight approached, recline on the right arm of the sofa, unbutton his coat and vest, and give vent to a sob of anguish. If I spoke to him, he generally replied, "How I suffer!" A few minutes after, I would conduct him to his bed-room. I have several times been obliged to support him on the small stair which led from the inner cabinet to the corridor communicating with his apartments. It was at this period that he used to say, "I have an apprehension that, on attaining forty years, I shall become a great eater; I feel the presentiment of an excessive corpulence." This fear caused him much disquiet, in which, as I told him, it was impossible to participate. I was mistaken. Some six months before, he had inquired who was my physician: I replied, "M. Corvisart."—"How did you get acquainted with him?"—"Your brother, Louis, recommended him to me: to him he is indebted for the cure of the complaint with which, you know, he was afflicted. He places great confidence in him." A few days after he took Corvisart for his medical attendant; and, three years after, appointed him first physician to the Emperor. The Consul speedily became accustomed to this gentleman, and, in my time, always saw him with pleasure come to chat a little: his open and good-humoured manner pleased him much. Corvisart frankly acknowledged, that medicine could do little for him, and that the little which it could effect, would arise more from regimen than from drugs.

The pain experienced by the First Consul increased his irritability. Perhaps to this cause may be attributed many acts of this period of his life: his ideas, then, were no longer the same in the evening as they

had been in the forenoon; and very often he tore up in the morning, even without the smallest remark, notes which he had dictated to me during the night, and considered excellent. Sometimes even I took upon me not to send to the *Moniteur*, as he desired, remarks which, dictated at night under irascibility and suffering, might have produced a bad effect throughout Europe. When he did not see the article on the morrow, I alleged, as excuse, the lateness of the hour, or the delay of the courier: "But there is nothing lost," I used to say; "to-morrow will do as well." He did not reply directly, but remarked, probably a quarter of an hour afterwards,—"Don't send my note to the *Moniteur* before shewing it to me;" and was sometimes astonished at what he had dictated; saying, in a good-humoured way,—"Pshaw! you must surely have misunderstood me;"—or, "This is not *too* good, is it?"—"By my faith, I can't say *too*."—"Oh! no, it is good for nothing; what say you?" Then, with a slight shake of the head, he would tear the paper. He sent me once, at two o'clock in the morning, (we were then at the Tuileries,) a note in his own hand, running thus:—"For Bourrienne.—Write to Maret to erase from the note which Fleurieu read at the Tribunate, the phrase (*frase*) relative to Costaz. Soften, as much as possible, what has reference to the report of the proceedings." Such changes were often made in consequence of suggestions of mine, which, at the time, he had rejected with impatience.

After the Peace of Amiens, the First Consul was considering the nomination of an ambassador to the court of London: and had, somehow or other, cast his eyes upon General Andreossi. I ventured some observations on a choice which seemed to me incongruous with the high importance of the mission. "It is not determined yet," said he; "I shall have some talk about the matter with Talleyrand." The same evening, (we were then at Malmaison,) the latter

arrived on business. The question of the English embassy was discussed. The First Consul mentioned several persons, afterwards adding,—"I have a mind to nominate Andreossi." Talleyrand, who had no good will to this choice, replied, with a knowing and satirical air,—"You wish to nominate Andrew also! (*Andre aussi*)—Who, then, is this Andrew?"—"I made no mention of one Andrew; I speak to you of Andreossi. Do you not know him? *Pardieu!* Andreossi, general of artillery?"—"Andreossi!" replied the minister. "Ah! yes, yes; that's true. Andreossi! I was not thinking of him: I was running over the *diplomacy*, and could not find him there. Quite right; yes, yes, quite right; he is in the *artillery*." The First Consul answered, speaking in a way to shew M. de Talleyrand, that he designed the said general of artillery for the London embassy. Thither, in fact, he went, after the treaty of Amiens, and returned in a few months, having scarcely had time to establish himself. There was no great matter to do: that suited him: he did nothing.

In 1802, Jerome had arrived at the rank of *Enseigne de Vaisseau*, and, finding himself at Brest, indulged in expenses far above his fortune, and the appointments of his place—expenses which he could liquidate only at the charge of the state. He often drew upon me, by letters of exchange, which the First Consul accepted with a deal of angry remark. One of these letters, in which Jerome described his pleasures, and the entertainments given him, and then announced that he had drawn upon me for 17,000 francs (£708, 6s. 8d.) excited the choler of the First Consul, who wrote to him,—"I have your letter, M. Enseigne de Vaisseau. I am impatient to find you on board your corvette, studying a profession which ought to be the theatre of your glory. Die young, I shall be consoled: not, if you live sixty years without glory—without being useful to the country—without having left traces of your existence. Better

would it be never to have existed.—Paris, 6 Messidor, year X. (27th June, 1802.)—For Jerome, Enseigne de Vaisseau."

The above letter contradicts positively what has been published in the biographies,—that Jerome Bonaparte served, in 1801, as Lieutenant in the expedition against St Domingo. He sailed on board *L'Epervier*, after reception of his brother's letter, only as lieutenant. On the 23d November, he wrote to me, from St Pierre, as follows:—"This is to inform you, my dear Bourrienne, that I have drawn upon you, by bill of exchange, for *twenty thousand francs*, (£833, 6s. 8d.) I have written to the Consul by the last ship, and, without doubt, he has spoken to you about it. At St Pierre, I met with an old friend of yours, General Castella, who commands there, and with whom I remained till the 18th Brumaire, having passed only seven days at *Fort de France*. Adieu, my dear B. I embrace you.

"J. Bonaparte."

"P.S. All the Europeans, my dear Bourrienne, die in this country. Here I have already twenty-three men less in my corvette, which is a very bad vessel: judge, after this, whether I can be at ease on board *L'Epervier*. To-night I prepare for a trip to the English islands: that voyage will keep me from twenty to thirty days at sea. Adieu, my dear B. I embrace you."

Jerome never answered either the hopes or the wishes of his brother, who seldom gave him another name than *a dirty little rascal*. We have just seen his conduct as inferior officer of a ship. From the earliest years of his life, he had been the cause of sorrow to his brother and the whole family. Westphalia will never forget that he was her king; nor without reason did *his people* call him *a miniature of Heliogabalus*.

Speaking generally, the First Consul was harassed by the continual craving of his brothers for money.

To finish with Joseph, he made M. Collot commissary of provisions for the navy, under condition of remitting yearly to Joseph, from the income of his situation, fifteen hundred thousand francs, (£62,500.) Lucien had feathered his nest in Spain. I believe this commissariat, which continued only for a short time, turned out very well for Joseph; but proved a bad speculation for M. Collot, who was very irregularly and very ill paid; while the stipulation of the Consul left him not the means of repaying himself. He demanded an audience, which, through the interference of Junot, was granted. As usual, where a thirdsman was required as witness, the *vous resterez*,—"you will remain," was addressed to me on this occasion. M. Collot came to Malmaison: it was in the evening. He spoke to the First Consul with noble firmness; exposed his wrongs; and complained of the condition in which he was left, and of the enormous encumbrance with which he had been burdened. He explained that already several millions were owing on a service of from twenty to twenty-four millions, (from £833,500, to £1,000,000,) and gave it clearly to be understood, that the articles furnished were necessarily overcharged on Joseph's account. The First Consul replied, with intemperate violence,—"Eh!—for what do you take me? Think you I am a Capuchin? It was necessary to give one hundred thousand crowns to Decrès; one hundred thousand to Duroc; one hundred thousand to Bourrienne: you ought to take measures to pay yourself, and not come troubling me with such stuff. I have ministers: it is for them to render me an account. I will see Decrès: enough at present. Leave me, and dun me no more with your complaints: I have nothing to do with such affairs." I learned afterwards that M. Collot escaped from the concern, not till after many refusals, much shuffling, pain, and uneasiness. I think I remember his saying to me,—"If he desire to take so much of my fortune, in God's name let him ask me for a

frigate; I will give him one. Let him but pay me, and take his own bargain off my hands." Throughout this villainous discussion, reason had unquestionably been on Collot's side; the chicanery on the other.

It is to be wished that the historian of the period in particular of which we now treat, distrust bulletins, despatches, notes, proclamations, which have emanated from Bonaparte, or which have passed through his hands; and that these may be considered only in the mass. For my own part, I esteem the proverb, "lying as a bulletin," and the axiom, "two and two make four," as impressed with the same evidence. The bulletins always announced what Bonaparte desired might pass for truth; and official documents were almost in every case altered. History would be a romance, composed from such materials.

Another circumstance, which has ever appeared to me unaccountable, is, that with his unquestioned superiority, Bonaparte affected to depreciate all great military reputations. He often spoke of acknowledged faults, only to attribute them to his ministers and generals, and to screen his own. It is notorious, that continual complaints — representations no less energetic than well founded, were addressed to General Bonaparte on the subject of partial bulletins. Reclamations have more than once been sent in against reports, which assigned the success of an engagement to some one, almost an entire stranger to the combat, and which did not even name him who commanded. Thus, I remember his own soldiers forced General Lanusse, at Damietta, to protest against the account of an engagement with the Arabs, which a bulletin had reduced to almost nothing, while the affair had been very serious, and the loss most severe. The general's representation was equally noble and energetic.

Bonaparte, as every one knows, captured Malta in twice twenty-four hours. The empire of the Mediterranean, which the battle of Aboukir confirmed to the English, afforded them the means of cutting off

all supplies, till famine obliged General Vaubois, commandant of the island, to capitulate. That general, completely abandoned, and without connection with the mother country, surrendered on the 4th September, 1801, after an able defence of nearly two years. These facts I recall here, as analagous to what follows, and illustrative of the preceding remarks.

On the 22d February, 1802, a M. Doublet, who had been commissary of the French government at Malta, while in our possession, came to me, complaining bitterly of an alteration in a letter of his, inserted in the *Moniteur*, 9th February, 1800, and addressed to the First Consul. "I explained to him," said the commissary, "the alarming situation of the island. The very contrary was printed in the *Moniteur*. This circumstance has been to me the source of a thousand serious inconveniences, since it presented ostensible grounds for accusing me of having imposed upon government in a matter of the highest importance, on which my official situation gave weight to my words." I asked to see his letter. He sent me a copy of the original, entreating me to search out and explain the mistake. The obnoxious passage, as originally written, ran thus, after complimenting the First Consul on having saved the republic:—"*Haste to save Malta likewise—men and provisions—there is no time to be lost.* This acquisition was your work: your own glory is concerned in its remaining to the republic; and that suffices to re-assure us." In place of the passage marked, there appeared in the *Moniteur*,—"*The name of the republic inspires the brave defenders of Malta with new courage. We have men and provisions.*" Ignorant of the motives for this strange alteration, I shewed the letter to the First Consul. He shrugged his shoulders, giving a kind of laugh: "Don't answer him. He is an ass. Meddle no farther in the affair." Bonaparte had assured General Desaix, that the island had been

provisioned for two years! What could be the object in this falsehood? Malta was reduced by famine.

After the prorogation of Bonaparte's consulate for ten years, was created the order of the Legion of Honour, an institution which has wrought prodigies. The Bourbons, in restoring other extinct orders, had the wisdom to preserve this new one. The idea had been cherished by the Consul from the time he had seen stars and orders glitter on the breast, or dangle from the button-hole, of foreign ministers. He used frequently to repeat,—"That does well. Such things are necessary for the people." But his own precipitation had nearly ruined all. On the 4th May, 1801, in the council of state, was first officially proposed, the question of establishing the Legion of Honour; and, on the 19th, the decree was legally promulgated. The opposition was very strong; and all the power of the First Consul, the force of his reasonings, the influence of his situation, could obtain in the council only fourteen out of twenty-four voices. The same sentiments manifested themselves in the tribunate, where the measure passed only by a majority of fifty-six to thirty-eight. Nearly the same proportion obtained in the legislative body, where one hundred and ten noes voted against one hundred and sixty-six ayes. Thus, in all the three bodies, consisting of 394 voters, the measure was carried by only seventy-eight voices. Struck with this feeble majority, the First Consul said to me in the evening,—"Ah! I see clearly, prejudices are still too strong. You were right—I ought to have waited. The matter was not very urgent; and, it must be confessed, the speakers in favour of the motion made but a poor defence. The strong minority, too, misapprehended me."—"Be satisfied," said I; "doubtless it would have been better to have deferred; but the thing is done. You will see the result: it must be grand."

In April, 1802, the First Consul bent all his efforts

towards getting himself declared Consul for life. We shall revert to the actual proceedings hereafter. This, perhaps, was the epoch in his career, during which were most completely developed those principles of falsehood and dissimulation, commonly called maxims of Machiavel. Never have stratagem, untruth, craft, seeming moderation, been practised with more talent or success. Lucien was the most violent propagator of the doctrines of hereditary power, and the stability of a dynasty,—phrases which, since the month of March, had engrossed all conversation. M. de Talleyrand, whose ideas *could not be* any thing save monarchical, held the cabinets of Europe in train. Bonaparte branded, as ideologists and terrorists, the real friends of constitutional liberty. Rœderer, Regnault d'Angely, and Fontanes, followed with zeal and constancy the same apostleship as Lucien. Madame Bonaparte courageously opposed the influence of those counsels, which she regarded as fatal to her husband. The latter very seldom spoke confidentially with her about politics, or public affairs. "Let her mind her spinning and knitting," was his usual observation.

While the First Consul thus aspired to the throne of France, his brothers, and especially Lucien, affected a superciliousness and pretensions perfectly ridiculous. The following is an instance, almost incredible, but which I witnessed:—On Sunday the 9th May, Lucien paid a visit to Madame Bonaparte, who asked "Why did you not come to dinner last Monday?"—"Because there was no place appointed for me: the brothers of Bonaparte ought to have the chief seats after him."—"What do I hear!" replied Josephine; "but, if you *are* Bonaparte's brother, recollect what you *were*. In my presence, all places are equal. Eugene would never have made so ill-mannered a proposal."*

* This anecdote has been set down to Jerome's account; he was then in America.

During the negotiations at Campo-Formio, we have seen that Bonaparte was occupied in another, and, by his own account, even more difficult, mission,—obtaining the liberation of the prisoners at Olmütz. Since that period, M. de la Fayette had remained in a neutral country, refusing to participate in those measures adopted in France after the 18th Fructidor. He had, indeed, been received by the First Consul, after the battle of Marengo. On that occasion, Bonaparte discoursed above two hours with him in private; and, when he was gone, I remember the latter said to me,—"There is nothing to be done with him; I am vexed at it; he will listen to nothing. He is a man whose principles are estimable; but they are mixed up with some obstinacy, and much exaggeration." A short time thereafter, on the occasion of the fête given to the Americans, La Fayette accepted Joseph's invitation to be present. Though an offer of a place in the senate was subsequently declined, he continued, notwithstanding, to visit the First Consul, and to maintain an intercourse of reciprocal esteem. The epoch of the consulate for life put an end to these amicable relations. On this question, La Fayette refused his vote; and, in justification, addressed to Bonaparte the following letter:—

"*La Grange, 1st Prairial, Year X.*
(*20th May*, 1802.)

"GENERAL,—When a man, deeply sensible of the gratitude he owes you, and too feelingly alive to glory not to love yours, places restrictions on his suffrage, these are so much the less liable to suspicion, that none will more rejoice to see you First Magistrate for life, of a free republic. The 18th Brumaire saved France; and I at this moment enjoy the blessings of home, through the liberal professions to which you have pledged your honour. Since then, we have beheld the consular power, that healing dictatorship, which, under the auspices of your genius, has accom-

plished so great things; less great, however, than will be the restoration of liberty. It is impossible that you, General, the foremost in that order of men, whom to compare and to place, we must pass in review all ages, can desire that such a revolution — so many victories and so much blood — numberless sorrows and exertions — should leave for the world, and for you, no other result save arbitrary rule. The French people were too well acquainted with their rights to have forgotten them beyond recall; but they are to-day, perhaps, in a better condition than during their excitement, to retrieve them usefully; and you, by the influence of your character and the public confidence — by the superiority of your talents, of your station, of your fortune — are able, in re-establishing liberty, to provide against all dangers, and to dispel all inquietudes. I can, then, have only patriotic and personal motives for desiring, that, in this consummation, you may establish, to your own glory, a permanent magistracy. But it comports with my principles, with my engagements, with the actions of my whole life, to pause before giving my voice to such a measure, until it be founded on a basis worthy of the nation and of you. General, I hope you will herein discover, as you must have already perceived, that with the integrity of my political principles, are united sincere attachment to your person, and a profound sense of my obligations to you. — Health and respect. La Fayette."

To this letter was subjoined the following note: — "Shall Napoleon Bonaparte be Consul for life? I cannot vote for such a magistracy until political liberty be sufficiently guaranteed: then I give my voice for Napoleon Bonaparte."

The First Consul, as may be imagined, was not at all pleased with the scruples of M. de La Fayette. He read his letter with impatience, and afterwards

remarked to me,—"I have often told you, M. de La Fayette is a political monomatist—an obstinate person. He does not comprehend me: I am very sorry for it; for he is an honourable man. I wished to make him a senator: he has refused; truly so much the worse for him. I can very well afford to do without his vote." In discoursing on the consular government of the United States, on their triennial consulate, as well as the new liberty of consular France, Bonaparte and La Fayette, as may well be supposed, differed in opinion. Even the manner in which the latter had re-entered France, grievously displeased the former. "I left my country when liberty fled, and I return with her," said La Fayette; "for she has returned, since Napoleon is her high-priest." And, sooth to say, Napoleon found it very bad in the apostle of American liberty to return to his *diocese* without a passport!

But not only on these topics did La Fayette oppose the ideas of the First Consul; he found fault with the concordat also. He would have wished that Bonaparte, permitting equal liberty to all religions, had kept them all, as in the United States, entirely without the support of government: the followers of each sect maintaining their own church, and paying their own clergy. I recollect, on this occasion, Bonaparte said to me,—"La Fayette is perhaps right in theory; but what is it beyond mere theory—a folly when applied to masses of men! And then, he is constantly harping upon America! as if the French were Americans! The French he does not understand. Among them the Catholic religion is paramount: and, besides, I need the Pope, who will do any thing I desire. Do you know," continued the Consul, smiling, "La Fayette made use of a strange expression: he said, 'You seem to have a desire *of getting the little fiddle broken over your head.*' We shall see—we shall see." And, in effect, we have seen.

CHAPTER XIII.

RETROSPECT — BERNADOTTE — ST CLOUD — MR FOX — MOREAU — PLEASURE TOUR — UNMANLY BARBARITY OF LUCIEN — HIS INDECENT THEATRICALS — CONSUL'S PRIVATE THEATRE — LOST WATCH — CANOVA — DISGRACE OF FOUCHE — JOSEPHINE'S DISTRESSES AND FEARS — INJUSTICE DONE TO HER MEMORY AT ST HELENA — PROSPERITY OF FRANCE.

I SHALL now revert to some facts which had either escaped my recollection, or which I reserved, in order to class them with analogous events. My first retrospections concern a man, called, by the inexplicable combination of events, to a throne, and who stills governs for the happiness of his people. Bernadotte, we have seen, necessarily fell into disgrace, by refusing to second the designs of Bonaparte for the overthrow of the Directory. This disgrace long, I might almost say for ever, survived the occurrences out of which it arose. Neither were there wanting tale-bearers and their tales, to maintain or to heighten the animosity which this opposition had inspired. This enmity the First Consul could not venture at first to display openly; but he watched every occasion of removing Bernadotte to a distance, placing him in difficult positions, and giving him missions, without any precise instructions, in hopes that, by the commission of faults, he would draw upon himself all the responsibility. In the first period of the consulate, the deplorable war of La Vendée raged in all its intensity. The organization of the Chouans was complete, and the inquietude caused to

Bonaparte by this civil war exceeded that from the side of the Rhine or of Italy, because by its success his internal government and ulterior views would be more affected. The mission, then, of putting an end to the struggle was a difficult one; but, for that very reason, Bonaparte resolved on consigning it to Bernadotte. The conciliatory measures of that general, however; his chivalrous manners; and a happy mixture of prudence and address, enabled him to succeed where others had failed: He finally established good order, and submission to the laws.

Some time after the pacification of La Vendée, an insurrectional movement manifested itself at Tours, where the fifty-second regiment refused to march till the men had received their arrears of pay. Bernadotte, Commander-in-chief of the Army of the West, without shewing any surprise at such insubordination, merely gave orders that the regiment should draw up in the square at Tours: then, at the head even of the corps, he caused the ringleaders to be arrested, without one daring to offer resistance. This bold measure Bonaparte first blamed, in a note added to the report; but was subsequently obliged to give it tardy and indirect praise.

Time augmented more and more Bonaparte's resentment against Bernadotte; and the go-betweens and flatterers were not idle in their insinuations concerning the latter. One day, on which a grand public reception was to take place, I saw the First Consul in such a state of impatient ill humour, as induced me to ask the cause. "I can no longer endure it," replied he with violence: "I am resolved on an explanation this day with Bernadotte. He will probably be here. I will break the ice, come what may. He may do his worst; but we shall see. It is time that this were ended." Never had I seen him so angry, and dreaded the meeting accordingly. When he retired, before descending to the grand saloon of audience, I took advantage of a moment to

descend before him, which was easily accomplished, since the saloon was not twenty paces from the cabinet. By good luck, the very first person I saw was Bernadotte alone, in the embrasure of a window looking into the Carrousel.* Rapidly to cross the hall and to approach was the work of an instant. "General, believe me, you had better retire; I have strong reasons for advising you thus." Bernadotte, seeing my extreme anxiety, and knowing the sincere sentiments of esteem and friendship which attached me to him, consented to retire. This I regarded as a triumph; for, certainly, from the frankness of Bernadotte's character, and his quick sense of honour, he would not have borne the cutting remarks which Bonaparte appeared in the humour to address to him. My stratagem had all the success I could have hoped. Nothing was suspected. One thing only attracted notice,—the victim had escaped. After the audience, the First Consul, on entering, exclaimed, "Can you conceive it, Bourrienne? Bernadotte did not come." —"So much the better for him, General," I merely said. Nothing ensued; for, on reascending, after a momentary absence in Josephine's apartments, he found me in the cabinet as if I had never left it, five minutes sufficing for my little negotiation. Bernadotte always shewed himself sincerely grateful for this proof of friendship; and, in truth, from a feeling I cannot well explain to myself, the more I beheld Bonaparte's unjust hatred increase, the greater became my interest in the noble character which was its object.

The scene just mentioned occurred in the spring of 1802. At this date the First Consul had established himself at St Cloud,—a residence to which he was very partial, as there enjoying more freedom than at the Tuileries, where it is impossible for the sovereign even to breathe the air at a window, without imme-

* The square in front of the Tuileries is so called.

diately becoming the object of public curiosity, and attracting the gaze of multitudes. At St Cloud, he could leave his cabinet when he chose, and prolong his walk without fear of importunate solicitations. One of his first cares was to order the repair of a cross road conducting to Malmaison; a distance which he usually traversed in a quarter of an hour. This proximity to his favourite country house, rendered St Cloud still more agreeable. Here, too, so to speak, he made the first rehearsals of the grand drama of empire: here he commenced with introducing, in external forms, the customs and etiquette which pertain to the usages of royalty. He quickly observed what influence may be exercised over the mass of mankind by the pomp of ceremonies, the splendour of audiences, and richness of costume. "How deserving," he would say, "are men of the contempt they inspire! All my virtuous republicans, forsooth!—I have only to gild their livery, and they are my humble servitors."

I remember one day, after some such tirade, so frequently repeated, against the worthlessness of the human species, having remarked to him, that if trappings captivated vulgar admiration, there were still some distinguished men who despised all gewgaws, and cited the instance of the celebrated Fox, who, anticipating the peace of Amiens, was then in Paris, where he had rendered himself conspicuous only by an extreme simplicity. "As for him—yes, you are right," said the First Consul; "Mr Fox is truly a superior man, and one who suits me excellently." In reality, Bonaparte always beheld Mr Fox arrive with unmixed satisfaction, and after each of the conversations they held together, he never failed to speak to me of the pleasure he enjoyed in this intercourse with one man truly worthy of his great reputation. He looked upon him as a man altogether superior, and ardently desired to have treated with him in his ulterior relations with England. We may

believe, too, that, on his side, Mr Fox never forgot the intimacy, I may call it, which he cultivated with the First Consul. Afterwards, indeed, even in time of war, he several times advertised him of plots formed against his life. Nothing less was to be expected from a character so noble. I can at the same time assert, because I had more than one proof of the fact, that the English government constantly repelled with indignation, not proposals for overturning the consular or imperial government, but every project of assassination, or of clandestine attempt upon the person of the First Consul and of the Emperor. Positive proofs of this will successively find a place in the sequel of these Memoirs. Politics are chargeable with a sufficiency of actions and of means which morality disavows; let us not gratuitously augment the number of criminal instances.

I must here throw myself upon the reader's indulgence, while I relate a fact anterior by a year to the visit of Mr Fox; but as it concerns Moreau, I take it for granted a transposition will be more readily forgiven than an omission. During the summer of 1801, the First Consul took a fancy to give a grand military dinner in a restaurateur's. He made choice of Veri's, whose establishment on the Terrace des Feuillans could also be entered from the gardens of the Tuileries. Bonaparte sent round his invitations, but omitted Moreau, whom, by chance, I met that day in the following manner:—The occasion of the dinner at Veri's, permitting me the disposal of my time, I embraced the opportunity to dine also at a restaurateur's, namely, Rose's, who then was in great repute among the notable gastronomes of Paris. I went in company with M. Carbonnet, a relation of the Moreau family, and two or three others. While seated at table, we learned from the waiter that General Moreau and his lady were in an adjoining apartment: he had with him also Lacuée, and two other officers: Suchet, too, who had been at the

dinner in Veri's, which, he said, had been a terrible bore, came to join them on rising from table. These details we obtained from Carbonnet, who had left us for a few minutes to pay his respects to General and Madame Moreau. Bonaparte's affectation in not inviting Moreau, at the moment when the latter returned victorious from the Army of the Rhine; and likewise Moreau's affectation in going publicly, on the same day, to dine at another restaurateur's, led to the belief that their coldness would soon degenerate into hatred; and it was the feeling at Paris, that, in these circumstances, the victor of Marengo, without descending, might very well have placed at his table the conqueror of Hoheulinden.

From the first months of the year 1802, the republic had been but a name—an historical reminiscence. There remained, indeed, a lying inscription over the gates of the palace, but both the trees of liberty erected in the court Bonaparte had caused to be cast down, even before his instalment in the Tuileries,—proceeding thus against vain symbols before attacking realities. After the *Senatus Consulta*, however, of the 2d and 4th of August, it was apparent to the least clear-sighted, that there no longer wanted any thing to complete the sovereign power of the First Consul, save a designation. On the passing of the decrees, indeed, Bonaparte readily came to regard the different bodies of the legislature merely as so many instruments necessary to the exercise of power. Still he found the pear not yet ripe for the full development of his ulterior projects of sovereignty, with its forms and privileges. "All that will come," said he one day: "but look you, Bourrienne, it is requisite, in the first place, that I myself assume a title, whence will naturally flow all other honours, which I shall confer on these people about us. The greatest difficulty is surmounted; there is no longer any body to be deceived; all the world sees as clear as day, that there is but one step from the consulship for life to

the throne. Some management is yet necessary; there are still refractory spirits in the Tribunate — but they shall pay for it."

While these grave questions agitated the minds of men, the greater part of the inmates of Malmaison had set out on a tour to the Springs of Plombières. The travellers were, Josephine, Madame Bonaparte, senior,* Madame Beauharnais, La Valette, Hortense, and Rapp. The members of this joyous band took it into their heads to write me a bulletin descriptive of the pleasures and mischances of the tour. I give it here, as an evidence of their friendship, and just as I have preserved it, with the exception of the *patés.*

"*Bulletin of the Journey to Plombières.—To the Inhabitants of Malmaison, these:—*

"On departing from Malmaison, the eyes of every one of the company were filled with tears. This occasioned them so severe a headach, that the event was really an overwhelming one for those amiable personages. Madame Bonaparte, senior, supported this memorable day with the greatest courage; Madame Bonaparte, consuless, displayed no share of that quality; the two young ladies, Mademoiselle Hortense and Madame La Valette, contended for the bottle of *Eau de Cologne*, and the amiable M. Rapp must needs stop the carriage every minute to comfort his poor little heart, which was surcharged with bile; so he had to be put to bed on our arrival at Epernay, while the amiable party sought to forget their sorrows in champaigne. The second day was more propitious in regard to health, but provender fell scarce, and the stomach got into poor condition. The hope of finding a good supper at Toul cheered on the travellers; but despair reached its acmé, when, arriving at Toul, they found a wretched inn and nothing to eat. There were, however, certain comical visages to be seen,

* Bonaparte's mother, always termed Madame Bonaparte Mère, or, simply, Madame Mère.

affording some slight compensation for spinage dressed with lamp oil, and red cabbages fried in sour milk. It was something worth seeing to witness the gourmands of Malmaison, seated at table, and served in this melancholy fashion.

"Never in history has been recorded a day passed amid such horrible straits as that in which we arrived at Plombières. Having set out from Toul, we purposed breakfasting at Nanci, for all interiors had been void for the space of two whole days; but the civil and military authorities, taking it into their heads that their presence must be truly desirable, prevented us from realizing our design. We were thus constrained to continue our journey, visibly growing thinner. To put the finishing stroke to these calamities, the Dormouse, alias Mademoiselle Hortense, narrowly escaped drowning, by tumbling into the river,—conceiving a fancy for thus embarking on the Moselle, by way of going to Metz. We were well rewarded for so perilous a journey on reaching Plombières; for, since our arrival, we have been received with all sorts of rejoicings. The city illuminated, cannon fired, and the smiling faces we see at all the windows, inspire us with the hope of being able to support, with less regret, our absence from Malmaison.

"The above is an exact relation of our adventures, with the exception of some anecdotes, held in reserve, for recital on our return; which narrative we, the subscribed, certify to be true.

"Josephine Bonaparte.
"Beauharnais La Valette.
"Hortense Beauharnais.
"Rapp.
"Bonaparte Mere.

"The party ask pardon for the *patés*.
"This 21 Messidor.

"We request the person who receives this despatch to communicate the contents to all those interested in the fair travellers."

This journey was preceded by a scene, which I should abstain from describing, had I not pledged myself to declare the truth concerning the consular family. Two or three days before her departure, Madame Bonaparte desired to see me. I found her in tears. "What a man that Lucien is!" she exclaimed in her despair. "If you knew, my friend, the shameful proposals he has dared to make to me! —'You are going to the waters, are you?' said he; 'You ought to get a child by another, since you cannot have one by your husband.' Judge with what indignation I received such counsel. 'Eh! very well,' resumed he, 'if you will not, or if you cannot, Bonaparte must get one by another woman, and you may adopt it; for the succession must be secured: it is your own interest; you are aware of that.'—'How, sir!' said I to him, 'do you suppose the nation will suffer a bastard to govern?—Lucien! Lucien! you will be the ruin of your brother. This is fearful! I should, indeed, be unfortunate, if even you could suspect me capable of hearing, without horror, your infamous proposal! Your thoughts are pollution—your words horrible!'—'Eh! well, madam,' was his answer, 'what would you have me say to that, unless it be, that I think you somewhat dainty?'" The good Josephine wept bitterly while describing this scene, and I bear witness to her indignation.

Lucien possessed a beautiful seat near Neuilly. Some days after the shameful interview just related, he invited Bonaparte, and all the inmates of Malmaison to a play. *Alzire* was represented. Eliza acted *Alzire*, and Lucien *Zamore*. The warmth of their declamation, the meaning expression of their action, and the too *naked* truth of their costumes, were revolting to the greater part of the spectators, and to Napoleon more than any. On leaving the place, he said to me with indignation, "This is infamous! I cannot and will not suffer such indecencies. I shall let them know my mind instantly." He was as good

as his word, in the drawing-room, on Lucien's return from disrobing, or rather from *dressing*. The same evening, on our return to Malmaison, he again introduced the subject:—"What!" exclaimed he, with the liveliest displeasure, "when my first care is to reestablish purity of morals, must my brother, my sister even, exhibit themselves almost naked upon the stage? It is a disgrace." Lucien was enthusiastically attached to theatricals, and, in truth, declaimed with a skill which would not have suffered in competition with the best professional actors.

At Malmaison we had also our company, and our dramatic entertainments; but here, at least, every thing was conducted with the greatest decorum: and since we are on the subject, I may as well introduce the reader behind the scenes. The First Consul had given orders to construct for our use a very pretty theatre. Our ordinary troop consisted of Eugene Beauharnais, his sister Hortense, Madame Murat, Lauriston, Didelot, prefect of the palace, and myself. Forgetting the cares of government, which we left as much as possible behind at the Tuileries, we were often very happy in our colony at Malmaison. At that time, too, we were young; and what does not youth embellish?

The pieces which the First Consul liked best to see us perform, were *The Barber of Seville*, and *Defiance and Malice*. Our list contained also, *Proposals of Marriage*, *The Wager*, *Lovers' Quarrels*, where I was the *Valet*, and *Rural Wit*, in which I played the *Baron*, having for *Baroness*, the young and beautiful Caroline Murat. Hortense played exceedingly well, Caroline tolerably, Eugene very well, Lauriston was a little heavy, Didelot so, so; and, be it said without vanity, I was not the worst of the company. If we were not proficients, it was not through fault of good lessons and good advice; Talma and Michot came to hear us declaim, sometimes together, sometimes separately. How often have I received instructions from Michot, while we walked

in the beautiful park at Malmaison! And, will the reader excuse the confession? how much pleasure do I now experience in returning to trifles light as air, which yet, in youth, were matters of serious import, and then contrasted so strangely with the grand theatre upon which we represented no fictitious personages!

We possessed, in theatrical phrase, an establishment in point of scenery and decorations, admirably arranged. Bonaparte had presented to each a collection of pieces, beautifully bound; and, as natural patron of our troop, had caused to be procured rich and elegant dresses. He took great pleasure in our performances. He liked to see plays acted by those with whom he was intimate. Sometimes he even complimented us on our exhibition. Although the thing amused me quite as much as the others, I was more than once obliged to observe to him, that my occupations left me no time to study my parts. On this he would assume one of his most coaxing moods, and say, "Come, now, that's a good fellow: you have such a memory! you know it amuses me: you see very well these assemblies render Malmaison quite gay: Josephine is very partial to them. Rise earlier in the morning. Really I sleep a great deal—now is it not so?—Come, come, Bourrienne, do oblige me in this; you all make me laugh so heartily! Don't deprive me of this pleasure: you know very well I have not too much amusement. Ah! upon my word, it is not me alone that you will deprive of enjoyment."—"I am charmed to have the power of contributing to your amusement," I would feel constrained to reply; and so set to work to learn my parts.

On the days we played, the company at Malmaison was always very numerous. After the play, the apartments on the ground were crowded. The most animated and varied conversations took place, and gaiety and ease formed the soul and charm of the whole. Refreshments of all kinds were in profusion, and Josephine did the honours with so much kindness,

that no one felt himself overlooked. After these delightful parties, which usually broke up about midnight, the company returned to Paris, where the cares of business awaited us.

At this time, I had half the Sunday to myself. I was often obliged to devote this rare leisure to gratify Bonaparte, by the agreeable surprise of a new part, which I thus studied. Sometimes also I went to Ruel to enjoy my holiday. Once, while returning in great haste to Malmaison, I dropt a fine watch by Breguet. It was four o'clock, and the road thronged with people. I lost no time in publishing the circumstance by the town drum of Ruel; and, in an hour after, while sitting down to dinner, a lad from the village brought me my watch, which he had found on the highway, in the dust of a wheel-track. Pleased with the honesty of the youth, I rewarded both him and his father; and having mentioned, in the evening, the occurrence to the First Consul, he was so struck with the recital, that he gave me instructions to inquire about this honest family. Three of the sons he put into situations, and, what was most difficult to obtain, exempted from the Conscription the fourth, who had returned my watch. In general, when a trait of this nature reached the First Consul, he rarely failed to give to the actor concerned proofs of his satisfaction. Two qualities predominated in his disposition,—benevolence and impatience. When the latter took possession, it gained completely the upper hand; he was no longer master of himself. Of the former, I have just given an instance: nearly at the same time occurred a remarkable example of the latter.

Canova, having arrived at Paris, came to St Cloud, in order to model the figure of the First Consul, of whom he was to execute a colossal statue. This great artist often repeated his visits, in the hope of getting his model to sit; but this caused so much listlessness, disgust, and impatience to Bonaparte, that he would

very seldom agree to do so, and then only for a very short time. For Canova, however, he entertained the greatest regard; and whenever the sculptor was announced, sent me to keep him company till the moment he could go himself. At the same time, drawing up his shoulders, he would exclaim, "Another sitting!—good heavens, how tiresome!" Canova often expressed to me his disappointment in not being able to study his model as he wished; and the little interest displayed by the First Consul chilled the imagination of the artist. All agree that he has not succeeded in the work: and such is the real cause of the failure.*

It is a maxim especially applicable to absolute governments, that a prince ought as seldom as possible to change his ministers, and never save for weighty reasons. In the business of administration, experience goes a great way. The First Consul acted upon these principles, which were also those of the Emperor; often he yielded to unjust causes, but never dismissed a minister without cause. Sometimes even he carried these views too far, and retained for a space those whom he ought to have superseded.

In his agents, and in men generally, Bonaparte beheld only means and obstacles. On the 18th Brumaire, Fouché had been a means; it was now feared he might become an obstacle: it was necessary, therefore, to think of getting rid of him. Bonaparte's most sincere friends had, from the commencement, opposed this man's admission into the government; but their own disgrace had been the only result of their disinterested counsels, so influential a personage had Fouché become. How could it be otherwise? Fouché had retained power under the Republic, by the death of the king, for which he voted;—under the Reign of Terror, by his bloody atrocities at Lyons and Nevers;—under the Consulate, by his real

* For a description of, and anecdotes concerning, this statue, see the Translator's "*Memoirs of Canova.*"

services, although these were a little exaggerated;—with Bonaparte, by the charm, so to speak, by which he had fascinated him;—and with Josephine, through the enmity of the First Consul's brothers. In all Paris—throughout all France, there prevailed a belief in Fouché's extraordinary ability; and the opinion was so far well grounded, that no one has ever shewn himself so skilful in persuading the world to regard him as a man of talent. His secret, in this particular, is the secret of the greater part of those who are termed statesmen.

Be it as it may, the First Consul regarded with no favourable eye, the peculiar influence which Fouché had contrived to acquire. To the repugnance, always lurking at bottom against the minister, were now joined other causes of discontent, and his dismissal was resolved. Yet even thus, Bonaparte, still under the spell, dared not proceed, except with circumspection: when he spoke of him, it was with violent bitterness; Fouché present, the tone became lowered. Adopting the suppression of the office, as preparatory to the removal of the functionary, who had been minister of police since the 18th Brumaire, the First Consul proposed to Fouché this suppression, which he represented still distant, merely as a proof to the people of the security and tranquillity of the government. Unable to allege any reasonable objection, Fouché stipulated for two years longer, as necessary to establish completely the political security of the government, hoping, in that time, to add *enough* to his already enormous wealth,—for he was no less greedy of gold, than his master of glory; equally ambitious of increasing the limits of the estate of Pont Carré, as the latter of extending the boundaries of France.

The determination thus formed to suppress the administration of police, Bonaparte would not wait the delay which he had feigned as conceding to be necessary. On Saturday, the 12th September, we set out for Mortfontaine, and there, on the Monday,

pressed by the united instances of Lucien and Joseph he signed the decree of suppression. On our return' to Paris on the morrow, Fouché came to Malmaison, as usual, to transact business; the First Consul could not summon resolution to inform him of his disgrace, and afterwards deputed Cambacèrés to announce the suppression. Endeavouring still farther to soften the blow, he wrote to the Senate, of which he had appointed the ex-minister a member:—"In difficult circumstances, Citizen Fouché, by his talents, activity, and attachment to the government, has shewn himself equal to all contingencies. Placed in the bosom of the Senate, should circumstances again require a minister of police, the government will not find one more worthy of confidence." This letter the subject of the eulogium even regarded as a promise, and thenceforward all his subterranean batteries had but one aim,—that of forcing Bonaparte to realize it. We shall see, in the sequel, with what success these efforts were attended. The aversion, too, of Bonaparte, had strangely blinded him in the means selected for replacing this dangerous engine. For, the administrations of justice and police being united, two departments, most discordant, were placed in the hands of Regnier. The minister of the former, Abrial, so honourably preferred, as already mentioned, was, in equal honour, dismissed to the Senate, with these words:—"The police being joined to the administration of justice, I cannot longer retain you in office: you are too honest a man for the police." A compliment this, by the by, not over flattering to Regnier, the actual minister.

I have already spoken of the distresses of Josephine, who was much affected at the disgrace of Fouché, whom she looked upon as an adherent; and may here introduce some occurrences of which, about this period, Malmaison was the scene. Madame Louis Bonaparte was advanced in her first pregnancy, and Josephine,

who tenderly loved her children, looked forward with that solicitude so natural to a mother's heart. She had long been aware of the calumnious reports respecting Hortense and the First Consul, which base accusation caused her many tears. Poor Josephine! how very dearly did she purchase that grandeur in which she moved! Meanwhile Bonaparte, dazzled by the attachment then everywhere manifested towards him, aggravated this grief, through a foolish infatuation. He endeavoured to persuade her, that these reports owed their publicity only to the wish formed by the French to see him a father. In this manner, these intended consolations, addressed by self-love to maternal sorrow, rendered more acute the terrors of the wife, by awakening anew the dread of a divorce.

Josephine's inquiries on this subject, at first timid, became more decided when the consulship for life had placed Bonaparte on the steps of the throne. I remember one day, about the period of the unseasonable publication of the famous "*Parallel*," that, having entered the cabinet without being announced, —a step she sometimes ventured upon, when the good humour of the breakfast hour induced the hope of a continuance of sunshine,—Josephine approached the First Consul very gently, seated herself on his knee, passed her fingers lightly through his hair and over his face, and, judging the moment favourable, exclaimed in a burst of tenderness,—"Bonaparte, I beseech thee, do not make thyself king! It is that Lucien who urges thee to it: do not listen to him." Bonaparte answered, without unkindness, and even smiling,—"Thou art foolish, my poor Josephine! It is thine old dowagers of the Fauxbourg St Germain —thy Rochefoucaulds, who tell thee all these tales. You interrupt me; leave me alone." I now remember, like an almost forgotten dream, that the being sometimes constrained to witness certain small conjugal explanations, such as the above, was by no means the most agreeable function of the confidential

secretary of the First Consul. What he then said in a tone of kindly feeling, I had, in truth, heard him state in sober earnestness, and had been five or six times present during such altercations. Misunderstanding, too, on this question, undoubtedly reigned between the families of Beauharnais and Bonaparte. Fouché was, at this season, for Josephine, and Lucien one of her bitterest foes. One day, Rœderer broke out with such violence against Fouché, in presence of Madame Bonaparte, that she replied to him, with extreme bitterness,—"The real enemies of Bonaparte are those who give him ideas of hereditary empire—of a dynasty—of divorce and marriage." The good Josephine could not contain herself, knowing Rœderer to be of that party, and a propagator of such opinions, under the training of Lucien.

Feeling the deepest interest in the sorrows and presentiments of Josephine, I revealed to her all I knew, certain that she was incapable of betraying the confidence which she inspired. One day, I recollect, she had come on a visit to our small domicil at Ruel. While conducting her to the carriage, which she had sent forward, I opened my mind fully to her, on the apprehensions caused by the ambition of Bonaparte—whom I still loved sincerely—and by the perfidious counsels of his brothers. "Madam," said I, "if we cannot persuade the General against assuming regal power, the future makes me tremble for him. Should he ever re-establish royalty, he will have laboured for the Bourbons, who one day will ascend the throne which he has thus prepared for them. It is impossible, indeed, to say by what series of events these things may be brought about; but it needs only common sense to perceive, that, the ancient order restored, the question becomes one merely of family—no longer one of government, between liberty and absolute power. What possible reason, then, since she must cease to be free, should induce France to prefer any other to her ancient race

of kings? Bonaparte, doubtless, has done much for her: since the 18th Brumaire, she is no longer to be recognized as the distracted country of the Revolution. But he has also brought opinion, though by degrees, towards royalism. I am sorry for it, madam; but I believe, on my honour, that, spite of yourself, you will be either queen or empress." Madame Bonaparte had permitted me to go on without interruption: on hearing these last words, "Good God! Bourrienne," said she; "far, indeed, am I from such ambition; let me ever remain the wife of the First Consul: that bounds my utmost wish. Tell him, then, all you have now told me; strive to turn him from his intention of being king."—"Madam," I replied, "times are changed: the wisest men, the strongest spirits, have already courageously and with constancy, but hitherto vainly, struggled against his tendency to hereditary empire. Me he hears no longer: he is inflexible; and, when the opposition becomes serious, his words are harsh and few; his tone imperious; and authority ends the discussion."—"Nevertheless, Bourrienne, he has so great confidence in you, that, were you to make trial once more——"—"Madam, I repeat it; he would not hear me. Besides, what can I add to my observations on the correspondence with Louis XVIII? when I represented, that, being without children, he had none to whom to bequeath that throne, which, from his opinion of his brothers, doubtless he rears not for them." Here Josephine again interrupted me: "My good friend, tell me, I entreat, when you have spoken to him of children, has he ever said any thing—has he ever spoken of divorce?"—"Not one syllable, madam, I give you my word."—"If he is not urged to it," was her reply, "I think he will not determine upon it. You know how much he loves Eugene; and Eugene is so good with him! What a difference with Lucien!—that villain Lucien, to whom Bonaparte listens too easily, and yet of

whom he always speaks ill to me."—"I know not, madam, what Lucien may say to his brother, except when the latter tells me—for Lucien always avoids having a witness to the intercourse with your husband; but I can assure you, that, for two years, I have not heard the word divorce pass his lips."—"I depend always upon you, my good Bourrienne: dissuade him from it, as you did upon that occasion."—"I believe him to have no such intention; but, if the purpose were again to be entertained, consider, madam, how different would be the motives: entirely given up to the interests of his politics and of his ambition, which already dominate over every other sentiment, it would no longer be a question of scandal—a process before the tribunals—but a stretch of an authority which the complacent laws would justify, and which, probably, the church would sanction."—"It is but too true; you are right. My God! how wretched is my situation!"

Such is one of many conversations with Madame Bonaparte, on a subject often introduced by herself; and it may not prove uninteresting to contrast these presentiments with what Napoleon has stated at St Helena, in reference to his first wife. According to the Memorial, Napoleon should have said, that "when Josephine had resigned all hope of having children, she often hinted at some grand piece of *political fraud*, and finally proposed it to her husband openly." I believe that Napoleon may have said this; but I do not believe that what he thus said is true. No! Josephine never made such a proposition: I dare to assert this as a fact. Besides, did I not witness her unfeigned distress and indignation in repelling a similar proposal which Lucien had the audacious villainy to make? Why reject aid so important, if she herself favoured the scheme of palming an heir on the nation? I certainly knew that Josephine had recourse to the aid of medicine, in order to restore the signs of maternity; I recollect very well, too, that

one day, Bonaparte, entering our cabinet, exclaimed, with a joy impossible to paint, "Well! Bourrienne, my wife is at length enceinte." I offered my sincere congratulations, more indeed from courtesy than in the hope of seeing him a father by Josephine. I knew Corvisart's opinion. Medicine was the sole *political fraud* to which Josephine had recourse; and, in her situation, what woman would not have done as much? Here, then, the husband and wife are at variance—no very rare occurrence certainly; but on whose side is truth? I do not hesitate to range it on Josephine's. There exists a vast difference between the evidence of a woman who confesses her fears and her hopes to one sole confidant of the family secrets, and the tardy declarations of a man, who, having seen the mighty structure of his ambition fall to pieces, thinks only, in his involuntary retreat, of preserving untouched and spotless the fabric of his renown. But Napoleon ought to have remembered, that Cæsar's wife was not even to be suspected.

In his dazzling march, the Consul neglected none of those means which were adapted at once for the gaze of the multitude, and to conciliate the approbation of men of sense. Thus, he displayed sufficient attachment to the arts, and rightly judged that industry demanded the protection of the head of the state; but it must be acknowledged, at the same time, that he himself rendered steril the very seeds he had sown, by denying them the free air of liberty, the only invigorating atmosphere. Yet had he reason to be proud of the exhibition made during this autumn of the productions of national industry, which was held at the Louvre, under the direction of M. Chaptal. In particular, he enjoyed the admiration thus excited among foreigners, who, since the peace, had flocked in crowds to Paris. In fact, during the year 1802, the capital offered to the eye a new spectacle for a new generation; and never, since the assembly of the

States General, had Paris presented a more gratifying aspect. The funds, too, that great thermometer of opinion, as he termed them, were equally satisfactory. If, after the 18th Brumaire, they had doubled in value, —from seven to sixteen,—they were now tripled even from that rise, having attained, on the passing of the consulate for life, to fifty-two.

While Paris appeared thus flourishing, all was tranquil in the interior of France, and foreign affairs promised only security. The re-establishment of external worship was, doubtless, one great and principal cause of all this mutual confidence among the French themselves, as between them and other nations. The First Consul, accordingly, felicitated himself on having overcome, at least in appearance, the repugnance of his supporters to that measure. But political were not the only advantages thence derived. Monsieur Fesch, who, on our return from Egypt, and during our forced sojourn at Ajaccio, had discounted, at rather an exorbitant exchange, the Egyptian sequins of the Commander-in-chief, had become the Abbé Fesch, so soon as Bonaparte, Consul, had re-edified the prostrated altars of France. On the 19th August, 1802, he was consecrated Bishop; in the following year received a Cardinal's hat; and, subsequently, the Archbishopric of Lyons, of which the cardinal is still titular. Thus Bonaparte profited, by one of his relations being in orders, to elevate him to the highest dignities of the church.

With regard to our foreign relations, peace every where prevailed. The court of Rome, which, since the concordat, had been, so to speak, at the devotion of the First Consul, exhibited, under all circumstances, proofs of adherence to the interests of France, and compliance with the desires of her ruler. She had been the first to recognize the erection of Tuscany into the new kingdom of Etruria, as also the Helvetic, Cisalpine, and Batavian republics. Prussia speedily followed this example, and the other powers of Europe

in succession. All these new states, whether kingdoms or republics, were under the immediate influence of France. Piedmont, divided into six departments, was united to that country; and the news of a *Te Deum*, chanted at Turin as a thanksgiving for this union, left Bonaparte in no doubt on the facility with which Italy would bend beneath his yoke. The island of Elba, which his own banishment was subsequently to render so famous, also formed part of the shade of the French republic. Thus all seemed to concur in the assurance of absolute power to the First Consul,—the only government of which he was able to form any idea. Although I had not been privy to his most secret thoughts, I should never, on this subject, have been mistaken as to his ulterior designs. One characteristic distinction of his government, even under the denomination of consular, gave no doubtful evidence of his intention. Had he designed to found a free constitution, it is quite evident he would have assigned to his ministers a personal responsibility, while, on the contrary, they were responsible to himself alone: he beheld in them only instruments, to be thrown aside at pleasure. This one circumstance sufficed to unveil his future intentions; and, better to conceal these, all government acts were signed only by M. Maret, the secretary of state. Thus the consulate for life was but a disguised empire, the usufruct of which did not long satisfy the First Consul's ambition. His brothers urged him on, and a new dynasty was resolved upon. But circumstances demanded caution and delay.

CHAPTER XIV.

MILITARY GOVERNMENT — BONAPARTE'S QUARREL WITH LANNES — DISGRACE OF BOURRIENNE — SINGULAR SCENE — CONSULAR GOVERNMENT — CONSULATE FOR LIFE — APPEAL TO THE PEOPLE — ACT PASSED — STATE OF PARTIES.

It was not only an absolute, but, much worse still, a military government also, which Bonaparte laboured to establish in France. He conceived a decree, signed by his hand, to be endowed with some magic power, capable of at once transforming generals into able diplomatists; so they were appointed to embassies, as if to forewarn the different sovereigns that he would one day take their several crowns by storm. Among these military envoys appears Lannes, whose nomination to the court of Lisbon arose out of circumstances, an account of which will not be read without interest, as displaying the character of Bonaparte, and exhibiting the methods he disdained not to employ, when desirous of removing even his most faithful friends as soon as their presence became inconvenient.

Bonaparte never *thee* and *thou*ed Lannes, but Lannes continued the practice, and it is impossible to describe how this persisting in kindly familiarity by one of his most valiant companions in arms, became insupportable. The increasing grandeur of the First Consul, every day demanding fresh sacrifices on the part of friends, made no change in the blunt frankness of Lannes, the last, in fact, who still dared to treat Bonaparte as an equal, or tell him the truth without disguise. There wanted nothing more to decide his

banishment. But under what pretext remove the conqueror of Montebello?—that must be contrived; and in this truly diabolical machination we shall see Bonaparte put in play that superabundance of craft with which he was so amply provided.

Lannes, careless of to-morrow, prodigal of his gold as of his blood, gave away a great deal to poor officers, and to his soldiers, whom he loved as children: his whole fortune thus consisted in the debts which he owed. When he wanted money, which often happened, he came quite simply to the Tuileries, and asked for so much of the First Consul, who, I must own, never refused him. Knowing his situation, Bonaparte said to him one day,—"My good fellow, you must get settled in a manner befitting your rank. Let us see—rent the Hôtel de Noailles: order it to be furnished with becoming magnificence." Lannes, whose very openness prevented him from suspecting a thought in reserve, followed the advice of the First Consul. The hotel was engaged, and splendidly fitted up. After having thus conformed to Bonaparte's instructions, the General came to ask him for 400,000 francs, (£16,600,) being the amount of expenses incurred in some sort, by his orders. "But," said the First Consul, "I have not the money."—"How, thou hast not the money! what the devil am I to do?"—"Is there none in the chest of the guard? Take what you want—we will arrange that." Ever without distrust, Lannes went to the treasurer of the guard, who at first made some difficulty, but yielded, when he understood the consent of the First Consul to have been given. Not twenty-four hours afterwards, the treasurer was called upon for his cash account, and Lannes' acknowledgment for the four hundred thousand francs refused, as not representing that sum. It was in vain that the treasurer alleged the authority of the First Consul: he had on a sudden lost all recollection of the matter—never gave such an order—where is it? It was quite clear Lannes must restore

the money,—and, as I said before, poor Lannes! he was rich only in debts. On this he went to Lefebvre, who loved him as a pupil, and related all that had passed. "Awkward this," said Lefebvre to him: "why didst thou not apply to me? Why hadst thou any thing to do with that ——— at the Tuileries? 'Sblood! there's the money: carry him his francs, and bid him be ———."

Lannes arrived in a fury at the apartments of the Consul. "How," cried he, "couldst thou condescend to such an unworthy act!—play me such a trick!—lay so disgraceful a trap for me, after all I have done for thee—after all the blood I have lavished to serve thine ambition! Is this all the recompense which thou reservest for me?—thou forgettest, then, the 13th Vendemiaire, when I did more than thou! Dost remember Millesimo? I was a colonel before thee. To serve thee, I again became a soldier—better I had remained a grenadier. For whom did I fight at Bassano? Thou sawest me at Lodi, at Governolo, where I was wounded,—and yet playest me such a scurvy trick? But for me, Paris would have revolted on the 18th Brumaire: without me, thou wouldst not have gained the battle of Marengo. By myself alone—yes, alone—I passed the Po at Montebello, with my whole division, though you wished to give the honour to Berthier, who was not present. I—I have paid in my person to see myself disgraced! That cannot—shall not be. I must——" Bonaparte heard all this, motionless, and pale with rage: Lannes was on the point of challenging him, when Junot, attracted by the noise, rushed in with precipitation. His unexpected presence somewhat reassured the First Consul, and at the same time calmed the general's fury. "Well, then," said Bonaparte, "go to Lisbon; you will make money there, and when you return, will need no one to pay your debts." Thus was attained the object proposed. Lannes set off for Lisbon, tormented him no longer

with familiarities, and, on returning, never used the obnoxious *thee* and *thou*.

It is not, I confess, unintentionally, that I place here this scene: it conducts me naturally to the explanation of the true causes which led to my own separation from the First Consul. Always faithful to the law self-imposed, I shall dissemble nothing. Nine months previously, I had offered my resignation; for the labour had become too severe, and the confinement too unremitting for my health. The physician had, doubtless, spoken to the same effect with the First Consul; for the latter said to me, one day, in a tone little soothing, "Why, Bourrienne, Corvisart tells me you have not a year to live." The compliment was not over kind on the part of an early friend; especially as the doctor's prediction seemed not unlikely to be fulfilled. I had formed the resolution of retiring, which was urged also by my family; but various considerations retained me in a state of uncertainty: of these, affection for the First Consul—a friend from seven years of age, and this friendship only interrupted once by Joseph's machinations—was not the least. An unforeseen occurrence terminated my indecision. On the 27th of February, at ten in the evening, Bonaparte dictated to me a diplomatic despatch of great importance, and very urgent, for M. de Talleyrand, who was, at the same time, directed to repair to the Tuileries, at an hour mentioned. According to established usage, I remitted this letter to the officer on duty, to be forwarded to the minister. This was on a Saturday. On the morrow, Sunday, M. de Talleyrand arrived, as if for audience, about mid-day. The First Consul having immediately addressed him on the subject of the despatch, was extremely surprised to find it had been received only that morning. He rang instantly for the attendant to call me. As he was in very bad humour, he pulled the bell-rope with so much precipitation, that he struck his knuckles violently

against the corner of the chimney-piece. I entered in all haste. "Why," cried he, addressing me abruptly, "why was my letter not delivered last night?"—"I know not; I gave it instantly to the functionary appointed to transmit all letters."—"Go, inquire about the delay, and return quickly." Having rapidly informed myself how matters stood, I returned to the cabinet: "Well?" said the First Consul, whose ill temper had rather increased than otherwise.—"Well, General, no one is in fault; M. de Talleyrand was to be found neither at the office, nor at home, nor in any of the circles he usually frequents." Not knowing on whom to vent himself, restrained by the impassibility of Talleyrand, but choking with rage, Bonaparte started up, hurried from the cabinet, and went to interrogate the officer in waiting, which he did in an abrupt manner, putting the latter quite out, who stammered and replied incoherently; thus exciting more and more the irritation of the inquirer. Seeing the Consul thus beside himself, I had followed; and, on his returning towards the cabinet, endeavoured to pacify him, entreating him not to make so much noise about an affair, which, after all, was not of such moment. I know not if his violence arose from seeing the blood streaming from his fingers, at which he looked every instant, taking, as the reader knows, great pride in his hands; but a most outrageous fury, such as I had never before witnessed, seized upon him; and, as I was about to enter the cabinet at the same time, he flung the door from him with such violence, that most infallibly, had I been two or three inches nearer, I should have had my face broken. This almost convulsive action he accompanied by an address quite unbearable, calling out to me, in presence of M. de Talleyrand, "Leave me alone!—you are a —— beast." At these unheard-of words, I confess the rage which filled the First Consul, on a sudden fired me also, and that, transported by a resolution, quick as lightning, I opened, not less rudely

than he had shut, the door, and cried, being really no longer in my senses, "You are a hundred times a greater beast than I!" This said, I shut the door, and ascended to my own apartments in the floor above.

Such a separation was as far from my wishes as from my expectation; but what was done could not be undone. I seized the occasion, however, without leaving time for reflection; and, still trembling with excitement, traced, in these terms, the offer of my resignation:—"General,—The state of my health permits me no longer to continue my service near your person. I beg you to accept my resignation.—

BOURRIENNE."

Some minutes after, I saw from my windows, saddle-horses brought upon the terrace. This was contrary to custom, Bonaparte seldom riding out on horseback on Sunday. Duroc accompanied him. I descended soon afterwards to the cabinet, and laid my letter on his table. Returning at four o'clock, and seeing it, he said to Duroc, before breaking the seal,—"Ah ha! a letter from Bourrienne;" adding almost immediately—for to read the billet required brief space—"He is in a pet—Accepted!" I had quitted the Tuileries at the moment of his return. Duroc sent me the following note, while at dinner:—"The First Consul, my dear Bourrienne, commands me to say, that he accepts thy resignation; and requests thee to inform me about his papers. I embrace thee.—P.S. I shall call presently."

About eight o'clock, he came for me. The First Consul was in the cabinet when we entered. I immediately began to explain to Duroc the necessary arrangements. Piqued to find I did not speak to him, and at the coolness with which I talked to Duroc, Bonaparte addressed me, in the harshest tone, "Have done, you ——! there is quite enough of that: leave me!" I leaped from the steps upon which I had mounted, for the purpose of shewing Duroc the

situation of some papers, and retired instantly. I, too, had quite enough of that!

In looking out for a convenient domicil, two days more were passed at the Tuileries. On the Monday, I descended to the apartments of the First Consul, to offer my adieus. We conversed long and amicably together: he expressed regret that I was leaving him, and said he would do every thing for me in his power. I mentioned several places; and finally hinted at the Tribunate. "That does not suit you," said he: "they are declaimers and speechifiers, whom I will send about their business. All the disturbances in other quarters proceed from the harangues of the Tribunate: I'll have no more of them." He went on in such a tone, as left no doubt on the uneasiness caused him by this assembly, in whose ranks were to be found men of great talents and noble characters. In fact, during the same year, 1802, it was reduced to fifty members, and, somewhat later, entirely suppressed.

On the morrow, (Tuesday,) the First Consul asked me to breakfast with him. After breakfast, while he was conversing with some one, Madame Bonaparte and Hortense pressed me to make some advances; pointing out, with all the gentleness and kindly feeling they had ever shewn, that I ought to do so, seeing I had also been wrong, and had forgotten myself. I replied, that the evil seemed past remedy, and that, besides, I really required repose. At that moment, the First Consul called me; and, in a long conversation, renewed his promises of kindness.

At five o'clock, I was about to quit the Tuileries altogether, when I was informed the First Consul wished to see me. Duroc, who was in the antichamber leading into the cabinet, said, as I passed through,—"My good fellow, he wants you to remain. I beseech thee not to refuse: do me this favour. I have declared to him, that I cannot manage these affairs:

I am not accustomed to them; and, between us, they are too annoying." I entered the cabinet without replying. The First Consul approached with a smile, and, taking me by the ear, as in his gracious moments, said,—"What! still in the sulks?" and, in this way, conducted me to my usual place. "Come, seat yourself there." To judge of my situation, the reader must have known him. He had, when he chose, a most winning manner. I had not the power to resist: I could not even reply; and resumed my wonted tasks. A few minutes after, dinner was announced. "You will dine with me to-day?" said he. "I cannot; I am expected where I was going, when you sent to call me: I cannot break my engagement."—"In that case, I have nothing more to say; but give me your word that you will be here at eight."—"I give it you." Thus, I found myself reinstated as confidential secretary of the First Consul, and believed our reconciliation sincere.

I now throw a retrospective glance over the most important acts of the consular government, previous to the consulate for life. We must never lose sight of the fact, that Bonaparte laboured only for himself; and that, in exercising the consular power, he was creating the empire. In his own estimation, he was king from that night in which he first slept at the Luxembourg; and thus his reign may be extended to fourteen years. Under this aspect, we may say, that history furnishes no example of an empire founded as was this of France; since all its parts were organized under the cloak of a republic. During the consulate, he was chief of the state—every thing. His two colleagues, spite of the guards which usage permitted them, were so inefficient, so powerless, that Talleyrand, holding of the will of the First Consul, was, in reality, the second person in the consular government. This power, too, he owed chiefly to his being the representative of another,

the prestiges attached to which ever dominated in the mind of Bonaparte,—namely, the power of the nobility —the power of the Fauxbourg Saint Germain.*

But this was by no means the power of which he stood most in dread: he treated it chiefly as an affair of delicacy, and wished rather to gain than vanquish the order. The party he seriously feared was that of the Revolution, under which category he comprehended all those, who, attached to the liberties and the institutions created by the Revolution, were opposed to the consulate for life, and, above all, to the question of an hereditary dynasty.

But, while obeying the call of this ambition, the First Consul was not the less solicitous to legitimate his aspirations by organic institutions. Hence the concordat, which reconciled the church and those in France still haply endowed with sentiments of religion: hence the numerous recalls of emigrants, which, though the amnesty did not extend to property, yet in person attached to the country and to its ruler a crowd of the ancient noblesse: hence the Legion of Honour, so unfavourably received at first, but which, in speedily becoming the object of the wishes and the ambition of all, bound all to *him* who had become the source of the coveted honours. For war, again, the levying of men guaranteed the strength of the armies by sea and land; and a new system, and new schools of military education, provided officers capable and worthy of commanding these armies.

But the soul of the consular government was the Council of State, composed of men practised in all the departments of administration, and whose discussions chiefly occupied Bonaparte. Its compliance to his wishes, though sufficiently flexible, was by no means unanimous on many questions. Here were discussed, at first in sincerity, freely, and as among friends, all projects of government. These, once

* In this part of Paris were, or still are, the hotels, or mansions of the ancient French nobility. — *Translator.*

adopted, were transmitted to the Tribunate, and thence to the Legislative Assembly. But, as this last assembly was mute, it will be proper, in order fully to understand what really composed the state, to consider the Legislative Assembly as a high tribunal of legislation, before which the members of the Tribunate were the advocates of the people; and the counsellors of state, charged with supporting the measures of administration and law, the advocates of government. This sufficiently explains the animosity of the First Consul against the Tribunate; and shews what the constitution had become, when, by a sudden and arbitrary decision, that body, the sole guardian of popular rights, was erased from the legislature.

Under the consulate, not only was there a Council of State considered as a body politic, but each of the members composing it might be invested with a special authority. This was the case, when the First Consul despatched the counsellors of state, on a particular mission, into the several military divisions, with power of holding courts of appeal. Their instructions were, in this instance, vast,—or, indeed, unlimited. They were to examine all the branches of administration; verify the accounts of the head officers of revenue; cognosce, with the assistance of the generals and inspectors of reviews, the state of the military service and funds; and, finally, with the prefects and engineers of roads and bridges, determine the repairs to be executed on the highways and canals, or the wants and improvements to be supplied on the localities of the department. These counsellors on mission, were also to interrogate, on the spot, the public opinion on the policy of government. In this way, from their reports, collected and compared, the First Consul held in his possession a series of documents, exhibiting France both in her political and moral relations, and in reference to the material divisions of administration. But here, again, a measure, excellent in itself, became, in its results, fatal to the state, from

the personalities of the ruler. It was soon found that it conduced more to private views, in all respects, to exhibit France less what she really was, than what the First Consul desired her to be. Thus, from these very reports, he was able to infer new arguments, favouring his own ambition. I must likewise remark, that in the discussions of the Council of State, he was by no means startled by contrariety or freedom of opinion; often, indeed, he provoked opposition; because, though perfectly determined to do only what he himself had resolved, he yet wished to be informed; and it is difficult to conceive how greatly, in the course of two years, his judgment had become trained to the great interests of civil and legislative affairs. But the liberty of opinion allowed in the Council was intolerable in the Tribunate. This arose from the discussions of the latter being public, while the sittings of the former were secret—and of all things Bonaparte most dreaded publicity. When he had to transmit to the Legislative Assembly, or to the Tribunate, laws of little importance, he was very well pleased, and called it, "throwing them a bone to gnaw."

Such were the parties before whom was to be discussed the grand question of the consulate for life. Let us see how the plot was hatched, the piece played, and how the hero of the drama, for whose benefit the performance had been got up, affected to remain, as much as possible, in the side scenes.

The Tribunate had emitted the proposition, that some *splendid mark* of public gratitude should be conferred upon the First Consul. This expression was indefinite, and it remained to shew what this *splendid proof* should be. Bonaparte knew well what he himself desired; but determined, notwithstanding his impatience often prompted him, sword in hand, to seize the prize, not to commit himself. He resolved to have the appearance of yielding only to the necessities of France, and thus to enslave it, through excess of seeming love for the country. Such a combination

could not have sprung up or been matured in a vulgar brain; but Bonaparte's was not fashioned like any other head. It required a most powerful volition to curb, for a length of time, the boldness so natural to him, and which resulted more from his temperament than from his character. I acknowledge, for my part, who so well knew him, that I always admired in him more the courage which he displayed in refraining till fitting season, than all the most audacious acts he ever performed.

According to form, the proposition of the Tribunate was transmitted to the Senate. Thenceforward the senators, upon whom the Consul reckoned the most, frequently appeared at the Tuileries. La Place, whom Bonaparte had deemed so incapable as a minister, and Lacèpede, disputed the palm of devotedness; but in that respect, both these learned men were outdone by the two consular colleagues. On this occasion, Cambacèrés, in particular, shewed himself grateful for the licence granted to transport, per mail, to Paris, the gastronomic products of France. But on sounding the dispositions of those who frequented the committees of rehearsal, preparatory to the full senatorial discussion, as it was discovered that the majority would not be for the consulate for life, it was agreed, to limit the *splendid mark* to a prorogation of the consulate for ten years, in favour of the First Consul. Lacèpede, the mover, took his conclusions accordingly, and limited his motion to the prorogation for ten years, commencing from the termination of the ten years already granted by the constitution. I have forgotten who proposed the question of the consulate for life, but this I recollect, that Cambacèrés was eager in his assurances of its success. Bonaparte, on hearing these assertions, whether dictated by flattery or conviction, I cannot say, tossed his head with a gesture of impatience and doubt, and afterwards remarked to me, "They will probably play off some grimaces, but to it they must come at last."

In the Senate, an attempt to have the question of the consulate for life first considered, failed; consequently, that of the decennality being passed, it became needless to discuss the former. There was something very curious in the *Senatus Consultum* delivered on this occasion. The Senate, speaking in name of the French people, said, that the act had been agreed upon, "as an expression of the people's gratitude *to the Consuls* of the republic," though the consular reign was proposed to be prolonged in the person of the *First Consul* only. In fact, such an extension of power voted in favour of Cambacèrés and Lebrun, could only have been towards them an act of bitter mockery.

The First Consul, strongly dissatisfied as he felt with the decision of the Legislative Assembly, nevertheless veiled his discontent under ambiguous words. When Tronchet, at that time president, had read to him, in solemn audience, at the head of a deputation, the Decree of Prorogation, he replied, in a brief address, the last sentence of which was the only important one:—"You consider that I owe to the people a new sacrifice of ease: I will make it, should the votes of the people command from me what your suffrage authorizes." He would not accept of the offer of the *Senate*, under a feigned respect for the wishes of the *People;* though, in reality, he refused because he wished more. Thus the question assumed a new form, and could not receive its decision save from the people; and since the people had the right of refusing what the Senate offered, they possessed, by that same admission, the power of granting what the Senate had not offered. Such were the calculations of Bonaparte, and they proved correct.

Things being thus disposed, the time had arrived for consulting the Council of State, in order to determine how the votes of the people should be solicited; what questions were to be submitted to them; and,

finally, when their suffrages should be collected. Though a member, I never assisted at the deliberations of the Council. My avocations in the cabinet, and delicate position with regard to the First Consul, prevented me taking my seat. This was no subject of regret; and my position necessarily rendered me acquainted with all that passed. Some opposition was manifested, but without acrimony; and, on the whole, the discussion was calm and even cold. A strong majority carried the measure of appeal in favour of the First Consul; and he, ever faithful to his plan, ever ready, for his own purposes, to caress the sovereignty of the people, which he held in horror, promulgated the following decree:—

"The Consuls of the Republic, considering that the resolution of the First Consul is a splendid homage rendered to the majesty of the people; that the people, consulted on their dearest interests, ought to recognize no other limits than those interests, decree as follows:—

"Article I. The French people shall be consulted on this question: *Shall Napoleon Bonaparte be Consul for life?*

"Article II. In each commune registers shall be opened, in which the citizens are to be invited to inscribe their votes on this question.

"Article III. These registers shall be opened at the secretariats of all the administrations, at the offices of all the tribunals, and at the dwellings of all mayors and notaries.

"Article IV. The space allowed for voting in each department shall be three weeks, dating from the day on which this decree arrives at the prefecture, and seven days, reckoning from the time of its publication in each commune."

In this decree the policy of the First Consul shewed itself under a new aspect, and his address shines forth

in all its splendour. At one and the same moment he refused the less, while he strove to grasp the more; in reality, he himself proposed the greater, that he might exalt his moderation in not accepting the less. Thus the Senate found itself outplayed; the resolution was transmitted to the Tribunate, and from the moment that, through dexterous management, Bonaparte had brought it round to the people, the question might be regarded as already decided in his favour, both from the means of influence which a government has always at command, and because, hitherto, the *outward* acts of the First Consul had been such as to secure popularity.

While merely the necessary forms were thus waited for—in other respects there could be no doubt—the First Consul went to pass some days at Malmaison. This was pretty generally his custom, after an event out of the ordinary routine of government. There he reflected upon what he had done, and, by the success attending his most daring actions, was encouraged in the belief of his fortune, and in the species of worship he rendered to audacity. While passion urged him on, he saw but his object; that attained, he examined the obstacles which he might have encountered. The first day of our retreat, it being then about the middle of May, and consequently the evenings fine, on our rising from table, Bonaparte said to me,—"Come, Bourrienne, let us take a turn." He was very serious; and we had walked out in the park for two or three minutes without his uttering a single word. Ignorant of the cause of this silence, and wishing to break it in an agreeable manner, I spoke to him of recent transactions. He seemed scarcely to hear me, so completely did he appear absorbed in his own reflections; then, stopping on a sudden, "Bourrienne," said he, "do you think the pretender to the crown of France would renounce his rights were I to make offer of a large indemnity, or even of a province in Italy?" Surprised at this

abrupt interrogatory, on a subject of all others unexpected, I answered at once, that the thought was not to be entertained; and though the Bourbons could not, with any likelihood, hope to return while he was chief of France, yet, it was to be supposed, they did regard their return as probable. "How so?"—"General, for a very simple reason: Do you not find that your agents daily flatter your desires, or conceal the truth from you, in order to shew forth their own importance in your service? Are you not often indignant when the truth at length reaches you?"—"Yes; well?"—"Very well, General, must it not be the same with the agents of Louis XVIII. in France?"—"You are right; your idea is good. But keep yourself easy; I fear them not. Notwithstanding, something, perhaps, may be done: I will think of it. We shall see." The conversation dropt on this subject; but it will be seen, ere long, that this thought did not germinate in Bonaparte's brain without bringing forth its fruit.

In the interval between the acts of the legislature relative to the consulate, and the collecting of the votes, Lucien renewed his intrigues, or, to speak more correctly, gave them a new activity on the question of succession, so that hereditary power also might be included. Circulars on this subject, but without name, which had been dispersed over the country, were transmitted, by different prefects, to the minister of the interior, with complaints of the mischief they were producing in their prefectures. These came from Lucien. Whether Bonaparte knew of them this time, as in the case of the famous pamphlet, is not certain; but I believe him to have been not quite a stranger to their contents, for they were from the pen of Rœderer, at the instigation of Lucien; and Rœderer was then in high favour at the Tuileries. I only recollect the First Consul getting into a great passion about a pamphlet by Camille Jordan, who, though he voted favourably on the

question of the consulate for life, demanded also the liberty of the press, and wrote in support of this demand. The suspended vote of La Fayette was but a peccadillo in comparison. Bonaparte ran over the fatal brochure, breathing invectives against its author. "How!" said he, "am I never to have done with these firebrands?—babblers, who see politics upon paper, as they look at the world on a chart! Forsooth! I have only to allow them to order things, and all will go well! On my word! Camille Jordan, whom I received so kindly at Lyons,—he also demands the liberty of the press! No! assuredly they shall not have it! I might as well get into the stage at once, and set off to live on a farm some hundred leagues from Paris!" As a conclusion to this violent sally, the first act of the First Consul in favour of the liberty of the press, was to seize the pamphlet in which Camille Jordan had set himself to shew forth its advantages. Every thing tending to popular interference, whether in writing or speaking, was the raw-head-and-bloody-bones to Bonaparte:—hence his profound hatred of lawyers, orators, and writers.

There was still in France, and even in the legislature, a considerable number of men, who silently opposed Bonaparte in the headlong career of his ambition,—who had saluted with enthusiasm the dawn of the Revolution, but who had subsequently turned with abhorrence from its mockeries and its crimes. These yet cherished the possibility of a constitutional government in France. From such opponents, however, Bonaparte deemed no danger to be feared: he even turned their honourable aspirations into a lure, by promises of liberty, and by an appearance of popular forms. He could now say,—"Do you require the voice of the nation?—behold it is in my favour. Three millions five hundred and seventy-seven thousand two hundred and fifty-nine citizens have given in their suffrages: well! of that number how many are for me? Behold again: three millions

three hundred and sixty-eight thousand one hundred and twenty-five. Compare: you have not wherewith to oppose me—one vote to forty-five in my favour. I obey the voice of the people." He might also have added,—"Besides, what are those suffrages given against me? Those of ideologists, lawyers, haranguers, Jacobins, and peculators of the public revenue under the Directory? What! object to such arguments?" Nor must the reader imagine that I have invented the words here put into Bonaparte's mouth; he, in fact, used them oftener than once.

The result of the voting being declared, the Senate found itself compelled to repair the only fault yet committed in the eyes of the First Consul, by presenting to him, in grand audience, a decree thus conceived:—

"Article I. The French people appoints, and the Senate proclaims, Napoleon Bonaparte Consul for life.

"Article II. A statue of Peace, holding in one hand the laurel of victory, and in the other this decree of the Senate, shall witness to posterity a nation's gratitude.

"Article III. The Senate shall convey to the First Consul the expression of the confidence, love, and admiration of the French people."

Bonaparte replied to the deputation of the Senate, in presence of the members of diplomacy, whose day of audience had been fixed on purpose for enabling the ambassadors speedily to inform their respective courts, that Europe reckoned a king more. In his reply, the only thing worthy of remark is, the appearance, once more, of the high-sounding words, *Liberty* and *Equality*:—"Through my efforts; through your concurrence, Citizen Senators; through the concurrence of all the authorities, aided by the confidence and the wishes of this great people, Liberty and Equality, and the prosperity of France, shall be esta-

blished beyond the vicissitudes of chance and the uncertainties of the future. The best of nations will be the happiest, as the most worthy of being so; and the felicity of the French people will contribute to that of all Europe. Then, satisfied with having been called, by the fiat of Him from whom all emanates, to bring back to earth Justice, Order, and Equality, I shall hear the stroke of my last hour without regret, and without inquietude as to the opinion of the generations to come. Senators, receive my thanks on this solemn occasion. The Senate desired what the people has now willed, and henceforth is more closely associated in all that remains to be done for the good of the country."

On the day of this solemnity, besides the diplomatic body, there was a prodigious assemblage of generals, officers, and superior functionaries of government. In the grand apartments of the Tuileries, all wore the aspect of rejoicing and bustle. Not so in the apartments of Josephine, who could not but see, in each step which her husband made towards the throne, a step which removed him from her. Sad, oppressed with secret grief, she had yet to sustain the honours of the evening's receptions. She acquitted herself with her wonted grace. But, on that evening, the tone of conversation was unusually serious: little was spoken of besides the ceremony of the morning, and the happiness of France, now assured during the life of the Consul. His words were recalled—were dwelt upon—each, in some way or other, expressed his admiration of the great man, who would owe all to the award of the people. Bonaparte enjoyed his triumph with well-enacted modesty; while the provident Cambacérés, in the midst of a numerous circle, affected to put restrictions on his approbation, as if the First Consul had manifested principles too popular!

But, during the busy year of 1802, the First Consul gave his hours to far other important and

honourable cares. From the month of March, he had been most regular in attending the sittings of the Council of State, often dedicated to a subject which engrossed his thoughts from the time when he first entered the Luxembourg. This was the compiling of a new code of laws, to replace the indigested collections of revolutionary judicature, and to substitute order for that species of anarchy which still reigned in judicial legislation. Men the most deeply versed in legal science had co-operated in this immense work; and the result of the whole was, *The Civil Code*, afterwards named *The Code Napoleon*. The labours in this great and useful undertaking being brought to a close, Bonaparte named a commission, presided by Cambacèrés, and composed of MM. Portalis, Merlin de Douai, and Tronchet, to present the Code to the legislature. During the whole of the investigations, instead of meeting, according to custom, twice a-week, the Council of State assembled every day, for two or three, frequently for five or six hours. The First Consul took so lively an interst in these lofty discussions, that, in order to prolong them, he very often retained several members of council to dinner. It was in these grave conversations that I have most admired the incredible versatility of the genius of Bonaparte; or rather that superior instinct which enabled him at once to perceive, in their true point of view, questions of legislature to which he might naturally have been supposed a stranger. This arose from his possessing, in supreme degree, a knowledge of man, and of the science of ruling: hence, whatever is required to bind men under the control of government, struck upon his spirit, as if by sudden revelations.

About the middle of August, he paid his first visit of state to the Legislative Assembly, therein to preside as Consul for life. I profited by one of my rare moments of leisure, to view the procession and ceremony. All shewed truly royal. The streets

were lined with troops; the consular carriage, for the first time, was drawn by eight horses,—a distinction which ancient forms had reserved for the kings of France; and ten senators received him on alighting. This last mark of sovereignty, however, by a well-played piece of comic modesty, in which his brothers enacted the chief characters, was set aside at that very meeting.* This state visit had also at bottom something more; it gave precedence over the bodies of the legislature to the Senate, which, as by instinct, he had divined would prove the most yielding to his purposes. In fact, he afterwards gave this assembly the name of the "Deaf and Dumb Institution;" and, for that very reason, not only left untouched, but extended its privileges, at the expense of other parts of the legislature. Thus, the creation of senatories, in 1803, displaced, in a great measure, the functions of the counsellors of state; since these senators, on visiting their senatories, enjoyed the privilege of holding courts of appeal. Yet scarcely could he speak of the Senate without laughing at it. The judgment of Bonaparte must not be confounded with his actions. His sagacity discovered and appreciated what was good; but the necessities of his situation left him little choice between the good and the expedient.

While all were thus fashioning themselves with admirable docility to his views, and to the yoke he prepared, Bonaparte found it far more difficult to manage his own family, than to govern France. Reports were industriously circulated by his brothers, that Talleyrand, Lucien, and Joseph, were to divide between them the different departments, at the very time, too, when the Consul was proposing to extend the executive; and in fact he did add a new minister

* By a singular coincidence, one of the decrees presented by Bonaparte, on this his first act of royalty, pronounced the annexation of the Island of Elba to the French Republic. — *Translator.*

for the treasury, and divided into two the secretaryship of war. Besides, the conduct of Lucien had recently given great offence. The letters from Madrid were absolutely filled with complaints against him, which, added to certain scandalous scenes, the talk of all Paris,—such as the carrying off the wife of a lemonade seller, irritated Bonaparte to the last degree. Under so many provocations, from almost every member of his family, I have ever been much at a loss to account for the empire maintained over him by his relations.

One of the happiest sayings on record is that of the Athenian, who appealed from Philip drunk to Philip sober. I speak not here of the gross indulgence which levels the man with the brute, but of that intoxication of success which seems to afflict the ambitious with a species of mental inebriety. The intellect of mediocrity is not subject to this derangement—scarcely, indeed, can conceive it; nevertheless, true it is, that glory and ambition mount for the moment into the best organized brain, as was Bonaparte's case, who, in all the plenitude of his genius, suffered aberrations of judgment; and, if his imagination never failed, his understanding was frequently at fault. I lay stress upon this remark as explaining, perhaps at the same time excusing, the crimes with which the First Consul has been most severely reproached. The activity of his mind admitted no interval between the conception and the execution of a thought, and when he would have recalled his orders in the calmer moments of reflection, it was generally too late. Yet, certain it is, that in civil affairs, duty was best discharged to the First Consul by never obeying the first *hasty* impulse given. The very reverse was the service required on the field of battle: there his combinations, rapid as the lightening, were no less correct than decisive. How often, too, has he said to me of certain persons, that they were gifted with a mischievous zeal; nor was he aware how often the zeal put in action about the persons of

great men, is but one of the shapes assumed by baseness. Thus, for example—though in their case, doubtless, with the best intentions—Maret, Champagny, and Savary often exhibited an eagerness of service whose consequences were very fatal.

How different was the conduct of Talleyrand! When the Consul gave him orders, "Write so and so—send it off instantly by an extraordinary courier," he usually took his time, and put himself in no hurry: in short, he was accustomed to appeal from Philip drunk to Philip sober. Next time that the minister came to transact business, the question would be put,—"Well, did you despatch the courier?"—"I should have been very cautious of doing so," would the minister reply, "before shewing you my letter." Then it most generally happened, that the First Consul added,—"All reflections made, don't send." Such was the zeal really serviceable to Bonaparte; and it is but just to add, that I never saw him impatient at, or dissatisfied with, such delay. An hundred times have I heard him remark, both in Talleyrand's case and my own, when we had deferred an order emanating from his resentment or passion, not from his heart or judgment, "It is well—very well: you understand me; so does Talleyrand. It is thus I should be served: others leave me no time for reflection; they are too prompt!" In fact, with the exception of Fouché, his other ministers, if ordered to send off a courier to-morrow morning, were more inclined to expedite the violent message that same evening. These two individuals, as it were, represented at the consular court, the former the Constitutional Assembly, with an odour of ancient refinement; the latter, the Convention, in all its brutality.

At this time royalism had the support of a committee, whose existence in Paris was known to the First Consul, and which conducted a correspondence with Louis XVIII. This committee must not be confounded with subaltern agents, who were good

for little, and among whom were many, like Melas's spy at Marengo, who studied only to make hay whatever sun might shine, or rather, who served Bonaparte alone, while they took pay with both hands. These called themselves agents of Louis XVIII, on the strength of holding correspondence with the knights of *industry*, as well as of *emigration*. The committee, properly so called, was quite another thing; this was composed of men whose minds were enriched with principles of true liberty, and whose attachment to the house of Bourbon resulted from an enlightened patriotism. These were the Marquis of Clermont-Gallerande, the Abbé de Montesquieu, M. Becquet, and M. Royer-Collard. The formation of this party ascended to an earlier date; it had existed from the Assembly of the Notables, and its members continued to act upon a fixed plan, opposed to the despotism of Bonaparte, and conceived upon what they believed to be the interests of France. On the occasion of the assembly, they had laboured to separate Louis XVIII. from the emigration, and at that time to hold him up to the nation as capable of being the chief of a constitutional and rational government. To Bonaparte, whom I have often heard talk on this subject, nothing appeared so formidable as those ideas of liberty, in union with monarchy; he treated them, indeed, as reveries; called the members of committee fantastic dreamers; yet feared not less the triumph of such opinions. It was in order, he confessed, to counteract the influence of the royalist committee, that he had consented to the recall of those emigrants whose conceptions of monarchy he knew to be incompatible with these opinions, who imaged regal power only as absolute power, and whose influence, therefore, with their own party, would paralyze the efforts of the royalists in the interior.

I recollect having read, at this period, a tract which was seized, exhibiting a declaration of the principles of Louis XVIII, and signed by M. d'Andre, who

attested its conformity to the original. The principles contained in this declaration were almost, in every respect, the same as those which afterwards served as the basis of the *Charte*. Such was so avowedly the object of the royalist committee, that, in 1792, consequently before the crime of the 21st January, Louis XVI, knowing the sentiments of M. de Clermont-Gallerande, sent him to Coblentz, to inform the princes on his and the Queen's part, that to emigrate would ruin them. I know, also, most positively, that this circumstance was written by M. de Clermont-Gallerande, in his Memoirs, and retrenched after the manuscript was sent to the press. What influence commanded this erasure? We know—and we know not!

Under the consular government, however, the committee was not in a state of conspiracy: if I may so express myself, it existed in a state of persuasion. All its efforts tended to bring over those persons who were supposed to possess the greatest influence with the First Consul, hoping to arrive by degrees even at inducing him to desire the return of the Bourbons. To Madame Bonaparte they had especially addressed themselves, and, as we have seen, not without effect. The ladies of her intimate society entertained Josephine with views of glory and brilliant renown, of high social distinctions, if the powerful arm which had arrested the Revolution, should rear again the throne overturned in the revolutionary struggle. Bonaparte perceived nothing, because, always in his cabinet, or at the council, he was too deeply engaged with the cares of founding a new government, to attend to the manœuvres of the boudoir. Besides, his lady having never concealed her opinions with regard to the Bourbons, in causing her society to be watched, he learned nothing which he did not already know from herself. Moreover, the ladies who most encouraged Josephine in these favourable sentiments towards the Bourbons, were rarely to be met in the saloon. In

general, they paid only morning visits, and, if some remained when the Consul appeared in the evening, it may be supposed they took good care to say nothing in his presence. There was going forward at this time an intrigue, in which the Duchess de Guiche was the agent; but I am too imperfectly acquainted with details, to do more than merely mention it here as its proper place.

While attempts thus so far succeeded, in bringing Madame Bonaparte over to the Bourbon interests, endeavours at the same time were made to dazzle the First Consul by splendid offers. The sword of the Constable de Duquesclin would be new tempered; a statue erected to his honour should attest to posterity his unsullied glory, and the gratitude of the Bourbons. But he heard these proposals laid even before him, as insignificant, and had no trust to place in their sincerity. One day, in a conversation with La Fayette, he expressed himself seriously on these matters:—"They offer me a statue, but let me beware the pedestal; they would certainly render it my person." I do not vouch for these words, as having heard them uttered, but guarantee the authenticity of the source whence they reached me.

While the possible return of the Bourbons was thus anticipated in the saloons of the Fauxbourg St Germain, the appearance of a work from the pen of Madame Genlis, entitled "*Madame de la Valliere*," tended to direct the national recollections towards the most brilliant era in the reign of Louis XIV. Madame Genlis had recently returned to France, and, though the police seized her book on account of certain engravings, whereby the political references were rendered plainer, she herself remained unmolested. She even corresponded with the First Consul; but such communications falling not within the circle of my occupations, I did not see the letters: I understood, however, from Madame Bonaparte, that they contained a considerable number of proper names,

and doubt not they contributed to aggrandize the Fauxbourg in the eyes of the First Consul, which, notwithstanding all his strength, he had the weakness to magnify into a bugbear. Between his followers, too, at the Tuileries, and the inhabitants of the Fauxbourg, there existed a guerilla warfare of petty grievances, —acrimonious in proportion to its worthlessness. In the circles of the latter, it was a thing quite *à la mode* to turn into ridicule the manners, but little elegant, of the nobles of the republic, as compared with the high-bred ease of the noblesse of the old school. The wives of some generals found themselves several times humiliated by their native awkwardness; those of the ancient court, in their societies, affected to speak with contempt of the *upstarts*, as they called them—the *parvenus*—men who, according to the expression of Talleyrand, "knew not how to walk the carpet."* All this gave rise to complaints, of which the Fauxbourg was the object, while Bonaparte's dependants, and especially his brothers, made it their constant aim to irritate him yet more against every thing which tended to recall ideas of the Bourbons. Joseph shewed himself here particularly active. Napoleon had no need of them—he could have afforded to dispense with a throne, for his name already belonged to posterity; but what was to become of all those who shone merely as reflectors of his lustre?

* "Du parquet," literally, "inlaid work," alluding to the beautifully wrought, and highly polished floors, of the drawing-rooms in France. In these, as the reader must be aware, no *carpets* are used; and it requires no little practice and dexterity, as might be illustrated by more than one anecdote of Josephine's own parties, to *walk the parquet* with graceful security. The imperial ex-minister's remark is now proverbial in the Parisian circles for an awkward man. — *Translator.*

CHAPTER XV.

NOBLE CONDUCT OF LOUIS XVIII.—BOURRIENNE'S DISMISSAL—ANECDOTES—SYMPTOMS OF WAR WITH FRANCE AND ENGLAND—JOURNEY OF THE CONSUL—A COLLEGE FRIEND.

Such were the dispositions and situation of Bonaparte—such the state of parties and of society, during the year 1802. The name of the Bourbons must, indeed, at this era, have struck with formidable effect upon his ear, since its sound alone hurried him into one of the most inconsiderate acts of his whole life. After allowing, as we have seen, seven months to elapse, without answering the letter of Louis XVIII; after having at length replied to a second communication, like a king to a subject; Bonaparte yielded to such excess of delusion, as to write in his turn, proposing to Louis XVIII. to renounce the throne of his ancestors, offering him, as the price of this resignation, a principality in Italy, with a considerable revenue for himself and family. The reader will not have forgotten the abrupt overture in the park at Malmaison, nor my reply; for to these circumstances I attribute the mystery observed towards me, in regard to this strange correspondence. The letter I am strongly tempted to consider as the result of private conferences with his brother Lucien. Of the letter, however, I know nothing beyond the fact of its having been sent; but I am certainly informed of what passed at Mittau, where it was laid before Louis XVIII.

That prince had already felt greatly displeased with Bonaparte's conduct, both in the delay and by the tenour of his tardy reply. But, on reading this second letter, the dethroned monarch was seized with such lively indignation, that he wrote on the instant a few lines, which forcibly expressed all that the soul of a king could be supposed to feel of resentment at so base a proposal. The letter which Louis thus hastily traced, in the first moment of emotion, bore no resemblance to the noble and magnanimous reply which was actually transmitted, and is now given to the reader. This closes in the words of Francis the First; but the former was marked by a still more chivalrous incident,—the king, in his indignation, had rested his hand, while writing, upon the hilt of his sword. This first billet having been seen by the Abbé André, in whom his majesty placed great confidence, he prevailed upon the king, not without great difficulty, to subdue his feelings; and Louis afterwards wrote the following letter:—

"I do not confound M. Bonaparte with the men who preceded him; I esteem his valour and his military talents; I owe him favour for some acts of administration,—for the good done to my people will always be dear to me: but he mistakes, if he conceive I can be engaged to renounce my rights. Far from that, he himself, by the step which he has now taken, would legally establish them, were they liable to be disputed.

"I cannot foresee what God may have in store for me, and for my people; but I know the obligations which He has laid upon me. A Christian—I will fulfil the duties of the name to my latest breath: son of St Louis,—like him, I shall know how to respect myself even in bonds: successor of the First Francis—I desire ever to be able, with him, to say, 'All is lost, save honour!' LOUIS."

"*Mittau*, 1802."

This letter of Louis XVIII. being brought to Paris, the royalist committee assembled, much embarrassed how to expedite it to its destination. A second meeting was held at Neuilly. After long deliberation, they thought of addressing the Third Consul, with whom the Abbé Montesquieu had maintained an acquaintance since the days of the Constitutional Assembly; and, on the application being made, the Third Consul undertook the delivery. Bonaparte received the letter with an indifference, such that I have never been able, to this hour, to say whether it was real or affected: to me he said very little on the unfortunate issue of the negotiation.

Unquestionably the letter of Louis XVIII. bears the impress of a nobility of sentiment which cannot be too much admired; and it may now be said, that, in the result of this transaction, Bonaparte rendered a real service to the royal cause, since he thus furnished to the king an occasion of presenting to the world one of the most splendid pages in the history of a dethroned sovereign.*

I now return to my own private circumstances, as consequent on my first disgrace, from which the preceding details have carried me over six months. On the morning after resuming my functions, I entered, as usual, the chamber of the First Consul, to call him at seven. He shewed no coolness, but treated me in all respects as if absolutely nothing had occurred between us. On rejoining me in our cabinet, he spoke of affairs with his wonted confidence; and I saw, from the great number of letters

* In answer to this letter of Louis XVIII, or rather congratulating him on having written such a letter, the royalist committee in Paris wrote, and sent a long and beautifully composed address to their exiled monarch. It was intended to have given this document in the appendix; but, as it is an isolated paper, or private expression of the honourable attachment of a devoted party, and tending to throw little or no light upon the general events of the history, it is omitted.—*Translator.*

left in the basket, during the few days of my suspended functions, that Bonaparte had still as little taste as in times past for that work. Thus, then, I found myself re-established in my old intimacy; but soon discovered that henceforward, from the scene witnessed by Talleyrand, my continuance in the cabinet of the Tuileries would be only provisional—longer or shorter, according to circumstances.

Some time afterwards, the First Consul addressed me with an expression of interest and kindliness, of which, however, I was not the dupe. "My poor Bourrienne, you really cannot do all. Business increases, and will continue to do so. You know what Corvisart says. You have a family; I wish to spare your health, and not kill you outright: you shall have assistance. Joseph, to whom I have spoken on the subject, tells me he is willing to resign to me his own secretary, with whom he is much pleased. He will be under your orders, make your copies, and you will give him in charge whatever you can dispense with doing yourself, without injury to my service. At the least, you will be considerably relieved in your occupations."—"I ask nothing better," said I, "than to have some one to assist me; he will become accustomed to your service, and be able to replace me one day."

Joseph, in effect, did give up to his brother, M. Mennevalle, a young man of excellent education, laborious, quiet, and discreet, with whom I was perfectly satisfied, and never had occasion to regret the time passed in his society. I soon remarked, that the First Consul set himself to form Mennevalle, and to habituate him to his business and his ways. As he never pardoned me for having dared to quit him, now that he had attained so high a degree of power, my punishment had been resolved upon. I had seized the opportunity that offered, in order to separate myself from him: he took advantage of an unfortunate occurrence to separate himself from me.

I proceed to explain the misfortune in which I got involved, more deserving of consolation and assistance than of disgrace. The circumstances have been very incorrectly related. I shall not attempt to refute all the errors that have been printed on the subject, but quote only from the *Memoirs of the Duke of Rovigo* (Savary.)

"The life of Napoleon was one of continual labour. He employed, as confidential secretary, M. de Bourrienne, the companion of his boyhood, and who participated in all his toils. Bourrienne had a prodigious memory; spoke and wrote several languages; his pen was as rapid as speech. These were not the only advantages he possessed; he was acquainted with administration and with law, which, with his devotedness and activity, rendered him an invaluable man to the First Consul. I have witnessed many instances of the confidence reposed in him by his chief, but cannot speak with the same assurance of the causes of his disgrace. Bourrienne had many enemies; some he owed to his character—more to his place. He could not be attacked on the score of ability or discretion. They set a watch upon his habits, and discovered that he dabbled in the stocks: imputation thus became easy. He was accused of peculation: this was to attack him on the unguarded side. The First Consul abhorred nothing so much as illegal means of acquiring gold. But a single vice was not sufficient to ruin a man whom he was accustomed to love and esteem. Whether the accusations were well founded or not, nothing was neglected to bring them under the eye of the First Consul. For this purpose they employed a means, which, in its origin, intended for the discovery of truth, was often perverted to the purpose of conveying falsehood to the ear of the state. During the reign of Louis XV, or under the Regency, a surveillance had been established at the post-office, exercised not over all letters, but over such only as there were motives for suspecting. These

were opened, and, when not convenient to suppress them, the inspector took a copy, and despatched them by the regular course. By the aid of this institution, an individual who denounced another could give weight to his accusation. It sufficed to put into the post-office letters conceived in terms to confirm the opinion wished to be supported. The honestest man in the world might thus find himself compromised by a letter which he never read, or, at least, which he had not understood. I myself have had experience of this. I opened a correspondence on some fact that had never taken place. The letter was opened, and a copy transmitted to me, because such were then my orders. But when this copy reached me, I had already in my possession the originals, which had arrived through the ordinary channel. Summoned to answer to the inquiries which these essays provoked, I thence took occasion to expose the danger of blindly adopting information derived from such a source; and thus the system fell into discredit. But as yet it enjoyed full confidence, at the period of Bourrienne's disgrace. His enemies took care not to neglect this means: they contrived, also, to blacken him with M. de Barbé-Marbois, who gave to the accusation all the weight of his probity. The opinion of this rigid functionary, and other additional circumstances, determined the First Consul to separate from his secretary."

By peculation, is meant the crime of those who convert to their own use, moneys levied for the public service. But, never having been intrusted with the administration of the resources of the state; never having either touched or collected the public funds; having ever remained an entire stranger to such responsibilities,—the reproach of peculation cannot rest upon me. The inconceivable version of M. de Rovigo, so little in harmony with the introductory eulogy, must, therefore, be the fruit of misapprehension, for I have proofs that he esteemed me more than any

one. The whole is a calumny which cannot be his own work, but to which he has lent himself as the echo. However it may be, this singular accusation has procured from the austere magistrate, of whose venerable name the Duke had too lightly made use, an occasion of giving to the world a fresh proof of a love of justice. I was still ignorant of the Memoirs of the Duke of Rovigo, except from seeing their announcement in the newspapers, when my family transmitted the following letter, addressed to me by M. de Barbé-Marbois:—

"Sir,—In certain Memoirs, recently published, I have been led to remark the following article. (Here is transcribed the passage above quoted.) This assertion is not true. And I consider it a debt of justice, as respects you, sir, and as respects myself, to declare that I was ignorant at the time, and still am ignorant, of the causes of the separation alluded to. I request you to accept," &c. &c.

There needs, I believe, nothing more than this noble and spontaneous act, to justify me, and rebut the indiscreet accusation of peculating, uttered in ignorance of the true causes of my rupture with the First Consul; which are as follows:—

One of the principal houses in Paris had engaged to furnish stores for the war-office. With the knowledge of Berthier, the minister with whom the house had concluded the engagement, I purchased an interest. Unfortunately, the house in question, unknown to me, had become also deeply implicated in speculations on 'Change. The unskilfulness of agents, together with the permanent causes of ruin in a game where the cards are too dear, produced their usual consequences; and the house found itself in a deficit of several millions. This raised such a rumour, that the First Consul, who had always a false idea of the public funds, believed the slight depression to be the

consequence of this failure. The stocks were represented to him as overturned; and insinuations were made, that I was accused of abusing the confidence of my situation, to excite a by-play of fall and rise. Thus, though in truth a loser to a very considerable amount, I became the object of the resentment of the First Consul, who informed me "He had no farther occasion for my services." Had I been desirous of recalling him from this irritation, I might have pointed out to him, that I could not be blamed for *purchasing* with my own money, such an interest, when he had considered himself legally entitled to stipulate for a *gratuity* of 1,500,000 francs for his brother Joseph, on the commissioner of naval stores. But for some time, M. Mennevalle had begun to replace me in the cabinet. There wanted, then, only an occasion to decide the First Consul on paying off old scores, by dispensing, for good and all, with my services. I have given the true pretext for our separation; and I defy whomsoever to substantiate a tittle of Rovigo's accusation, or of any exaction or extortion.

The Duke of Rovigo gives us to understand, that, by means of petitions and intercepted letters, I had been compromised with the First Consul. This recalls to my mind the following postscript in the letter just cited, of M. de Marbois:—"P. S. I recollect that one Wednesday, the First Consul, while presiding in the council of ministers, opened a billet, and without communicating the contents to us, went out in haste, and in anger. He returned some minutes after, and told us your functions had ceased." What especially gives weight, in my opinion, to the note mentioned here by M. de Marbois, is, that the day mentioned, is the very one (Wednesday, 20th October) on which I was informed my services were no longer required, and on which I quitted the consular palace. Be this as it may, whether the dismissal arose out of a sudden ebullition, called forth by a secret denunciation, or whether a resolution, which I am convinced

had long been taken, was now merely executed, I embrace the occasion of saying something in my turn, on the secret of the letters alluded to in the previous quotation.

The existence of an office, surnamed the Black, as already observed, dates from the reign of Louis XV, having been established for the purpose of amusing that monarch with the scandalous chronicle of the court and city. Had it always remained enveloped in profound secrecy; had it been constantly directed by wisdom, prudence, and moderation, it could never have been dangerous to the citizens, and might have proved useful to the government under extraordinary emergencies. Doubtless, this "institution," as the Duke calls it, was a malady in the body politic; but how many institutions are there, which the organization of man, and the state of society, unfortunately oblige us to tolerate!

Every morning, for the space of three years, I read the portfolio despatched from this office. I declare frankly, that, except for this vile purpose of intrigue, I never saw in the intercepted correspondence any thing to justify the exaggerated fears and indignation with which the public believed itself authorized to visit this committee of research, whose labours were the more dreaded, in proportion as they were little known. In fact, of about thirty thousand letters, nightly despatched from Paris, for France, and for the world, ten or twelve only were copied, and often by an extract of a few lines, engrossed in order by the daily number of the letters. These extracts were always taken by myself, and transmitted to the proper authorities, with these words:—"The First Consul desires me to inform you, that he has just received the following information," &c. It was left to divine whence the information proceeded. But from the causes already noticed, even these ten or dozen letters soon came to be disregarded; and if, contrary to the order to copy no more of them, some extracts slipped

in, they excited only contempt. Such was the system of which, at the period of my disgrace, I became a victim, and again, as we shall find in the sequel, narrowly escaped the consequences.

On quitting the consular palace, I retired to a house which Bonaparte had desired me to purchase at St Cloud, promising to pay for it, as well as for the establishments and furnishing ordered by himself. We shall see how he kept his word. I immediately sent an order to Landoire, the servant in waiting, to remit me from the cabinet all my letters in the portfolio of the First Consul, for whom many arrived under cover to me. To this note Mennevalle replied, "I cannot suppose the First Consul will permit your letters to be sent; I presume you allude to those which may concern him, addressed under your cover. The First Consul has written to Citizens La Valette and Mollier, instructing them to forward their packets directly to himself. I cannot therefore take upon me to allow Landoire to obey your order. Last evening the First Consul evinced the greatest uneasiness; he repeatedly said to me, 'See how unhappy I am; I have known that man from the age of seven years.' I cannot but believe that he will revoke his unfortunate determination. I have already intimated my inability to discharge alone the whole burden of his cabinet, and that he must necessarily suffer great inconvenience by depriving himself of the services of one, to whose duties I am confident no one else is fully competent. He is gone to bed full of melancholy thoughts.—29th Vendemiaire, X, (21st October, 1802.")

On the morrow, I received a second note from the excellent young man Mennevalle, than whom I could not have desired a more obliging or agreeable fellow-labourer, to the following effect:—"I send your letters; the First Consul prefers that you return *unsealed* those which concern him. I add the German Gazettes, which he begs you to translate. Madame Bonaparte deeply feels your misfortune. As for

myself, I can assure you that no one more ardently desires that the First Consul may recall you to his confidence, and restore you to a place wherein it would be so difficult to find a successor for you, whether as respects trustworthiness or ability. This hope, too, I cannot forego."

Eight days passed in a contest between the friendship of the First Consul and his self-love. The slightest desire manifested for my recall was combatted by vile flatterers. Of this fact, Madame Bonaparte assured me, repeating their remarks to her husband, as "Bring him back! What are you about to do? People will say his services were indispensable to you. You are now quit of him—think no more of the matter. He will now no longer pester you with the importance, forsooth! which he attached to the English journals." This will recall a scene to the reader. On the fifth day after our separation, he sent for me. He shewed the greatest good humour; and after gently reminding me, that I sometimes expressed my thoughts too freely,—a fault I never had any wish to correct,—added, "I regret your loss; you were most useful to me: neither too noble, nor too plebeian—neither too much an aristocrat, nor too much a jacobin—you were discreet, laborious; you understood me better than any one else: but then, between ourselves, we must look upon this as a kind of court. Observe Duroc, Bessières, Maret. I should, notwithstanding, be much disposed to recall you; but I cannot do so, without, in some measure, countenancing a report which has been spread abroad,—that I cannot do without you." I am convinced that Bonaparte, left to himself, would have taken me again into favour. Our rupture, as will be observed, happened on the 20th October, and it was not till the 8th November, that I received the following letter from the First Consul:—

"Citizen Bourrienne, Minister of State,—I am

satisfied with the services you have rendered since near my person; but henceforth they are no longer necessary. My intention is, that you cease from this date to discharge the functions, or to bear the title, of my confidential secretary. As to the rest, I am disposed to embrace the earliest occasion that may present itself, of placing you in a manner suitable to your activity and your talents, and most conducive to the public service. BONAPARTE."

All these documents prove my separation from the First Consul to have originated in causes altogether foreign to confidence, diligence, fidelity, or discretion. And if any proof of his hostility were necessary, it would be found in the subsequent fact. When, in order to preserve a little liberty, I declined the apartments at Malmaison destined for me and my family, by Madame Bonaparte, and purchased a small house at Ruel, the First Consul gave orders to have it furnished, as also my house in Paris. From the manner in which this order was given, I had no doubt of his intention thus to make me a present. The following official letter from Duroc, unceremoniously dissipated this delusion:—

"The First Consul, my dear Bourrienne, has *just* given me an order to remit to him the keys of your lodgings in Paris, and desires that they remain furnished as at this moment. He has also ordered to be given up to the proper officer all effects whatsoever which you have, whether at Ruel or elsewhere, and which come from government. I beg you will send me an answer, and enable me to execute the orders I have received. With much friendship,

"15th Nov. 1802. DUROC."

In the course of the nine months between my resignation and final dismissal, two great events, as already explained, took place,—the Consulate for Life,

and the Peace of Amiens. Of the latter, and of my newly-acquired liberty, I was inclined to take advantage, by making a tour in England, whither some affairs called me. Nevertheless, though with nothing to reproach myself, I felt mine to be a delicate situation, and, that no room might be left for misconstruction, resolved to maintain all observances. On the 11th January, 1803, I accordingly wrote to Duroc: "Affairs require my presence for some time in England. I beg of you, my dear Duroc, to mention this journey to the First Consul. Desiring to do nothing which may oppose his wishes, I shall give up my own interests rather than displease him. I expect from your friendship a reply to this letter. The uncertainty in which you would otherwise leave me, would prove injurious in more respects than one."—The reply was speedily forthcoming, conceived thus: "I have laid before the First Consul, my dear Bourrienne, your letter just written to me. He read it, and said, '*No.*' This is the only reply I am able to give thee. A thousand remembrances. DUROC."

The monosyllable sufficed: it strengthened my conviction that Bonaparte felt he had wronged me; and that those wrongs which we inflict upon others we never forgive. Supposing me animated by the desire of revenge, which had more than once directed his own movements, I am certain he was afraid that my journey to the free soil of England, had for its object, to take advantage of that liberty of the press, which he had annihilated in France. He supposed me capable of printing certain notes, which might have enlightened the public on the acts of his administration, and of thus making his designs more effectually known, than they had become through the atrocious calumnies and ribaldry of Peltier. Unquestionably Bonaparte was in this most egregiously mistaken: I never had such a thought; and were any proof, beyond my own asseveration, necessary, the date of these Memoirs, the period at which alone I

consented to publish them, would more than suffice to establish this fact.

I was not deceived as to Bonaparte's motive in putting so rude a negative on my proceedings, and well knowing his character, I judged it prudent to conceal my papers, in such a manner as effectually to secure them against his inquisitorial researches. Enclosing, therefore, with care, in a tin case, my most precious notes and documents, I buried them in the earth. We shall see in the sequel, that it was not without reason I had apprehended persecution, suggested to the First Consul by my enemies; and that these consequent precautions were far from useless. On the 20th of the April following, I received a billet from Duroc to this effect:—"I beg of thee, my dear B., to come to me at St Cloud, some time in the forenoon of to-day. I have to speak with thee on the part of the First Consul. Remembrances."

This billet caused me much solicitude. I entertained little doubt of my enemies having fabricated some new calumny; but never could have anticipated such baseness. On learning the accusation, I traced rapidly, in Duroc's office, the following lines, which will explain its nature:—

"General Duroc sent for me to his office. He has informed me that an account has been rendered to you of a deficiency in the naval chest of 100,000 francs, (£4166, 13s.) and that you require me to restore that sum this day at twelve o'clock. Citizen First Consul, I understand not what this means; I am absolutely ignorant of the whole matter. Permit me to assure you, in the frankness of true honesty, that this insinuation is a most atrocious calumny. It must be added to those falsehoods, already employed to ruin me in your judgment and your heart. I wait your orders in General Duroc's cabinet."

This note Duroc delivered. He returned almost

immediately after. "Well, what now?"—"He desires me to say, it was a mistake: he has just received proof that he had been deceived, and regrets this occurrence. Think no more of the affair." It would appear that the vile flatterers who surrounded him, wished to renew upon me the Egyptian extortions. They ought to have known, that the bowstring or the musket, used in the East to raise money, was no longer the fashion in France. It was no longer permitted "to grease the wheels of the revolutionary car."

The First Consul had never believed in a long duration of the peace with England. He had concluded, without desiring, the measure, because it was so ardently wished throughout all France, that, after ten years of war, he judged it indispensable in founding his new government. Peace seemed necessary in order to enable him to conquer the throne of France, in like manner as war became the instrument to strengthen and enlarge the basis of his power, at the expense of the other thrones of Europe. Such was the secret of the Peace of Amiens, and of the speedy rupture that followed: though the explosion, on the side of Great Britain took place sooner than the First Consul could have wished. He had too much acuteness to be deluded for a moment as to the intentions of England; he was fully assured that she would not have concluded a peace, but because, deserted by her allies, she could not do otherwise, and that she would never allow France time for reorganizing a navy. On these grand questions of peace and war, the Consul entertained ideas of the most elevated order; but in the discussions of this period, he always declared in favour of war. When others spoke of the advantages of peace, he acknowledged their importance; but maintained, on the other hand, that all these advantages could be only conditional, so long as England might throw, at will, into the balance of the world, the preponderance of her navy, and insinuate the influence of her gold,

into the cabinets of Europe. "The peace ought to be broken, since England will evidently do so. Why not anticipate her hostility? why permit her to take her advantages? We must astonish Europe: we must change the political aspect of the Continent! We must strike a great blow; and let it be terrible—unexpected!" Thus reasoned the First Consul, and it is known how his actions accorded with his thoughts.

The conduct of England but too well justified these apprehensions. Already, in fact, was she preparing the strong arm of her subsidies, an arm even then powerful in diplomatic concerns. In profound peace these manœuvrings were carried on; but the English government sought, under the veil of unjust complaints, to cover the sources of real injury, inflicted by underhand dealings. In fact, the King of England had addressed to Parliament a message, which spoke of armaments preparing in the ports of France, and precautions necessary to be taken against aggressions. Irritated at seeing his prospects of peace cut short, the First Consul, in a wrathful ebullition, thus addressed the English ambassador, Lord Whitworth, in the saloon, in presence of the other ambassadors: "What means this? Are you weary of peace? Must Europe be once more deluged in blood? Preparations for war! Does your nation think to overawe us? Eh, well! we shall see. France may be vanquished, destroyed perhaps—intimidated never!" The British envoy, astonished at this sally, made no answer. He contented himself with writing to his own court the details of this interview, in which the First Consul had certainly too far forgotten himself, if, indeed, his had not been wilful forgetfulness.

From the first day in which England shewed dissatisfaction, it might have been taken for granted that she desired war. Malta she had promised to give up, but retained: Egypt she should have evacuated, but remained in possession of: the Cape of Good Hope she ought to have yielded, but continued to hold:

she had signed at Amiens a peace, without any intention of observing its conditions. The assembly at Lyons had awakened her suspicions, and the British ministry had seen too clearly not to discern a future King of Italy in the modest President of the Cisalpine Republic. England, whose policy is always so consistent with itself, so far-sighted and so solid, beheld St Domingo in the hands of the French: St Domingo must be free, and the French navy compelled to suffer for the efforts it had made to recover itself a little. England opposed ambition to ambition, stratagem to stratagem. She asserted, without proof, that France had not executed the clauses of the treaty, and had certainly taken her resolution when she signed the peace at Amiens, which wise men had foreseen was only a truce. These dispositions of England produced their inevitable result. Henceforward communications became reserved at first, then hostile; explanations were reciprocally demanded with equal haughtiness—a requisition of passports—and war quickly followed. England, upon this occasion, shewed an eager violence, the more shocking, that she, of all the powers of Europe, was the only one which had suffered no reverse, and could come into the field with unbroken force. Who knows not, moreover, that it is during war English commerce flourishes most lucratively, and that, by involving the Continent in perpetual wars, she prospers, and enriches herself?

War thus becoming inevitable, the First Consul traversed the north coasts of France and Belgium, in order to provide against the presumed attacks of the English on these parts. In passing through Compeigne he was visited by Father Berton, formerly Principal of the Military School at Brienne, and at this time Superior of the School of Arts at that town, a place to which he had been appointed by Bonaparte. From the good Josephine I learned the details of this visit. Father Berton, inexperienced

and simple as when he held us under the birch, came to request the honour of his old pupil and lady breakfasting in his mansion. They both accepted. Our good Principal was still thinking of the times when Bonaparte attended the classes at Brienne. Alas! he deceived himself sadly. There lived with Father Berton, at this period, another old scholar, a schoolfellow also of the General's, named Bouquet. This person the Principal had expressly prohibited from appearing before the Consul, or even shewing himself to the suite, because of his disgrace in Italy, where he had served as commissary attached to headquarters. The conduct of Bouquet, who had pledged himself to remain in his chamber, was inexcusable. On the arrival of the carriage, he presented himself at the door, offering his hand cavalierly to assist Josephine to alight; in accepting which, she said to him, " Bouquet, you are ruined." Bonaparte had perceived him. Indignant at what he considered an unpardonable familiarity, he gave himself up to one of those movements of rage, which nothing could pacify. He had scarcely entered the apartment where the table was served, when, calling to his wife, with an imperious voice, after seating himself, " Josephine, place yourself there," he commenced breakfast, without even asking Father Berton to be seated, although, as may well be supposed, he had caused a third cover to be laid for himself. The old man remained standing behind his former pupil in consternation at his violence. This scene produced such an effect upon the good father, that henceforth he became completely incapacitated for the discharge of his duties, and retired to Rheims, where reason entirely forsook him. I will not take upon me to decide, whether the mental alienation of this worthy man is to be ascribed to the occurrence just related; but certain it is, he was profoundly affected by it, and soon after died insane. The truth of the circumstances, which I learned from Josephine, has since been confirmed by the

brother of our former Principal, an excellent and well informed man. But, indeed, the resentment of Bonaparte nowise surprises me; for, as he rose in glory and power, the familiarities of his old play-fellows were to him insufferable.*

On the Consul's return from this expedition to the coast, I learned, through Rapp, that there had been urgent question respecting myself, on the following occasion:—Being at Boulogne, he asked for some information from those who accompanied him, and which none could give. Impatient at not receiving immediately an answer to his inquiries, he called out abruptly, "Rapp, do you know where Bourrienne is?"—"General, he is in Paris."—"Order one of my couriers to mount: write for him to come here immediately." The report of this spread like wild-fire; all those interested in preventing my return crowded about the First Consul, and when Rapp returned with his letter to be despatched, the order had been countermanded. Rapp, however, wrote me not to quit Paris, or, at least, to leave my address, for that he believed the order would be renewed, when Duroc and he were to seize the moment instantly. Upon their friendship I could depend, in like manner as they relied on mine.

* The conduct of Bonaparte toward the good old man, Berton, was, no doubt, shocking; but justice is not done to the causes of his resentment against Bouquet, who was one of the most infamous scoundrels of the French commissaries in Italy—the base among the base. He robbed the Savings Bank at Verona of its whole contents, amounting to twelve millions of francs, destroying the registers; and only escaped being shot, because it came out on his trial that Augereau and others were participators. "I am pleased," said Bonaparte, "that Bouquet has escaped; but had he been found guilty, I would not have saved him. Let him never again presume to appear in my presence." —*Translator.*

CHAPTER XVI.

PREPARATIONS FOR WAR — ACTIVITY OF THE FIRST CONSUL — HIS POLITICAL VIEWS — DEFERENCE TO PUBLIC OPINION IN ENGLAND — THE COUNTRY-DANCE — MUTUAL GRIEVANCES — RUPTURE OF THE TREATY — GALLICAN CHURCH — THE INSTITUTE — BONAPARTE'S LITERARY TASTES — EDUCATION — CONTINENTAL SYSTEM — INVASION — SINGULAR AUDIENCE.

THE First Consul having calculated upon a longer continuance of the Peace of Amiens, found himself in rather a doubtful position on its abrupt termination. The great number of discharges that had been granted, the deplorable state of the cavalry, and the temporary nullity of the artillery, caused by the too inconsiderate adoption of a plan of Berthier's for recasting the field-pieces, demanded all Bonaparte's energy and promptitude. The conscription was called forth to fill up the ranks of the army; the artillery scheme abandoned; contribution made in all the great towns; and the cavalry remounted with horses from Hanover, which, on its occupation, furnished a great number. Into all, Bonaparte seemed to possess the art of infusing his own incredible activity of spirit; and the essential sinews of war were created as if by enchantment. It is impossible to describe the labours undertaken and executed. The whole extent of Channel coast presented the aspect of one vast arsenal; for, on this occasion, Bonaparte formed his troops on the model of the Roman legions, causing the tools of the artizan to replace, in the hands of his soldiers, the

weapons of the warrior. They excavated the harbour at Boulogne; repaired and finished the works at Ambeltuse, commenced under Louis XVI, and interrupted during the Revolution; and, what is worthy of remark, the soldiers were at the same time no less diligently employed in their military exercises, their time, so to speak, being as completely occupied as that of their chief. During the year 1803, and while the camp at Boulogne continued to be kept up, one may say the First Consul was every where. The journals announced his arrival at St Cloud; two or three days later, they stated that he had inspected the works, superintended reviews, commanded new labours; and almost immediately after, a public audience, preceded by a parade in the Carrousel, shewed him again returned to the capital.

For these frequent visits, sometimes to one coast, sometimes to another, Bonaparte generally set out in the night, stopping on the morrow morning at the post-house of Chantilly, where he made a temperate breakfast in all haste. Rapp, whom I continued to see when at Paris, was constantly speaking to me of these affairs, for he almost always accompanied the First Consul; and well had it been, if none save such as Rapp, had been admitted near his person. In the evening he supped at Abbeville, and arrived the second morning, very early, on the coast. "Figure to yourself," said my informant, "this kind of life; one would absolutely require to be made of iron to support it; for scarcely have we alighted from the carriage, when away we go on horseback, with the First Consul, for ten or twelve hours together. He sees all—examines all—often talks with the men: how they love him! When shall we pay a visit to London with so many brave fellows?"

In the midst of these continual active operations, every part of government, and the proceedings of the Council, received the usual attention. I had not yet left him at the time of agitating the question in what

manner treaties of peace were to be concluded. Some members of the Council, among whom Truguet took the lead, proposed, that, in accordance with an article of the constitution, treaties should be brought forward by the heads of the government, discussed in the Legislative Assembly, and afterwards passed and promulgated as laws. Bonaparte maintained an opinion decidedly the reverse, and his remarks perfectly coincided with my sentiments, when he observed, "It is for the pleasure of shewing that they can get up an opposition, when they thus invoke the constitution; for, if the constitution direct in this manner, it knows not what it says. There are matters which cannot be the subject of discussion in an assembly. How! when I treat with Austria for example, even should my ambassador accede to the propositions, must there be nothing done, if these conditions be rejected by the legislative body? It is an absurdity without parallel. Upon my word, things would thus come to a fine pass! Lucchisini and Markow would give every day dinners like those of Cambacèrés; they would make their money go; would buy those who are for sale; would get our propositions outvoted: and such, doubtless, would be an excellent method of conducting business!" Such was Bonaparte's language while yet he affected to observe the constitution —and he was right.

His conversation, when, as wont, he talked with me about what had passed in the Council, was habitually a singular compound of citations from antiquity, historical allusions, and original ideas. He was ever speaking of the Romans; and I recollect, during Mr Fox's visit, that he thus set himself to shine before the foreign statesman, whom he admired prodigiously. In his manner of viewing the world, he beheld but two states on the globe, the East and the West. "What signifies it," were his words, "that two nations are separated by rivers or mountains,—that

they employ a different idiom? With slight shades, France, Spain, England, Italy, have the same manners, the same habits, the same religion, the same dress; there a man can marry only one wife; in these countries there are no slaves,—such are the grand distinctions separating the civilized man from the savage. With the exception of Turkey, Europe is but one province of the world: when we go to war among ourselves, it is but civil strife. There is, indeed, another way of dividing the globe,—into land and water." Then he would run over the whole circle of European interests; speak of Russia, whose alliance he courted; of England, mistress of the seas; and rarely failed to terminate this flow of elevated thought, without reverting to what was then a favourite project,—an expedition to the great Indian continent.

When, from these generalities, Bonaparte descended to the special interests of France, his language was still more that of a sovereign; and I must say, he spoke as a prince more jealous than any other has ever been, of the dignity of France, whose sole representative he considered himself to be. Having learned that a captain in the English navy had visited the dock-yard of Brest, as a merchant, whose passport the officer had borrowed, he became quite furious that no one had arrested the impostor; and, as nothing was lost upon him, he made this a pretence for augmenting the police establishment, saying, in full council,—"Had there been at Brest a commissary of police, he would have caused this English captain to have been arrested, and sent him immediately to Paris. As he had undertaken the part of a spy, I should have caused him to be shot as one. No Englishman—no lord—not even the ambassador of England, ought to be permitted to enter our ports." "I shall, in future, see all this righted," said he, on speaking to me of his outbreaking in council;

" there is a sufficiency of wretches who sell me every day to the English, without my suffering their own espionage."

Upon another occasion, he said, in presence of a great number of generals, senators, and high functionaries, who had assembled previous to an audience of the ambassadors, — " The English believe I am afraid of war: I fear it not. Were we to yield to England now, she would presently interdict us the navigation of certain seas; demand our ships — what would she not? But patience; I am in no humour to endure such humiliations. Since England wishes war, she shall have it: I shall not let her wait; and we shall see."*

Yet was he very ambitious of standing well in public opinion in England. Of this I had a singular proof, and of the importance which Bonaparte attached to the judgment formed in that country of the actions imputed to him. What I am going to relate will serve also to throw new light upon his inclination to employ tortuous and little ways to attain his end. He gave a ball at Malmaison, when Hortense had reached the seventh month of her time; and, though well known to have an aversion to women in her situation, above all, to their dancing, begged Hortense to stand up, if but for a single countrydance. She declined; but he insisted, using every species of cajolery, — " Now, let me beg it as a favour; I have such a desire to see you dance: come, do it to please me;" and, at last, Hortense did dance. What was his object? We shall just see. On the morrow, there appeared in one of the journals, a poetical piece, composed in a very gallant strain, on the countrydance in which Hortense had joined, notwithstanding her situation. Hortense was extremely vexed; and, when the journal arrived at Malmaison,

* And (to use one of Bourrienne's favourite comments) we have seen. — *Translator.*

complained of the affair, and, above all, would not believe, in spite of the facility of our small wits, that these verses could have been composed and printed on a fact which happened the night preceding. Bonaparte answered vaguely, and in a laughing way: as to myself, he could tell me nothing, on an affair of which I was equally well informed with himself. When Hortense knew I was alone in the cabinet, she came and pressed me with questions. I judged it best to tell her what had occurred. The verses had been composed by order of Bonaparte, before the ball, by a poet whose name I have now forgotten: the ball had been given expressly for the verses; and the First Consul had set himself to entreat her to dance, in order to verify the poetry. All this petty contrivance had been arranged in order to give the lie to an English newspaper, announcing her accouchement. This premature notice had, in fact, excited Bonaparte's indignation; for he well knew its object to be, to accredit those infamous reports which we have already refuted. Yet such were the little machinations which often found place in that mind wherein were matured so many gigantic designs.

On reading again the manuscript of this portion of my Memoirs, I observe, that, carried away, as often happens, by the analogies of ideas, I have spoken of events posterior to the breaking up of the treaty of Amiens, without sufficiently dwelling upon the peace itself, one of the grandest epochs in the present history. Here I may be permitted to make one short reflection: The transactions, of which I may subsequently treat, though occurring after my separation from the First Consul, were but the consummation of earlier designs, communicated to me by himself. If, then, I beheld the development of certain effects, I had assisted at the birth of their causes; and, I believe, I hazard nothing in asserting, that my long and uninterrupted study of Bonaparte's character, enables me, better than any one else, to estimate those

acts of power, to which I always possessed a key. How often have I told my friends Duroc and Rapp, the true sense of what they supposed themselves explaining to me for the first time! Here, indeed, I except those transactions which the First Consul had himself confided to my discretion,—such as his real views with regard to a descent on the English coast, in which almost every one believed. On that, and similar confidences, I have reason to think he was aware, and approved, of my secrecy.

At the conclusion of the Peace of Amiens, one of those circumstances which went most directly to prove that it would be of short duration, was Mr Pitt's retiring from office. I made this observation to Bonaparte, but without insisting, as I quickly perceived, from the abrupt manner of his asking, "What is it you say?" although understanding me perfectly, that my observation had displeased him. It required, however, no extraordinary acuteness, to perceive the true motive here. That illustrious minister considered a short truce, to which people gave the name of a treaty, as indispensable to England. But, disposed at the same time to recommence the war with more animosity than ever, he retired for a space from power, that upon subalterns might be devolved the task of concluding a peace, of which his return to office was to be signalized by the termination, and the renewal of his implacable hatred to France. However this may be, I have always considered the measure as a fault in the British cabinet, whatever need England might have had of peace. And the error was not long in being discovered. Lord Whitworth, the English ambassador, quitted Paris on the night of the 12-13th May, 1803, while the English government, without their being demanded, gave passports to the French envoy at London. In this state of things, France proposed to the British government to receive, with common accord, the mediation of Russia; but as England had declared

war only in order to repair the fault committed in concluding peace, all overtures of pacific tendency were rejected. Thus, the Consul, in the eyes of the public, was enabled to assume the garb of great moderation and sincere love of peace. Henceforth commenced between England and France one of those furious contests, which had marked the reigns of King John and Charles VII, and which furnished to our wits an occasion of magnificent comparisons with the ancient rivalship of Rome and Carthage; whence they concluded, in their plenitude of political wisdom, that, as Carthage had fallen, England must be undone. Such were the empty sounds with which flatterers every instant saluted the ears of the First Consul. And here I may just remark, that never before had adulation attained to so remarkable a height. Never had the nation so revelled in the luxury of addresses. They poured in from the four winds of heaven. Not a prefect, not a sub-prefect, mayor, nor corporation, however constituted, failed to send in his or its speech. One would have thought that Bonaparte had proclaimed a competition in baseness, and that all France had entered for the prize. In the grave circumstances of the times, he, however, was not wanting to himself, but put forth all his activity of intellect; and greatly had he changed in the course of six months, if he felt not his soul stirred into ecstasy, at the bare idea of one vast warfare, whose combinations would gratify his illimitable ambition.

Bonaparte was at St Cloud when Lord Whitworth quitted Paris. Fifteen days passed in fruitless attempts to renew the negotiations. Nothing, therefore, now remained, but to prepare for war. On this occasion, the First Consul addressed to the Senate, the Legislative Assembly, and the Tribunate, a message full of dignity, and free from those gasconades in which he so frequently indulged. The Senate's reply was accompanied with the present of a first-rate ship of war, paid for from its own resources.

The manifesto of the British cabinet had struck like a thunderbolt upon the French government, which, though aware of the intrigues going forward in London, was by no means prepared for such an outbreaking. The primary subject of complaint, regarded commercial arrangements. The union of Piedmont to the French republic, also of the states of Parma and Placentia, to which Bonaparte had constituted himself heir, on the death of the Duke, and the continued occupation of Holland by our troops, were added as separate grievances. The mission of General Sebastiani, sent into Turkey and Egypt for the purpose of exciting the native powers against England, and of preparing for a prospective attack upon the Anglo-Indian possessions, formed the subject of strong remonstrance in the manifesto. When that officer went out on his mission, I was still in the secrets of the First Consul; and, it must be acknowledged, the English ministers here shewed themselves but too well informed. Sebastiani's memorial, as published, abounded in expressions and disclosures calculated to give offence. The sum of all is, that amid this mutual recrimination, neither government had kept good faith.

England was desirous of retaining all her advantages: and it has more than once happened, that a state hath boasted its fidelity to treaties, because not exactly the first to infringe them. This was Bonaparte's situation. England, too, alleged only her ostensible reasons. In a communication to the legislative body, touching the state of France, the First Consul had said, "England, single-handed, is unable to contend with France." This proposition sufficed to rouse to arms the whole susceptibilities of British pride; and the cabinet chose to construe it into a menace. It was not so; for, when Bonaparte threatened, his words were more firm and more energetic. The expression simply tended to re-assure the confidence of the French people; and if we carefully

examine by what increasing efforts, at what sacrifices, England has persisted in exciting enemies to France on the Continent, we shall probably be authorized in the conclusion, that, in secret, the British entertained the same opinion as Bonaparte. Alone against France, England, doubtless, would have done much mischief, especially by falling upon the remnant of the French navy, scattered throughout the entire globe; but against continental France, she could undertake nothing; and supposing allies on neither side, these two powers might be long at war, with but little of actual hostility.*

The first consequence of the declaration of war by England, was the invasion of Hanover by the French troops, under the command of General Mortier. The telegraphic despatch, conveying the intelligence to Paris, was no less true than brief, containing the whole history of the expedition,—"The French are masters of the Electorate of Hanover, and the enemy remain prisoners of war." When informed of this circumstance, the First Consul conceived the hope of exchanging the Hanoverian troops for the French prisoners already taken by sea, and made a proposition to that effect; but the English cabinet decided, that though the King of England was also Elector of

* The reasoning in the text is extremely inconclusive. In fact, is it not evident, *à priori*, that a power such as England, her own dominions insular, and possessing, at the same time, a naval superiority over the whole of Europe, must always command, not the means of defensive warfare merely, but the initiative even of offensive hostilities, against a country such as France, with a maritime frontier of several hundred leagues, and distant colonies to protect? This conclusion is the opposite of the inference in the text; but that it is the true one, appears, *à posteriori*, from the history of two hundred and sixty-three years of actual war between the two countries, since the 11th century. France, in truth, can *directly attack* England only in her German dominions. But the occupation of these is far from affecting any of the vital, or even important, resources of the British empire. — *Translator.*

Hanover, there existed no union between the two states, of which he was head; and in consequence of this subtile distinction, rejected the proposal. Nothing could then equal the animosity of the two governments against each other; and Bonaparte, at the moment of declaring war, shewed his indignation in a manner which cannot be approved. I speak of his arresting every English subject found in France,—a barbarous order; for it is dreadful to inflict upon individuals, who have entered a country relying upon the laws of civilized nations, that resentment which ought to be exercised only as respects the government whose subjects they are. But Bonaparte, in his passion, regarded no nice distinctions.

"You shall find," said Bonaparte to me one day, "that I will speedily contrive to extract use out of the priests." Seeing the war declared, the First Consul, in order that he might act in the same manner as the *most Christian* kings had formerly done with the church, desired, through the intercession of the clergy, to recommend the success of his arms to the prayers of the faithful. To this effect, he addressed the following letter, quite regal in its form, to the cardinals, archbishops, and bishops of France:—

"Sir,—The motives of the present war are known to all Europe. The bad faith of the King of England, who has violated the sanctity of treaties, by refusing to restore Malta to the order of St John of Jerusalem; who has attacked our merchantmen, without previous declaration of war; the necessity of a just defence,—all oblige us to have recourse to arms. I address to you this letter, therefore, intimating my desire, that you order prayers to be offered up, imploring the blessing of Heaven on our just enterprizes. The proofs which I have received of your zeal in the service of the state, assure me, that you will conform with pleasure to our intentions. Written at St Cloud, 18 Prairial, year XI. BONAPARTE."

This letter is remarkable under more than one aspect. It astonished the greater part of the First Consul's old companions in arms, who turned it into derision: "He required not," said they, "to recommend himself to the breviary, in order twice to conquer Italy." But he suffered them to talk, and steadily pursued the line traced by his own will, or rather foresight; for nothing could be better adapted than this letter to please the court of Rome, and it imported much to bring the Pope to regard him as the eldest son of the church. We may likewise remark the application of the word Sir, (Monsieur,) of which Bonaparte here made use for the first time in a public official document; thus indicating, that, in his mind, the republican designations were incompatible with those forms of respect due to the clergy; and also intimating to the clergy, that, since the honours of monarchy alone suited them, they were especially interested in bringing all minds to concur in his plans for its re-establishment. Perhaps some will say, I insist here much upon nothings; but my time has been passed too long in the confidence of Bonaparte for me to be ignorant, that, with him, such nothings went for something. For example, every one may have observed, that, while he restored the former names of the days, he retained the republican months: very well, it was on purpose that he caused the *Moniteur* to be dated *Saturday*, such or such day of Messidor, &c. "Look you," he would say to me, "here things are out of joint; people will laugh at them: that is precisely what I want. I shall take away the Messidor, and gradually efface all the trash invented by the Jacobins."

The clergy did not disappoint the hopes of the First Consul: the order already owed him much, and were expectants for still more. This letter gave the signal for the outpouring of episcopal mandaments, in which there occurred not a single word that was not one of acquiescence. The mandate of Cardinal Belloy,

archbishop of Paris, first appeared: therein might be read,—"France, our dear brethren, reposed from her triumphs; by his valour, the chief of her government had covered her with laurels; *she had no longer any thing to wish for.* He desires us to pray, beseeching that the benediction of Heaven may rest upon his just enterprizes. The love which you, our dear brethren, bear to your country, the gratitude which you owe to a government, *so mild, so good, so paternal,*—are, to us, sure pledges of the zeal with which you will second sentiments so religious."

I have certainly no intention of ransacking among these adulatory and forgotten effusions of clerical eloquence; but it may be not without its use, as characterizing the men and age, to lay before the reader one specimen more of what was addressed to the head of the state, by the heads of the church. It is an extract from the mandament of Cardinal Cambacèrés, then archbishop of Rouen:—

"The First Consul will inform you, our dearly beloved brethren, by the accompanying letter, why he is constrained anew to have recourse to war. His word alone assures us of the veracity of what he announces; for men such as he disdain falsehood, even when useful. Let us entreat of God, that *this man of his right hand*—this man, who, under His guidance, has accomplished so much for the re-establishment of his worship, and who proposes to do still more—may continue to be, like Cyrus, *the Christ of Providence;* that the Almighty may watch over his life, and cover him with his wings; that He may guard his august person from all the dangers of battle—dangers more numerous to one of his courage—and also from those perils which are to be feared from the envious, where there is merit such as his."

These outrageous expressions* were far from displeasing to the First Consul, for never did he complain

* We call them blasphemous expressions.—*Translator.*

of praise being carried too far, though disliking the organ of too palpable adulation. Thus Duroc told me, that once they had much ado to keep from laughing outright, when the curate of a parish at Abbeville addressed Bonaparte, in a tone of solemn pomposity,—"To you, Religion, as well as France, is indebted for whatever she is; to you, all of us owe whatever we possess; from you I derive all that I am!"

In the month of April, 1803, Prince Borghese, destined one day to become his brother-in-law, was first introduced to Bonaparte, by Cardinal Cafrara. In the same month and year, were instituted auditors of the Council of State, amounting at first to sixteen. Towards the end of June, Bonaparte, in company with Josephine, undertook his journey to Belgium and the northern coasts of France. I have already alluded to this excursion; but may mention here some particulars gathered from Duroc on his return. The imperial pair—for so they might already be termed, from the regal pomp attending their progress—left Paris on the 24th June. Guards of honour, appointed in private by the departments, preceded by all the civil and military authorities, attended them, on arriving in any place,—everywhere, laudatory harangues, triumphal arches, devices, and illuminations. "While at Amiens," said Duroc, "we went to visit the manufactured productions of the department. On entering the place of exhibition, the First Consul observed, with the solemn tone which you know is peculiar to him,—'I see with pleasure the result of your useful labours—inhabitants of the department of the Somme, I am satisfied. Industry ensures at once the repose of society, and individual happiness.'" It had formerly been the usage, when the kings of France passed through the ancient capital of Picardy, to present them with some beautiful swans, as a mark of their homage. This was not

forgotten; and the swans of Amiens were sent to display their beauties in a basin of the Tuileries, reminding the Parisians of the regal offerings of the provinces. During this journey, also, Bonaparte commenced dating his decrees from the places through which he passed, that the nation might be occupied with him, and with him alone. Formerly, decrees had been rendered in the name of the Consuls; henceforth, they were given in the name of the *Government;* and, by means of the change, apparently so unimportant, people were taught to look to the *government* as being wherever Bonaparte was.

About the same period, various of the old usages were re-established. Among others, the Institute was remodelled, and separated into four classes, intended to recall the remembrance of the ancient Academies, —a denomination, however, which the reformer rejected, notwithstanding the desire and the intrigues of several, and, among others, of Lucien. Neither, in this division, did the classes of the Institute retain the same rank they formerly held as Academies. He placed in the principal station the class of science, degrading to the second the ancient academy of literature. It ought, however, to be remarked, that this arrangement was authorized by the comparative state of excellence in the two departments. Though French literature then reckoned great names, as La Harpe, (who died under the consulate,) Ducis, St Pierre, Chenier, and Lemercier, these could not be named with Lagrange, Laplace, Monge, Fourcroy, Berthollet, Cuvier, whose labours in the various sciences have so widely extended the boundaries of human knowledge. The preference, then, could not be blamed; and, besides, Bonaparte did by no means regret, while acting thus, the opportunity of shewing the small esteem in which he held men of letters, whom he designated as "speechifiers." He never pardoned their superiority in a branch where he had no claims; for, strictly speaking, I never knew one

more insensible to the beauties of good poetry, or even of good prose, than Bonaparte. As there existed a vagueness in his spirit—an incessant aspiring in his character, and, as he referred every thing to himself, his imagination delighted in the shadowy imagery of Ossian, and his energetic mind sought its own likeness in the strong delineations of Corneille's lofty thoughts. In truth, with these two exceptions, the finest works in our literature were to him but as so many collections of sounding words, void of sense, and, in his opinion, only captivating to the ear. The disdain, or rather dislike, entertained by Bonaparte for literature generally, applied individually to certain men of letters. Chenier, whose tragedies breathed sentiments of republican frankness, he detested; and Ducis still more, who seemed, as it were, to have awakened a feeling of instinctive hatred.* Bonaparte was very fond of St Pierre's tale of "Paul and Virginia," because he had perused it in early youth; but I remember well, his having one day tried, for about a quarter of an hour, to read the "Studies of Nature," by the same author, when, tossing the book contemptuously from him, he said,—"How can people read such trash? It is insipid, vapoury stuff; there is nothing in it: these are the reveries of a visionary. What is this nature? Nature! the phrase is vague—void of all import. Men and passions to be sure; these are what ought to be depicted: these tell something—have meaning. Such gentry are good for nothing under any government! I shall give them pensions, nevertheless, because I ought to do so, as head of the state; they occupy and amuse idlers: but I will make Lagrange a senator; that man has a head."

* Ducis, one of the best modern tragic writers in France, has very successfully, in the historical plays, translated, in some of the others has mangled, Shakespeare. His verses on the First Consul sufficiently explain, and even excused the hostility of the latter.—*Translator.*

But, though speaking of them in this manner, it must not be supposed that Bonaparte treated men of letters ill: on the contrary, they were objects of his solicitous courtesy; and the number of poets was considerable, who, from time to time, visited Fouché, and afterwards Savary, for their guerdon of fifty or a hundred louis; and from among these laureats—by pay if not by laurels—afterwards arose the strains which celebrated the burning of Moscow as one of the proudest results of the Russian campaign!

While I thus expose, however, the general dislike in which all men of letters were included by the First Consul, it must also be remembered, that this arose less from prejudice, than from the necessities of his position. Time is required to appreciate, even to peruse, works of literature, and time was so precious to him, that he would have wished, so to speak, to shorten the straight line. For this reason, he preferred those authors who treated of the practical and exact sciences; the more especially, as these are circumscribed by a boundary within which strictures on administration, or thoughts on government, do not easily penetrate. He regarded, with an evil eye, political economists, jurisconsults,—in short, all writers who meddled, in any manner, with legislation, institutions, or moral improvements. In the remodelling of the Institute, while admitting a literary class of forty members, he altogether suppressed that of the moral and political sciences. Of the two classes thus remaining, Bonaparte continued in the first, that of science, while Lucien entered the second, or that of literature. The utility attaching to realities, was with him so paramount, that, in the sciences even, he preferred those which applied to the earth: thus he never treated Lalande with so much distinction as Monge and Lagrange. Astronomical discoveries could not conduce so directly to his personal grandeur; and, besides, he never forgave Lalande the design of placing him in a dictionary of atheists, at

the very time while attempting relations with the Holy See.*

We may likewise trace the same idea, of holding all institutions under the power of government, in Bonaparte's plans of public instruction. There were to be six thousand scholarships, payable by the government, and to all of which the head of government was the presentee. In this way, having, as it were, the sole monopoly of education, he would have dealt it out in retail to the children of those only who had shewn the most blind devotion. This was what he termed "the regeneration of public instruction." During the period of our greatest intimacy, he frequently conversed on this topic, and listened, without impatience, to my observations. In answer to all objections, his favourite argument was usually thus expressed:—"What distinguishes one man from another? Education, is it not? Very well; if the children of the nobles are allowed to enter the Lyceums, they must obtain an equally good education with the children of the new men who constitute the strength of my government; finally, entering my regiments as officers, they will naturally come in competition with those whom they will have been led to regard as the spoliators of their families. I will have none of this!"

All the intriguers of Europe were now at work. They daily arrived from England, but, unable to penetrate into the interior of France, took up their abode in all the frontier cities: there they established correspondencies, and thence issued pamphlets, which

* The last cause may be true; the first is a hypercritical and false distinction: for mathematics, as applied even to terrestrial problems, would be very imperfect without astronomy. "As to the rest," Bonaparte's preference was just. By the exact and physical sciences, all the manly and the moral sensibilities of *reason* are matured, — mere literature is addressed to the susceptibilities of the *imagination*. Admit, also, the principle of utility, and, in a national point of view, the latter sinks into comparative insignificance. — *Translator.*

reached Paris, by post, in the shape of letters. On his side, the First Consul, beholding in every thing the influence of England, yielded entirely to his desire of vengeance. He was not, of course, ignorant that the most fatal war for his rival would be an hostility directed against her commerce. As a prelude to the gigantic folly, known under the name of " The Continental System," he accordingly issued the most peremptory orders on the interdiction of English merchandise. A long decree was promulgated, by which it was rendered incumbent upon all military posts, upon the national guards, the gendarmerie, and all functionaries whatsoever, to arrest all individuals who should introduce articles of the manufacture or trade of England; or who should sell, or warehouse them, in the interior of France; or who should even attempt to introduce these contraband goods. The *suspected* were, immediately on their capture, to be conducted to the nearest prison; and those who had used force in landing prohibited commodities were to be sued before the special tribunals; and every one knows what judgments were, at this time, decerned by a special tribunal. In short, Bonaparte had, in this decree, accumulated all that the laws could authorize of severity. To this system I shall return hereafter; for peculiar circumstances enabled me to study both its progress and effects.

The First Consul wanted not for causes of irritation against his active enemies: the news which reached Paris, from the coasts of the Channel, were by no means encouraging. The English fleets not only blockaded the French ports, but had commenced the offensive, by bombarding Granville.*

This brings me to the question of an actual descent upon England. I have already stated, that Bonaparte never entertained the idea of a real invasion. The

* Does not this corroborate the note at p. 272?—*Translator.*

interview and conversation I am now to relate, bears still more directly on the same subject.

There had been nearly seven months of war since the rupture of the Peace of Amiens, when, on the 15th December, 1803, the First Consul sent for me to the Tuileries. I held still in mind his incredible proceedings, and, as I had not seen him for some time, I felt by no means at ease on this summons. However it might be, I knew not, but, to be candid, on receiving this invitation, I took the precaution to fortify myself with a nightcap, apprehending the notion had seized him of sending me to sleep at Vincennes. My terrors, however, turned out to be only panic fears. Rapp was master of ceremonies on that particular day of audience, and I sought not to conceal from him the ideas I harboured on the possible result of the visit. "You may set yourself at ease," said Rapp, "the First Consul wishes only a little chat with you;" and then announced me.

Bonaparte, on entering the grand saloon, where I was in waiting, accosted me in his most gracious manner. After the usual little *drolleries*, he asked, "Pray, what say the old women of my preparations for a descent?"—"General, there is much diversity of opinion; each person speaks after his own way. Suchet, for example, whom I often see, has no doubt that it will take place, and hopes then to give you new proofs of his gratitude and attachment."—"But Suchet tells me you do not believe in the invasion?"—"That is true; I put no faith in it."—"And why?"—"Because five years ago, at Antwerp, you told me you would not stake France upon the cast of such a die—that it was too hazardous. In this respect, nothing has since changed."—"You are right; those who give credit to the intention of a descent are blockheads: they see not the thing in the true light. Doubtless I might land with one hundred thousand men: the English would encounter

me in a general battle: I should gain it; but I must reckon upon thirty thousand men killed, wounded, and prisoners. If I march upon London, a second battle awaits me under its walls. Supposing me victorious here also, what should I do in London with an army diminished by three-fourths, without hope of reinforcements? This would be madness. Without a superiority gained by our navy, it is vain ever to think of such a project. The grand mustering of troops, yonder in the north, has a different object. My government must either be the first of all, or it falls."*

Bonaparte then evidently wished to put a deceit upon all as respected his true designs here. It was his object to fix the eyes of all Europe upon his pretended invasion of England, in order to withdraw attention from his real designs: nor was this one of the least inglorious of those devices which he played in the grand game of politics. The trick, however, was an expensive one. The cities voted ships of war, which were never finished; and even Paris fell to constructing boats, destined for the transport of the invading army, but which were never to behold the British shore. The immense quantity of shallops and flat-bottomed boats, only begun, or preparing, or finished,—just were good for nothing, and excited, I well remember, a general smile.† Still people were deceived; even Duroc and Rapp gave credence to the reality of the scheme; yet the state of our marine, in

* Napoleon, in St Helena, discusses the subject of invading England. I find, in my notes upon the present interview,—"Remained from half past eleven till one with the First Consul;" and I assert, that during the whole of that time, not one word was uttered similar to the assertion from St Helena.—*Author.*

† A caricature, published in London, and secretly conveyed to Paris, was eagerly sought after, and destroyed by the police. It represented the French flotilla standing out to sea, while an English sailor, tranquilly smoking his pipe, appeared on the point of capsizing the whole squadron by puffing the smoke against it.—*Author.*

point only of men, might have sufficed to dispel the delusion. Soldiers, so to speak, may be *improvised*, but sailors must be formed by long experience; and our few experienced seamen were then parceled out in distant settlements,—a double misfortune; for they thus fell into the hands of the enemy, while removed from the defence of their native shores.

On the 8th March, 1804, while very grave matters were going forward, I had another unsolicited audience of the First Consul, at eight o'clock in the morning. After conversing about indifferent matters, asking how I was employed, and what were my expectations, he said I might depend upon him; afterwards uttered some vague expressions relative to the conspiracy of Pichegru and Moreau, which had just been discovered; then, suddenly changing, "Apropos," said he, "reports are still spread of my connection with Hortense: scandalous stories were set afloat about her first child. I then hoped that the public gave heed to such things only from desire of seeing me have a child. Since you and I have been separated, have you heard them repeated?"—"Yes, General, frequently; but I confess, at the same time, I had believed that such a calumny could not have so long survived."—"It is truly atrocious; you know that it is; you have seen all—heard all; the slightest transaction could not have escaped your observation; you enjoyed her unlimited confidence at the time of her correspondence with Duroc. I expect from you, if ever you write any thing about me, that you will redeem my memory from this infamous slander; I would not that it accompany me to posterity. I count much upon you. You have never given credit to this odious imputation?"—"No, never, General." He then entered upon a number of details on the past and present life of Hortense, and on the turn her marriage had taken. "Things have not prospered," said he, "as I wished: their union is not happy. This hurts me; for I love them both, and also because it is calculated to

strengthen these infamous reports." He ended the conversation, by saying, "Bourrienne, I sometimes think of recalling you; but, as there exists no cause, people would still say I have need of you, and I would have the world know that I stand in need of no one." He spoke again for a moment of Hortense. I replied, that, upon my own conviction, I would do as he desired, and that he might depend upon the truth being known through me. I have already redeemed my pledge. Let his memory be freed from the imputation of evil he did not commit! Let impartial history reject this slander! His principles on this point were severely pure; and, to close the subject for ever, I declare, that such a connection accorded neither with his ideas, his manners, nor his tastes. A father and a friend are names far too sacred to be sported with lightly.

I know not whether it entered into the plan of this interview, or whether, more than usually pleased, the thought had suddenly struck him, but, as I turned to leave the apartment,—"Ah!" said he, "I forget." I returned. "Bourrienne, do you still continue to see the Fauchers?"—"Yes, General, often."—"You do wrong."—"Why should I not receive them? They have talents, education, and converse admirably, especially Cæsar."—"I repeat, shut your doors against them; that's my advice." Perceiving I still hesitated, for I had no plausible pretext, he added,—"Well, then, know I am informed, through means of Cæsar, of what passes in your house. You do not say too much ill of me; nor dares any one do so in your presence: you play your rubber, and you go to bed. But scarcely is your back turned, when your wife, who never liked me, and the majority of those who pass the evening with her, indulge in the most outrageous sallies at my expense. Cæsar's bulletin is regularly forwarded to me every day he visits at your house. This is how he repays your kindness,

and the asylum given to his brother. Enough of this; you see I know all. Adieu."

The grave having closed over these unhappy men, who were executed for the forgery of a public document, I shall merely state, that, the evening before their execution, they wrote to me, begging my forgiveness. The following is an extract from their letter:—"In our dungeon we hear our sentence of death proclaimed in the streets. To-morrow we ascend the scaffold, and shall meet death with a calmness and courage that ought to put our executioners to the blush. We are sixty years of age; our lives, therefore, can be shortened by only a brief space. During these years of existence, we have shared, in common, illness, grief, pleasure, danger, and success. The same hour beheld our entrance into the world; one and the same hour shall witness our departure thence. As to you, sir, ——" I suppress the rest.

By the time my singular audience with the First Consul was concluded, the hour of grand levee had arrived. I stopped an instant to witness this phantasmagory,—an exhibition, in my opinion, the most ridiculous which those who have been so fortunate as never to have witnessed one, can well imagine. What, in truth, is to be seen? Men covered with garbs more or less overlaid with gold—more or less bedizened with lace—who come to watch the nod of the master—to greet those in high favour—to squeeze affectionately the hand of him they most desire to strike—and interchange unmeaning salutations. Such is a levee. Duroc, on perceiving me, led the way to the embrasure of a window, where he conversed on Moreau's guilt being established, and the resolution taken of accusing him before the tribunals. "Let them take care," said I to Duroc, "what they do; it is no child's play to indict as a criminal the conqueror of Hohenlinden."—"Oh," replied he, "when a general such as Moreau has been between

two gensdarmes, he is a lost man, no longer good for any thing. He inspires only pity." I attempted in vain to combat this opinion, and to convince General Duroc, that to call him a brigand (the phrase then in fashion) without proof, could never disgrace Moreau. The sequel proved I divined rightly; and posterity will fix upon the hero of Hohenlinden an accusation of a far different nature from that of conspiring against the First Consul.

CHAPTER XVII.

CONSPIRACY OF PICHEGRU AND GEORGES CADOUDAL — FOUCHE AND THE POLICE — CONSIDERATIONS ON THE PROBABLE CAUSES OF THE CONSPIRACIES — ARREST OF THE DUKE D'ENGHIEN — NARRATIVE OF HIS IMPRISONMENT AND EXECUTION — HARREL'S NARRATIVE — THE FAITHFUL DOG — THE QUARTER MASTER — BONAPARTE'S GUILT — EFFECTS OF THE CRIME — NOBLE CONDUCT OF LOUIS XVIII.

BEFORE my first visit to the Tuileries, as already mentioned, and prior even to the rupture of the treaty of Amiens, intriguing speculators, whose excessive zeal was not less fatal to the cause of the Bourbons, than the blind devotion of unprincipled followers proved to the First Consul, had engaged in certain dark manœuvres, which could produce no favourable result. These machinations at this time had in view the reconciliation of Moreau and Pichegru. The latter, proscribed on the 18th Fructidor, as one of the obnoxious deputies, unable to obtain the First Consul's permission to return to France, had taken up his residence in England, waiting a favourable opportunity of executing his projects. Moreau lived in Paris, but appeared neither at the audiences, nor in the circles of the First Consul; and the hostility of these two generals against Bonaparte,—declared on the part of Pichegru, still veiled by Moreau,—was a secret to no one. But, every thing smiling on the First Consul, he viewed this enmity with more disdain than fear, reassured also by the banishment of the one, and the character of the other. The name

of Moreau possessed far greater influence with the army than that of Pichegru, and those who were plotting the overthrow of the consular government, perfectly understood that nothing could be successfully attempted without the aid of the former. The crisis was, in truth, unfavourable; but some in the secret, knowing also something of the plans of the British cabinet, and that the peace was only a truce, resolved to take advantage of the brief interval, to effect, in advance, a reconciliation which might bring round a community of interests. Moreau and Pichegru were, in fact, on bad terms, ever since Moreau had sent to the Directory the papers seized among the baggage of General Klinglin, and which so clearly demonstrated the treason of Pichegru, in leaguing with the Bourbons, while he was at the head of the Army of Germany. From that period, the name of Pichegru had lost its influence over the spirit of the soldiery, while the fame of Moreau remained dear to all who had conquered under his command.*

These attempts had only the effect of compromising Moreau, without determining him to any thing. His natural indolence, and perhaps good sense, had dictated, as his rule of conduct, the maxim, to let men and things take their course; for, often in politics, as in war, to temporize is no bad activity. Besides, Moreau was then a stanch republican, and most certainly would not have laboured to bring back the Bourbons, —the aim of Pichegru.

Such is the introduction to transactions of far deeper interest, which happened at the close of the consulate, namely, the conspiracy of Georges Cadoudal, Moreau, Pichegru, and others; and the everlasting stain on Napoleon's name, the murder of the Duke d'Enghien.

On the conspiracy of Georges, different opinions have been expressed. I contradict no one; I shall merely relate what I learned and saw, which may throw some light upon that horrible and mysterious

* See Appendix, D.

affair. I am far, however, from believing, that the whole was a conspiracy to prepare the way to the imperial throne. But I am inclined to think, that, planned by those implicated therein, it was aided by Fouché, in order to accelerate his return to the ministry. I combat no one's opinion, but it will be permitted me to support my own by the exposition of facts.

Fouché knew Bonaparte well; nor had he forgotten that, in his message to the Senate on the 15th September, 1802, the First Consul had said, that, if circumstances required a minister of police, the government could find none better qualified than the ex-functionary. Fouché, in my opinion, matured such *circumstances* with unpardonable ability. Let not this be deemed a harsh conclusion; not one generous sentiment could harbour in the mind capable of writing the soul-harrowing correspondence of Fouché, during his mission to Lyons. The daily and necessary intercourse which for years I had held with Fouché, previous to the suppression of his department, placed me on a footing which gave the privilege afterwards of visiting him, when he became lost in the Senate, and I in the crowd. Fouché, in all his conversations, assured me, with a confidence I could not well account for, that the First Consul in the end would again have recourse to him. "Regnier," he would say, "is too dainty, and too great an ass, to play the policeman well; he will allow the First Consul to fall into some snare." I confess, that, at the time, I attached little value to such assertions, attributing them to vanity, and to a desire of recovering his place, knowing, also, the real dislike of the First Consul. Circumstances corroborated these remarks, and now strengthen my opinion as respects his participation in the subsequent manœuvres.

While attempts were making, as already described, to bring about a reconciliation between Moreau and Pichegru, Fouché set men about Moreau of his own party and way of thinking, encouraged, probably,

without knowing it, by the subtle Fouché, to exercise an influence over, and to irritate, his mind. The Abbé David, a common friend of both generals, was first employed as the instrument of a reconciliation; but, being arrested and consigned to the Temple, he was replaced by a man named Lajollais, whom every thing confirms to have been employed by Fouché.* This agent repaired to London, where he intrigued without engaging in the conspiracy, preparing the departure of Pichegru and his friends from thence, returning to Paris to announce their arrival, and to prepare all things for their reception and—destruction. The sole foundation of this intrigue was the discontent of Moreau.

One day, in the end of January, 1804, I recollect having visited Fouché about two o'clock; the horses were put to his carriage, he himself was alone in his cabinet, and about to seal a letter for the First Consul, then at St Cloud. He read to me this billet, just written; it was short, and concluded with these words, which struck me forcibly, *The air is full of daggers.* What preceded was a little obscure, but tending to the same vague and astounding conclusion. In a postscript, the writer said, "*I am setting out for Ponte Carré.*"—"How!" said I, "the air full of daggers, and you quit Paris without going to St Cloud, to give your explanations to the First Consul!"—"I thought you had known him better; I send my letter by an express; I shall not be one hour at Ponte Carré before receiving an order to repair in all haste to St Cloud. Look in upon me to-morrow; we will have some talk together." Fouché despatched his letter, and drove off. I called next day, and learned from himself, that every thing had fallen out as he expected. Scarcely had he alighted in the country, when a courier arrived, bearing an order for his immediate attendance at St Cloud. Here the First

* This opinion concerning Lajollais, as having been connected with Fouché, evidently appears to have been unfounded, and is, accordingly, refuted in a subsequent volume.—*Translator.*

Consul affected to treat his intelligence as invented to increase his own importance. "What will you say," answered Fouché, "if I inform you that Georges and Pichegru have been in Paris for some time on this very plot?"—"Ah!" returned Bonaparte, with a look of compassion, as if delighted to catch Fouché napping, "how truly you are informed! Regnier has just received a letter from London, that Pichegru, only three days ago, dined at Kingston, in the house of one of the English ministry." Fouché persisted; Regnier was sent for; and Bonaparte soon discovered that the latter had been mystified by agents better paid by his rival. The new functionary was dismissed, but the ancient minister of police objected to the immediate revival of his office, fearing thus to awaken suspicion, stipulating merely that the conduct of the affair should be intrusted to Real, with orders to obey all instructions received from himself.

There appears, then, no reasonable grounds for doubting that the conspiracy, if not originated, was fomented by the secret protection of Fouché, and the police in his pay. The want of accordance among the pretended leaders; the facilities afforded them in disembarking, coming to, and residing in Paris; their almost simultaneous arrest, and consequent depositions,—all prove such connivance, and that their temporary tranquillity arose from their being, so to speak, in a chamber of glass, as respected the police. Moreau never for an instant favoured the return of the Bourbons; this I could not but know, from my connections with his most intimate friend, M. Carbonnet: it was, therefore, quite impossible for him to make common cause with Georges and Pichegru. Polignac, again, De Riviere, and some others, had no intention of acting at all; they had come to Paris to view the actual state of things, and certainly to inform the Bourbon princes how they were to value the foolish hopes given them by inferior agents, always eager to exalt their own services at the expense of truth. These gentry, unquestionably, had set on foot a con-

spiracy; but it was against the treasury of London, whence they hoped to extract salaries. There can likewise be no question that the secret agents of Fouché, who also misled the regular police—agents formed of false friends to persons disposed, by previous sentiments, to favour a conspiracy of this nature—also encouraged them to attempt its accomplishment. I fully believe that a large proportion of the accused actually entertained the design of overturning the government and restoring the Bourbons; but I maintain, that they would have made the attempt neither at the time, nor in the manner, they did, if the means had not been facilitated—if they had not been encouraged by perfidious insinuations and deceitful hopes.

The greater part of the conspirators were already in the Temple, or the prison of Laforce, when one of them, Bouvet de Lozier, made an attempt to hang himself in the former place of confinement. The wretched man had but too nearly succeeded, having made use of his cravat for the purpose; and was on the point of expiring, when, by chance, the jailor entered his dungeon. Recalled to life, De Lozier exhibited a striking, but not uncommon, example of great courage, with little moral fortitude. He did not fear death, yet knew himself incapable of confronting the interrogatories of justice; and had resolved to kill himself, lest he should be led to make confessions. He did make them; and, on the morrow, (that is, on the 15th February,) Moreau was arrested, while returning from his estate of Grosbois to Paris. From the declarations of De Lozier, also, the *regular* police—the police not in the pay of Fouché—first learned the particulars of three successive disembarkations effected in tranquillity, and that a fourth was expected.—But let us come to the official details.

"Georges, and his band of assassins, had continued in the pay of our enemies: his agents traversed Vendée and the neighbouring departments. Georges and Pichegru contrived their machinations: and in the year XI, Moreau and Pichegru were criminally recon-

ciled,—two men between whom honour ought to have placed eternal variance. The police seized one of their agents, returning for the second time from England, upon whose person documents were found attesting this combination. Lajollais, the friend and confidant of Pichegru, made two journeys between London and Paris, carrying on the correspondence: in the mean time, all things were prepared in Paris, by the brigands of Georges."—Here I interrupt the report of Regnier, who thus describes Lajollais as the friend of Pichegru, to state, that, before the writing of the report, it had become clear as day, that Lajollais was an agent employed to connect with the conspiracy the two chiefs marked for such implication. —"A retired spot was assigned between Dieppe and Treport, for the landing of the conspirators, who were brought there in English ships of war. Here they found men corrupted and paid to guide them from station to station, as previously agreed upon: at Paris, asylums were provided in houses rented in advance, and in the charge of proper confidants. The first landing consisted of Georges and eight of his brigands. The former remained on the coast, to aid the second arrival, composed of Coster St Victor and ten other ruffians. Early in December, Pichegru, Lajollais, Galliard, the brother of Raoul, Jean Marie, one of the first associates of Georges, and other brigands of the same sort, effected a third landing. A fourth was prevented. Georges and Pichegru were lodged in the same house in Paris, with thirty brigands, commanded by the former. They travelled under night: their accomplices, the order of their journey, —all are known. Three interviews have taken place with Moreau, the two last in the general's own house; another was appointed, but not held." Such is the substance of this famous report; the concluding details are from the confessions of an accomplice, and the whole composition bears as if the grand judge, Regnier, had laboured to gain for his administration a brevet of incapacity.

Having learned the arrest of Moreau, on the evening of the 15th February, I went at an early hour next morning to the house of his uncle, M. Carbonnet, with whom I longed to converse on the affair. What was my surprise! He had just been arrested also: "I advise you, sir," added the porter—"for I have the honour to know you—to retire without persisting; those who call here are watched."—"Is your master still within?"—"Yes, sir, they are examining his papers."—"I must see him."

I remained but a moment with M. Carbonnet, who appeared far more afflicted on account of the general's arrest than his own. His papers being sealed, he was consigned to a secret prison, at St Pelagie, and did not recover his liberty without paying for it, and that only after Moreau had left France. I witnessed the rigorous scrutiny of his house, and know nothing of the grounds upon which dealers in informations and calumny could pretend that it had been fitted up for the Duke d'Angoulême. The adroit Fouché regarded as a master-stroke the compromising of Moreau; he well knew that Bonaparte would pardon all his contrivances, should they be discovered, solely because they had terminated in removing a man whom those about him laboured to represent as a dangerous rival.

The events which succeeded with such rapidity in the commencement of the year 1804, are so interwoven—run so into each—that they require to be taken one by one, dwelt upon, and returned to again and again. All, however, in this machination, had one main object, the foundation of a French empire in favour of Napoleon. A vital consideration to the accomplishment of this scheme existed in the state of parties, both at home and abroad. While Bonaparte was at peace with the rest of Europe, the cause of the Bourbons had no longer a support in foreign cabinets; and the emigrants, now without a rallying point, and no longer a body, had no alternative but to submit, or give up the contest. But, war breaking

out afresh, the whole assumed a new aspect; the cause of foreign belligerents became the cause of the Bourbons, since it was one opposed to the interests of Bonaparte; and as numerous ties connected the emigrants still abroad with those who had returned but half satisfied, or rather disappointed, into the bosom of their country, risings in the interior, combined with the powers already in arms against Bonaparte, were to be apprehended.

In France itself, again, all that had passed during the two preceding years, favoured Bonaparte's views on the crown, and encouraged him to the erection of a new dynasty. But, to the men of the Revolution, to the republicans, and to his own party, sprung from the ranks of both, a pledge seemed to be necessary, that, in re-establishing the throne, he set it up, not for the Bourbons, whose return these partizans had just reason to fear would be fatal to those whose hands were yet red with the blood of a Bourbon, and a king. It behoved him to bind to himself those of whom he stood in need, or rather of whom he thought he stood in need, by rendering himself as guilty as they were. The Duke d'Enghien was selected as the victim, whose blood might calm the conscious terrors awakened in the men of the Revolution, by the sole name of the Bourbons, Bonaparte believing that they judged themselves as he himself judged them. Besides, the death of the Duke d'Enghien, by filling with grief the breasts of all the royalists, who had successively rallied round the government of the First Consul, would produce a new separation; and places, honours, dignities, must become the exclusive property of the men of the Revolution. Such were the mutual advantages, of the mutual services and concessions, of the parties concerned: how do the facts correspond?

In February, 1804, the principals and accomplices in the conspiracy of Georges were arrested. Then comes the fatal 21st March, the assassination of the Duke d'Enghien. Next follows the 30th April, the

proposition made by the Tribunate, to found in France a sole government. To this succeeds the 18th May, when the decree was published, declaring Napoleon Bonaparte Emperor. The 10th June closed the tragedy, by the condemnation of Georges, and several of his accomplices; in which bloody drama, the death of a Bourbon, and the crown of France placed upon the head of a fortunate soldier, were acts purposely introduced.

Machiavel has said, that when the author of a crime is unknown, we must search out whom it profits. Here the advice of the Italian finds an obvious application, since the crime profited Bonaparte alone, and since he even deemed it indispensable to the possession of the crown of France. How, in the first place, can it be said, that the Duke perished as the accomplice of Georges? This is one of those suppositions that do not merit examination; or, if it be made a subject of positive assertion, is one of the grossest falsehoods which it is possible to conceive in history.—Let us compare facts. That unfortunate prince resided at Ettenheim, on account of a young lady to whom he was attached, and had no understanding with the plotters in the interior. Moreau was arrested on the 15th February, Georges and Pichegru were seized during the same month, and the Duke d'Enghien not till the 15th March; but, if the prince had really engaged in the conspiracy, or even had known of it, let me ask, would he have remained, almost within sight of the frontier, nearly a whole month after the seizure of his pretended associates, an occurrence of which he could have been informed in three days? So completely was he a stranger to the conspiracy, that he said to those who mentioned it to him at Ettenheim, that his father or grandfather should have informed him, for his own personal security. Would they have delayed so long to send this assurance? Alas! sad experience proved that he could be reached in a few hours.

The sentence of death against Georges and his

companions was not pronounced till the 10th of June, 1804, and the Duke was shot on the 21st March; at which time the pleadings had not even commenced. How explain this precipitation? If, as Napoleon has asserted, the young Bourbon was an accomplice of these conspirators, why was he not arrested at the same time? Why was he not confronted with them, either as an accomplice, or as compromised by their declarations? or, in fine, as a useful witness against them, whose deposition might throw some light on that dark affair? How comes it that the name of the illustrious accused was never once pronounced in the whole course of that terrible process? The prince was no more, when, at last, the accused were brought before the special tribunal: there would have been no risk in making the dead speak, and yet not one had the conscience to involve him by a single word, either as participating in, or concealing the conspiracy.

I can with difficulty believe that Napoleon could have written thus at St Helena: "Either they had made the unfortunate prince acquainted with their purpose of assassination, and by that act sealed his doom; or, giving him no information thereof, had left him imprudently to sleep upon the brink of a precipice, within two paces of the frontier, while so great a blow was to be struck in the name and for the interest of his family." This dilemma is not only absurd, but atrocious. If the Duke d'Enghien was found to be compromised by the avowal of the conspirators, he ought to have been arrested and tried with them: every thing demanded this proceeding. If they had concealed all from him, where was his crime? What! because men had entertained the intention of committing a crime, in the name of his family, without his knowledge, must he be shot? Because he slept tranquilly one hundred and thirty leagues distant from the plot, without any participation therein, must he die? Such reasoning only inspires horror. It is impossible that any man in his

senses can believe that the Duke was an accomplice with Cadoudal; it is contrary to reason: and Napoleon has, unworthily, imposed upon his contemporaries and posterity, by inventing and lending to such falsehoods the mighty sanction of his name. In different statements, too, he is evidently in opposition to himself. All that we read is full of implications, inverted, obscure, contradictory. Nothing, in truth, whether dictated to his friends, the companions of exile, or intended for strangers, will stand the test of serious examination. Some, indeed, pretend that this obscurity is intended, and that Bonaparte, drawing near the close of life, had the amazing generosity to leave things thus, that responsibility of the crime might rest with himself, rather than expose those whom an excess of zeal had urged to too hasty an execution, and who were still living. Unfortunately, it is not even possible to call this supposition into question, for it is but too true that the death of the Duke d'Enghien had no other cause than the will of Bonaparte. Ah! had I then enjoyed his confidence —I speak thus with certainty, and perhaps with pride—the blood of the Duke d'Enghien would never have tarnished, with everlasting blot, the glory of Napoleon! In the terrible circumstances of the case, I would have had power to act where no one else durst even make the attempt; my position, such as none else ever held with Bonaparte, would have given me this power. I admit most willingly, that he preferred others in his friendship, as far as friendship was compatible with the character of the man; but I knew him better than did any other; and to me alone, of all who were around him, was still permitted some return to the familiar kindliness of early youth. I am the more inclined to believe that I should have been successful in diverting Bonaparte from his fatal purpose, from knowing, positively, that his first intention, after the rupture of the Treaty of Amiens, was only to frighten the emigrants, in order to remove them from Ettenheim, where they had assembled in

great numbers, and whence they continued to inundate the frontier country with libels. It must, however, be confessed, when he spoke of the emigrants of the outer Rhine, it was with so much bitterness, that Talleyrand, fearful of consequences to the prince, caused him to be warned by a female friend to keep on his guard, or even to remove. In pursuance of this last advice, the Duke prepared to rejoin his grandfather, and, at the time of his seizure, was waiting a passport from the Austrian government. To these facts I may add, that it was Sir Charles Stuart, now Lord Stuart, the English ambassador in France, who wrote to the Count de Cobentzel, requesting a passport for the Duke d'Enghien. The tardiness of the Austrian cabinet in replying, gave time to Bonaparte's impatience, when once he had formed the horrible resolution of shedding the blood of a Bourbon; and the unfortunate prince was carried off, when ordinary despatch, on the part of the cabinet now named, would infallibly have saved him.

But the resolution can be imputed to Bonaparte alone, for who would have dared to suggest it to him? He knew not what he was doing. A prey to ambition, whose "fiery fever" urged him on even to madness, he understood not to what fearful extent he sunk in the world's opinion, because he was ignorant of the real nature of that opinion, for which he was ready to sacrifice all. How terrible—and the more terrible, because too late—must have been the intimation conveyed by the unusual silence of his counsellors! For three days after the fatal execution, not a voice was raised in the Council of State!—Sublime or ridiculous might have been the thoughts which passed his own lips, but not a sound was uttered in opposition or reply—in praise or censure. They had not, however, been silent while the deed was yet to be done. In a Council, held on the 18th March, where the arrest and death of the Duke d'Enghien was canvassed, it was violently opposed.

Cambacèrés, the second man in the state, distinguished himself in this opposition; yet he had voted, with slight restriction, for the death of Louis XVI. Bonaparte, in cruel mockery, merely replied to his arguments, "You, Cambacèrés, are *become unusually* chary of the blood of the Bourbons!" To this Council Fouché was called, though only a senator, with no official employment, and consequently with no legal right to be present. Fouché, like his evil genius, was urging him on to empire; and, from the moment of disclosing the conspiracy which he himself had nurtured, had said, there was not an instant to lose, — that he must decide; and Bonaparte *did* decide.

While these events were going forward in France, the unconscious victim remained at Ettenheim, where he lived on "soft hopes," and not in conspiracy. The Duke d'Enghien thought as nobly as his grandfather; and, like him, would have scorned the proposal of assassination, had it been agitated to his knowledge. It was known, nor was the First Consul ignorant of the fact, that an individual had offered to the Prince de Condé, under certain conditions, to assassinate the First Consul. The indignant prince nobly refused to retrieve the rights of the Bourbons at the price of crime. In the sequel, the conspirator was recognized to be an agent of the police in Paris, sent on a special mission to involve the Princes in a plot which would have ruined them for ever in the public mind, opposed to murder on either side. But to return to the attempt of tracing the bloody scene which closed in the castle of Vincennes.

General Ordener, commandant of the horse grenadiers of the guard, received instructions from the minister of war, to repair to the Rhine, where the chiefs of the gendarmes of New Brissac were placed under his command. General Ordener despatched a squadron of these to Ettenheim, where, on the 15th March, they seized the Prince. He was immediately conveyed to the citadel of Strasbourg, and there

detained till the arrival of orders from Paris. These were speedy, and as promptly executed; for the carriage which brought the unfortunate Prince arrived at the Barrier on the 20th, at one o'clock in the morning. There the cavalcade halted for the space of five hours, and afterwards took the road to Vincennes, by the outer ramparts of Paris, reaching its destination at nightfall. Every thing in this horrible transaction passed during the reign of darkness; the sun was not to enlighten even its tragic close. The escort received orders to enter Vincennes at night; at night the fatal gates closed upon the captive; during the night, assembled the Council which tried, or rather which condemned without having tried, the accused; while the clock was yet striking six, the command to fire was given, and at six o'clock, before the sun had yet risen, the Prince had ceased to live. Here I may be permitted a single reflection. Even should it be admitted, that the Council of the 10th March exercised an influence on the arrest of the Duke, there was no Council held between his arrival at the Barrier, in the morning of the 20th, and the moment of execution; it could, then, have been no one save Bonaparte only who gave the final orders — too punctually followed.

Here, as aiding the narrative, I may insert an extract from the examination and other official documents.

"*Consular Decree.*—The Government of the Republic decrees as follows:—

"Article I. The ci-devant Duke d'Enghien, accused of having borne arms against the Republic, of having been, and still being, in the pay of England, of taking part in the plots, formed by the above power, against the safety, both external and internal, of the Republic, shall be arraigned before a military commission, composed of seven members, to be named by the Governor-General of Paris, and to assemble at Vincennes.

"Article II. The Grand Judge, the Minister at

War, and the Governor-General of Paris, are charged with the execution of the present decree.

" The First Consul, (signed) BONAPARTE.
" By the First Consul, (signed) HUGUES MARET, War Minister.

" Commander-in-Chief, Governor of Paris, (signed) MURAT."

Conformably to the dispositions in the above decree, Murat named the commission, which assembled on the night of the 20-21st March, the Prince's deposition, in the mean time, being received by an officer appointed for that purpose, as follows:—

" *Year* XII. *of the French Republic.*—This day, 29 Ventose, at midnight, I, Captain Major of the gendarmerie d'élite, by order of the commanding officer of the corps, presented myself before the Commander-in-Chief Murat, governor of Paris, who immediately gave me orders to repair to the Castle of Vincennes, and report myself to General Hullier, commanding the grenadiers of the consular guard, from him to receive farther instructions.

" For the execution of the dispositions in the Consular Decree, and in virtue of an order from the President of the Military Commission, immediately assembled in the Castle of Vincennes, the captain reporter of the case entered the bedchamber of the Duke d'Enghien, accompanied by a colonel of the legion d'élite, a lieutenant, and two foot gendarmes of the same corps. The captain reporter, assisted by a captain of the 8th regiment, as registrar chosen by reporter, received the following replies in answer to questions put in order."

To these questions, the greater part of which referred to the Prince's proceedings after leaving France in 1789, the most explicit and candid answers were received. This part of the deposition implicated the Prince not more deeply than many thousands of *returned* emigrants, who had carried arms along with him. The reader will judge whether he was com-

promised, in the slightest degree, by the subsequent portion, directly relative to the alleged cause of his arrest.

" Asked, if he corresponded with the French Princes at present in London, and if he had seen them lately? Replies, That naturally he corresponded with his grandfather, since the period of separating from him at Vienna, whither he had accompanied him, after the disbanding of the corps de Bourbon; in like manner, he corresponded with his father, whom he had not seen, as far as he could remember, since 1794 or 1795.

" Being asked, if he knew General Pichegru, if he had had correspondence with him? Replies, I have never, to the best of my belief, seen him: I never had any correspondence with him. I congratulate myself on not having known him, after the vile means of which, it is said, he wished to make use—if the report be true.

" Asked, if he knew ex-General Dumourier, and if he had been connected with him? Replies, Not at all; I never saw him.

" Being asked, if, since the peace, he had carried on any correspondence in the interior of the Republic? Replies, I have written to some friends, who are yet attached to me, and who have served with me, respecting their affairs and mine. [These were not such correspondences as those which he supposed the question implied.]

" In attestation of the foregoing, the present has been signed by the Duke d'Enghien, and the other persons present."

In the Duke's own hand, in a separate note, before the signatures, was added—

" Before signing this procès-verbal, I urgently entreat to have a private interview with the First Consul. My name, my rank, my principles, and the horror of my situation, induce me to hope that he will not deny this request.

" L. A. H. DE BOURBON."

On this deposition, the military commission passed

judgment, or *two* judgments; one *before*, the other *after*, the execution. The former, and, of course, that upon which the Duke was executed, ran as follows:—

"This day, the 30th Ventose, year XII. of the Republic,—The military commission, constituted in execution of the decree of the government of the 29th current, assembled in the castle of Vincennes, in order to try the ci-devant Duke d'Enghien on the charges contained in the said decree. The president directed the accused to be brought in unbound, and without irons, and ordered the captain reporting the case to read the documents both for and against, one by one. After the reading of the decree aforesaid, the president put the following questions:—

"Your names, surnames, age, and place of birth? Replied, Louis Antoine Henri de Bourbon, Duke d'Enghien, born at Chantilly the 2d August, 1772.

"Asked, if he had taken arms against France? Replied, That he had served throughout the whole war, and that he adhered to the declaration which he had signed; and added, moreover, that he was ready to make war, and desired to be employed in the new war of England against France.

"Being asked, if he was still in the pay of England? He replied, that he was; and received one hundred and fifty guineas monthly from that power.

"The commission, after having caused to be read, by the organ of their president, the declarations of the accused in his hearing; and having asked him if he had any thing to add in the way of defence? He replied, that he had nothing more to say, and persisted therein.

"The president directed the accused to retire, the Council deliberating with closed doors. The president collected the votes, commencing with the junior in rank, the president giving his opinion the last. The Council unanimously declared the accused guilty, and applied to him article ——— of the law of ———, thus expressed ———; and, in consequence, con-

demned him to suffer death.—Ordered, that the present judgment be carried into immediate execution, at the instance of the captain reporter, after being read to the condemned, in presence of the different detachments of the garrison corps. Written, closed, and tried in one sitting at Vincennes, the day, month, and year aforesaid, as witness our hands."

Here follow the signatures, with the exception of the registrar's, which was not affixed to the judgment upon which the Prince was executed; an omission sufficient to render it void. But what is that compared with the blanks, shewing that the commission was unable even to quote either the article of the law, or the law itself, in virtue of which they passed the sentence of death. On the morrow there appeared a second judgment, vamped up in greater form, when it was no longer time. Even then it became necessary to go back to the revolutionary laws of 1791,—a code, the destruction of which by Bonaparte had been hailed with enthusiasm, and to which he absolutely owed, in no small measure, his elevation in France. These laws he invoked anew for the destruction of the Duke d'Enghien; and even then, with senseless effrontery, the captive was designated as a *spy!* "Every individual," so runs the clause, "whatever be his rank, quality, or profession, convicted of *espionage* for the enemy, shall be punished with death." The only other clauses quoted refer to plots and conspiracies, and had no reference to the Prince in a particular capacity; and, as respecting emigrants who had borne arms, they had been repealed.*

On the 22d, the day after the execution, I was

* The Translator has here introduced into the text remarks and documents thrown into notes, or the appendix, in the original. The second judgment differs in little from the first, except in being longer and more formal; it contains the following description of the Duke d'Enghien's person:—"Height, one metre 780 millimetres, (about five feet ten inches;) hair and eyebrows of bright chestnut colour; face, oval, long, handsome; eyes, gray, tending to hazel; mouth, middle-sized; nose, aquiline; chin, a little pointed; well formed."

informed that some one wished to speak with me: it was Harrel, commandant of Vincennes. The following is word for word what he said. Harrel perhaps thought he owed me some gratitude, to be repaid by these particulars; but he was not my debtor; it was much against my will that he had kept up Ceracchi's conspiracy, and received the reward of a feigned accomplice.

"The evening before last," said he, "when the Prince arrived, I was asked if I had the means of lodging a prisoner? I replied, No; that there remained only my own apartment and the council chamber. I was then told to have a chamber immediately prepared, in which a prisoner, who would arrive in the course of the night, might sleep. I was also desired *to cause a grave to be made in the court.* I replied, that would not be easy, the court being paved. What other place, it was asked, would answer? The ditch was fixed upon, and there, in fact, the grave was dug.*

"The Prince arrived about seven o'clock in the evening. He was dying of cold and hunger; he did not appear sad. He requested of me something to eat, and desired to be shewn to bed after his repast. His chamber not being yet warmed, I received him in my own, and sent to the village for some food. The Prince placed himself at table, and invited me to be seated with him. Afterwards, he put a number of questions about Vincennes, what was passing, and a great many other things. He told me he had been brought up in the neighbourhood of the castle; and conversed with much affability and condescension. Among other inquiries, he asked, 'Why do they want me? What is their purpose with me?' But these questions produced no alterations in his tranquillity,

* Remark well this circumstance: It was then previously well known that the Duke d'Enghien was to be shot. How answer this? Is it possible to imagine that any one whomsoever would have dared to give such an order beforehand, if that order had not been in execution of a formal command from Bonaparte? We cannot even suppose otherwise.—*Author.*

and he shewed no uneasiness. My wife, who is sick, was in bed, in an alcove of the same apartment, separated only by a grating: she heard, without being perceived, all this conversation, and experienced the most lively emotion; for she recognized the Prince, whose foster-sister she had been; and the family had settled a pension upon her before the Revolution.*

"The Prince was in haste to retire to rest. He had need of some: but before he could have been well asleep, the judges ordered him to be brought into the council chamber. I was not present at the examination. On its conclusion, the Duke again ascended to his chamber; and when they went to seek him, in order to read the sentence to him, he was in a profound sleep. A few moments after, they were leading him to execution. He had so little apprehension of this, that, while descending the stair which conducts into the moat, he asked where they were taking him: no one made reply. I walked before the Prince with a lantern: feeling the cold which came from below, he grasped my arm, and said,—'*Will they throw me into a dungeon?*'"

Such was Harrel's simple narrative: the rest is too well known. I think I yet behold him shudder when thinking of this action of the unhappy Prince. Savary was not in the ditch at the moment of the execution, but, most certainly, on the glacis above, whence he could easily overlook the whole. Much has been said of a lantern, reported to have been fixed to a button hole on the Duke's breast. That circumstance is pure invention. Captain Dautancourt, having a weak sight, caused the lantern carried by Harrel to be brought close, in order to read the sentence to the unhappy Prince—and what a sentence! —by which he was condemned, not only unjustly, but without even the forms of justice. It was probably this use of the lantern which gave rise to the outcry spread abroad; besides, it was six o'clock in the

* This woman was afterwards very dangerously ill in consequence of this fearful event.—*Author.*

morning when the fatal event took place, and on the 21st March it is light at that hour.

To the circumstances now mentioned, I may add another very singular fact, which completes the narrative of this fearful tragedy. And, according to the practice adopted when speaking of facts which I have not myself seen or heard, I guarantee the source, as having received the details from one to whom they were related by the secretary of General Davoust. The secretary, whom I do not wish to name, having been appointed to office while the general held a command in the camp at Boulogne, was travelling in the public conveyance to the coast. In the vehicle was another passenger, whose expression of profound sorrow, and a silence interrupted only by deep sighs, which seemed to burst from an unconscious and overburdened mind, awakened the secretary's curiosity and interest. At this period, the different roads to the camp were of course very much frequented, and, when the diligence arrived where the passengers were to remain for the night, there could be had only one chamber for two guests. The secretary contrived to be placed in the same bedroom with his mysterious fellow traveller, who had not once spoken during the journey. When they were thus left to themselves, the secretary addressed the stranger in that tone of kindness and feeling, which takes from a question every appearance of indiscretion,—expressing his sympathy in sufferings apparently so heavy, and requesting to be allowed to offer his services in removing or alleviating them. To several overtures of this nature, the unknown made answer only by profound sighs. At length, he broke silence to the following effect:—"Sir, I am truly grateful for your good intentions. I have need of nothing; there remains for me no possible consolation; the grief which I endure will end only with life. You shall judge,—for the interest you have expressed too well merits my confidence for me to conceal any thing. Imagine my despair.

I was quarter-master in the regiment of gendarmerie d'elite: it was my chance to form one in a detachment ordered for Vincennes. I passed the night there under arms. At daybreak, orders were sent me to descend into the moat with six men: we were to proceed to an execution. A man was brought out; I gave the command to fire. The man fell. After all was over, I learned that we had shot the Duke d'Enghien. Could I have imagined it was he? I had heard him called a brigand of La Vendée! I have quitted the service; my discharge has been granted; and I am retiring to the bosom of my family. Oh! why did I not do so long ago!"

Another remarkable circumstance, which is likewise perfectly true, may be mentioned as connected with this mournful event. The Prince had with him a little dog: the faithful creature constantly returned to the fatal place. Who has not seen it? for what eagerness was not manifested to visit that scene of woe? It was a real pilgrimage. The eye rested upon the spot where the young victim had fallen, while it could be discerned through tears; and all admired the faithfulness of the poor dog. The police, ever uneasy, set this to rights. People were prohibited from passing that way; and the dog came no more to howl over the grave of his master.

Much talk has also arisen about a letter, said to have been written to Bonaparte, by the Duke d'Enghien, which, it is pretended, did not reach its destination till after the execution. It is an atrocious absurdity! How possibly believe that the Prince wrote to Bonaparte, offering his services, and stipulating for the command of an army? His deposition says not a word of this letter, but is in formal opposition to the sentiments which that letter supposes. The truth is, such letter never existed. I know that the Duke never wrote a letter to the First Consul, a fact communicated to me by the Prince's chief aide-de-camp, who never quitted him till the last moment. And I know, also, that hatred and revenge, after

exhausting all the forms which they could assume in Paris, have sought out new shapes on the rock of St Helena. The last will of Napoleon, however, did at length reveal the truth. I cite this document, because I know it to be genuine, and as much a fact as the events which have fallen under my own observation.

"It was I who caused the Duke d'Enghien to be arrested and condemned, because such proceeding had become necessary for the security, the interest, and the honour of the French people, when the Duke d'Artois entertained, by his own confession, sixty assassins at Paris. In similar circumstances, I would act again in a similar manner." Napoleon dictated this remarkable sentence to the friend who wrote the whole document: this individual pressed, entreated, conjured him, to suppress a declaration which would bring a blot upon his glory, and which was so evidently at variance with all that he had previously emitted on the subject. Overcome by the entreaties of so faithful a friend, Bonaparte consented to the suppression. The will was then concluded, and enclosed in a box, of which Bonaparte alone kept the key. But, after his death, the passage I have just cited was recovered in a codicil. Every one who has had any connection with Napoleon, knows how he was served. And I dare affirm that no one would have ventured to retain a letter on which the fate of so august and noble a victim depended: certainly, if any one had had the audacity to act upon so criminal a thought, he would have destroyed the letter, of which he was the depositary.

It is well known that Bonaparte had repeatedly said, in presence even of persons whom he supposed had preserved intercourse with the partizans of the Bourbons at Paris,—"I will put an end to all these conspiracies; if there be emigrants who conspire, I will have them shot. It is said some are concealed in Cobentzel's house. I do not believe it; but, should such be the case, I will have Cobentzel seized, and shot also. The Bourbons shall know, that, with

me, none sport in life and death with impunity! That is no child's play."

Such is the truth: and according to these facts may we establish our calculations as to the influence exercised by the Jacobins in this dark affair; and I attest, not without appearance of reason, that, provided the men of the Revolution aided him to ascend the throne, Bonaparte consented to deliver to them a victim of the royal blood, as the sole pledge able to confirm them in the certainty that the return of the family they had proscribed was not contemplated. The blood of the Duke d'Enghien alone could render the Consul a worthy associate of the men of the 21st January; and zeal, anticipating the orders relative to the execution of the villainous design, rendered relapse impossible, and seemed even to turn the crime from him for whose aggrandizement it was incurred. I possess irrefragable proofs that the order was given for immediate death: and I am certain, also, that, had the execution been delayed some hours, the Duke had not perished. But Bonaparte conceived and willed; implicit submission executed. It is, therefore, beyond all human means to remove from Napoleon his black reversion in this murder; for zeal may be excused, voluntary command—never!

General Savary dared not take upon him to delay the execution, although the Prince urgently demanded an interview with the First Consul. Had Bonaparte seen the Duke, I believe it may be considered as a matter beyond doubt that he would have saved his life. How, indeed, could he have acted otherwise? * Thus, all that can be laid to Savary's charge, is not having suspended an execution, which, in all proba-

* In the second judgment, as published, it is said, that the court, before passing sentence, was cleared of all the citizens! To this is appended a note,—"Citizens present—what cruel mockery! There was no auditor present, except————." Surely it is not meant that this blank should be filled up with Bonaparte. Was it Fouché? One or other certainly is meant: either fills the mind with ideas of horror. — *Translator.*

bility, had it been delayed, would not have taken place. Of this there appears almost a proof in the uncertainty which must have reigned in the mind of the First Consul. Had he not wavered, all his measures would have been determined in advance; and, had they been so, to a certainty the Duke's carriage would not have been kept waiting for five hours at the Barrier. It is a known fact, also, that, at first, the intention was to convey the Duke to the prison of the Temple. But from all this, the final inference is to me clear as day, that an order had been received from Bonaparte to destroy the Duke d'Enghien,—an order so full and explicit, as rendered it impossible to speak with Bonaparte again till all was concluded. Savary, then, did nothing but obey; and it had been better for him, in his late Memoirs, to have acknowledged this with regret, than to attempt, with heroic, but mistaken, devotion, to palliate, even at his own expense, this crime, which will eternally stigmatize the name of the master whom he so faithfully served. I promised to tell the truth on this melancholy subject, and have fulfilled my promise, regardless of the pain which the avowal has caused me. Of the correctness of my general inferences, can there be a more convincing proof than the circumstances of Harrel's narrative, which permit me not to entertain the doubts I could have wished still to have cherished. A grave prepared beforehand —a grave dug in the ditch of a fortress, while the unconscious captive, its destined inmate, yet lived but by the permission of him who gave that order.

On the 22d, when Harrel had taken his leave, I determined immediately on going to Malmaison, to visit Madame Bonaparte, well assured, from my knowledge of her sentiments for the Bourbons, that she must be in profound affliction. I sent an express to announce my intention, and to know if she could receive me, a precaution I had never before employed, but which now seemed expedient. On arriving, I was quickly introduced into her boudoir, where she was alone with Hortense and Madame de Remusat, all

three overwhelmed with grief. "Ah, Bourrienne!" cried Josephine, on perceiving me, "what a fearful misfortune! If you knew how it is with *him!* he shuns—he fears the presence of all. Who could have excited him to an action like this?" I then related to Josephine the details just gathered from Harrel. "What cruelty!" replied Josephine. "At least they cannot say it was my fault, for I did all I could to turn him from his sinister design. He did not confide himself to me; but you know how I can divine his thoughts; and he acknowledged all: but with what harshness he repulsed my prayers! I clung to him—I threw myself at his feet. '*Meddle with what concerns you!*' he exclaimed with fury; *these are no matters for women!—Leave me!*' And he threw me from him with a violence he had never shewn since our first interview on your return from Egypt.—My God! what will become of us?"

I could urge nothing to calm an affliction, or sooth fears, in which I participated; for to the grief occasioned by the death of his victim, was added an almost equal sorrow to find Bonaparte capable of such an act. "What," resumed Josephine, "what must be the opinion of Paris? I am sure that all execrate him; for here, even his flatterers appear in consternation, when out of his presence. We have been very sad since yesterday; and he!—you know how he is, when not satisfied with himself, and yet striving to appear so to every eye: none dares to address him; and all is gloomy around us. What a commission has been intrusted to Savary! You know I never liked that man, because he is one of those whose flatteries contribute most directly to our destruction. Well, Savary was the cause of much grief to me yesterday, when he came to discharge the melancholy duty confided to him by the Duke d'Enghien, just before his death. Here," added Josephine, shewing them to me, "are his portrait and a lock of his hair, which he desired I might be requested to send to her who had been dear to him.

Savary almost had tears in his eyes while speaking to me of the Duke's last moments; then, as if ashamed of human feelings, said, 'One cannot help being moved, madam, with no ordinary emotion, on beholding such a man die.'"

Josephine afterwards told me of the solitary act of courage which that fatal epoch had witnessed, namely, the resignation sent in to Bonaparte by M. de Chateaubriand. She very much admired this noble conduct. "What a misfortune," said she, "that *he* is not surrounded by men of like character, who would cause him to stop short in all the errors into which he is hurried by the sycophancy of those about him!"

Since the name of this celebrated man becomes thus honourably united with the mournful history just related, the present appears a fitting opportunity to introduce some account of his relation with Bonaparte.

M. de Chateaubriand had been erased from the list of emigrants, and returned to France in 1800, solely on account of his literary merits, which, on the immediate occasion, were brought directly under Bonaparte's notice by Eliza. I recollect that one day, Madame Bacciochi, instigated by M. de Fontanes, I believe, came to her brother with a little volume in her hand. The book was *Attala*, which she begged him to read. "What!" said Bonaparte, "more romances? Truly, I have much time to throw away upon your fooleries!" He took the volume, however, and placed it on his table. "It is by M. de Chateaubriand," said his sister, "whom you must erase."—"Ah, hah!" replied he, "it is Chateaubriand's, is it? then I shall read. Bourrienne, write to Fouché to erase his name from the list." The publication of the "Genius of Christianity" following his return to France, elevated M. de Chateaubriand to the highest honours of literature, and gained the admiration of the First Consul, who had at first distrusted him. I remember the latter had previously said to me, speaking of the former, "People have not failed to speak of him to me, but I fear he will never

enter into my system: as I understand him, I prefer having him for an open foe than a forced friend. But I shall see hereafter; I will try him in a secondary place, and, if I like him, shall push him." He did so, but the merit was grand, indeed, to vanquish such prejudices.

Subsequently, M. de Chateaubriand was nominated to be principal secretary to the embassy which Cardinal Fesch headed to the Holy See. Some coolness arising between these functionaries, the Consul took part with his uncle, and recalled the secretary. But, to the great astonishment of all the world, this recall, far from a disgrace, was only preparatory to higher elevation, as minister plenipotentiary to the Valais, with permission to travel in Switzerland and Italy, to which was added the promise of the first vacant grand embassy. During this period of power, Chateaubriand dedicated to the Chief of the Republic the second edition of his "Genius of Christianity." After some months' stay in Paris, on returning from Rome, the moment of his departure for the Valais having arrived, he presented himself in the cabinet of the First Consul, in order to take leave. By a strange coincidence, this occurred on the morning of the fatal 21st March, consequently, little more than four hours after the murder of the Duke d'Enghien. I need not add, that the author of the "Genius of Christianity" knew not of that horrible event. On returning, however, he remarked to one of his friends, (I think M. de Fontaines gave me this information,) that he had observed a great change on the countenance of the First Consul, and something sinister in his look. Bonaparte had perceived his new minister in the crowd, and appeared more than once as if intending to speak to him, then turned round abruptly, and approached no more to that side. Two hours after M. de Chateaubriand had imparted these observations to two or three friends, the public criers revealed to him the cause of an agitation, which, notwithstanding his strength of character, and incon-

ceivable empire over himself, Bonaparte had not been able to dissemble. Chateaubriand sent in his resignation as minister plenipotentiary to the Valais. For several days, his friends lived under the most lively apprehension; every morning, they came very early to inquire whether he had been carried off during the night. Their fears might have been but too well grounded; and I, who knew the First Consul so well, can hardly conceive how he could restrain his wrath against one who had so clearly expressed the sentiment, "You have committed a crime, and I will no longer accept office under your government, sullied, as it now is, with blood."

The immediate consequences of the death of the Duke d'Enghien were not confined to the consternation with which this stroke of power agitated the capital. The news filled the provinces with equal fear and hatred, and foreign courts with indignation not less deep because silent. One entire class of society, and that the most influential, which we may here term the *Fauxbourg St Germain* of the provinces, namely, the country gentlemen, was, by this act, to a man alienated. The disposition of the landed interest had, till then, been not unfavourable to the First Consul; here had pressed, in its heaviest rigour, the law of hostages, and, with the exception of some families, grown inveterate in the belief, that they were to the world what they appeared to be in a circle of some two leagues,—illustrious personages, all wise people in the provinces, even while preserving a sincere attachment to the ancient order of things, had seen with satisfaction the Consular substituted for the Directoral government, and certainly bore no hostility to the person of the chief magistrate.

The consequences were still more fatal at foreign courts, universally changing the dispositions of the sovereigns towards the First Consul. Every crowned head, and every princely family in Europe, regarded the murder of the Duke d'Enghien, and the violation of the neutrality of the states of Baden, as insults to

their order. The stationary policy of the cabinet of Vienna, however, and the vicinage of the French troops in Hanover, which overawed Berlin, prevented either of these courts from testifying resentment by any public remonstrance. But, at St Petersburg, Alexander openly proclaimed his indignation; and henceforth England found it more easy successfully to negotiate with Austria and Prussia, as well as Russia, though the two former continued silent. The English press, for long after, designated Bonaparte only as the assassin of the Duke d'Enghien; and I know for certain, that Mr Pitt observed to one, "Bonaparte has just wrought himself more mischief than we have been able to inflict since the first declaration of war."

Of all the monarchs of Europe, however, the injury affected most nearly the Kings of Naples and Spain, since theirs was the blood that had been shed; but they could only suffer, and be silent. Not so Louis XVIII, more a king, though without subjects, than those of his family actually seated upon thrones. Immediately on the execution of the Duke, he wrote to the King of Spain as follows:—

"SIRE, SIR, AND DEAR COUSIN,—It is with regret that I return to you the insignia of the Golden Fleece, which his majesty, your father, of glorious memory, intrusted to me. There can now be nothing in common to me with the grand criminal, whom audacity and fortune have placed upon my throne, since he has had the barbarity to shed the blood of a Bourbon, in that of the Duke d'Enghien. Religion might engage me to forgive an assassin, but the tyrant of my people must ever be mine enemy. In the present age, it is more glorious to deserve, than to wield a sceptre. Providence, for inscrutable purposes, may condemn me to end my days in exile; but never shall my contemporaries, or posterity, be able to say, that, in the season of adversity, I shewed myself unworthy, even to my last sigh, of occupying the throne of my ancestors. LOUIS."

CHAPTER XVIII.

ARREST OF THE CONSPIRATORS, PICHEGRU, GEORGES, AND OTHERS — FIRMNESS AND TRAGICAL DEATH OF PICHEGRU — PROCEEDINGS ON THE TRIAL — GEORGES — COSTER ST VICTOR — ANECDOTE — CAPTAIN WRIGHT — ANECDOTES — MOREAU — CONDEMNATION — EXECUTION.

THE death of the Duke d'Enghien presents an horrible episode thrown into the grand action, then in progress, and soon afterwards consummated, of Bonaparte's elevation to the imperial throne. The trials of the real or supposed conspirators belonged, in part, to the same events. These I attended in all their details; and thus obtained conviction of the fact, already hinted, that Moreau was not in reality a conspirator; though I believe the First Consul might naturally enough have supposed him such; and I am also convinced, that the machinations of the police had induced the actual conspirators to regard the victor of Hohenlinden as their accomplice and their chief.

The declarations of Bouvet de Lozier, as we have seen, led to the arrest of Moreau; Pichegru was taken through the most infamous treachery of which man can be guilty, being betrayed by one named Leblanc, to whose friendship he had implicitly confided his liberty and life. The official police, at length informed of the general's presence in Paris, had in vain endeavoured to discover his retreat, when this wretch, who had, in fact, provided the very asylum he was now to violate, came voluntarily to state, that the price of a friend's blood was one hundred thousand crowns. Comminges, the commissary of police, was thus furnished with an exact description of Pichegru's place of concealment, Rue de Chabanais,

and with false keys to his very bedchamber. This functionary, with a party of strong and resolute men, repaired to the spot during the night of the 22-23d February. These precautions were rendered fully necessary by the prodigious personal strength of Pichegru, and by knowledge of the fact, that with means of defence at hand, he would never allow himself to be taken without desperate resistance. This party gained admittance by means of the false keys which Leblanc had had the baseness to get made for himself. Their victim was asleep. A night-lamp burned on a table by the bed. The light was instantly overturned, and extinguished; and the whole threw themselves upon the general, who struggled, nevertheless, with great force, uttering loud cries for help. He was at length overpowered, and pinioned; and thus they conducted the conqueror of Holland to the dungeon which he never left alive.

Pichegru, I confess, was far from inspiring the same interest as Moreau. The army never forgave his negotiations with the Prince de Condé, before the 18th Fructidor.

One circumstance, however, which occurred on his arrival in Paris, does him much honour. The general had taken as his aide-de-camp, M. Lagrenée, a young man who had attained the rank of captain, and yet immediately gave in his resignation on the disgrace of his patron. Having previously, in early life, studied under his father, formerly Director of the French Academy at Rome, he had assumed the pencil on laying aside the sword, and at this time practised as a portrait painter. Pichegru, on visiting his former companion in arms, was pressed to accept an asylum, but obstinately refused, saying, he never would compromise a friend whose attachment had already been so dearly proved. I owe this fact to a singular chance. Exactly at this period of trouble, Madame de Bourrienne, wishing to have a likeness of one of our children, applied to M. Lagrenée, who himself related this anecdote.

Pichegru's relations were peasants in Franche Comté; he received a gratuitous education at Brienne, where he afterwards officiated as an usher. His ambition then aspired no higher than to be a Minim. From this he was dissuaded by the good priest, who had all along been his protector; and he subsequently entered upon a military career. He was still assistant at Brienne, and several years older, when we entered there; and, I remember, he was appointed to instruct Bonaparte in the four first rules of arithmetic. There was this farther remarkable in their youth,—that both received, almost at the same time, their first commissions as lieutenants of artillery. How vast the difference in their future destiny!

Fifteen days after the arrest of Pichegru, Georges was seized on the 9th March, in company with another of the accused, named Leridant, about seven in the evening, while crossing, in a cabriolet, the square of the Odeon. To this spot he had, doubtless, been conducted by the agent of police, in order that a public capture might strike with greater effect upon the minds of the multitude. If such were the calculation, it cost the life of one man, and had nearly proved fatal to another; for Georges, who always went armed, shot dead the officer of police who seized the reins, and, in like manner, wounded the first who advanced to lay hold of himself. Besides his pistols, there was found upon his person a dagger of English manufacture; and, though all this might have been expected, the journals of next day failed not to raise a great outcry, as if Georges had for months been lurking in the capital for the purpose of assassinating the First Consul.

Georges's last place of concealment had been in the house of a fruitwoman, named Lemoine, whose daughter had gone on before with a packet belonging to him, and the young woman was in the act of getting into the vehicle at the moment of arrest. At the instant of firing, he called out to this person

to save herself; but the police were quickly upon her traces, and she was discovered in a neighbouring house, where she had given the packet to another female; this, among other things, contained a bag of a thousand *sovereigns* of Holland, or about 34,000 francs, (£1420:) it was also discovered that the parcel had been opened, "merely through curiosity," by the husband of the woman to whom it had been intrusted, though, as turned out, he had been somewhat more than curious, in contriving to abstract therefrom, in extremely brief space, rather better than a thousand crowns. All these persons were arrested, and Georges the same night was conducted to the Temple. After his arrest, there still remained several individuals, of less note, implicated in the conspiracy, and who had found means to elude pursuit, but were all secured within five days after the death of the Duke d'Enghien. They were taken by the famous Commissary Comminges, in the house of one named Dubusson, who had furnished a retreat to several of the proscribed. It may shew the nature of such researches, to explain how the last captures were effected here, namely, by the police firing at suspicious-looking furniture, doors, or hiding-places, throughout the premises. By this means, Villeneuve, who was shut up in a cupboard, being wounded in the arm, the whole were discovered. It is worthy of remark, also, that the day after Georges's arrest, the Council assembled, in which Bonaparte decided the fate of the Duke; that is to say, when all those of note or consequence among the alleged conspirators were in the hands of government, and when there no longer existed a pretext for alleging the presence of any mysterious personage in Paris: for Pichegru, with daring peculiar to himself, had made his nightly appearance in several saloons of the Fauxbourg St Germain, exciting the fears, yet eluding the researches, of the police. This mysterious personage has been attempted to be passed off as the Duke d'Enghien,

and thence cause taken for defending his murder! More than an hundred captives now crowded the Temple, who, Moreau excepted, were all treated with extreme rigour. They dared not communicate, from fear of mutually compromising each other; but all exhibited a courage and resolution, which awakened fears for the result of the trial. Neither promises, nor the threats of punishment, could draw from them any disclosures in the course of examination. Pichegru, in particular, displayed such firmness, that Real, on leaving the dungeon, where he had just been examining him, exclaimed aloud, before several witnesses, "What a man that Pichegru is!"

Forty days had elapsed from the arrest of that general, when, on the morning of the 6th April, he was found dead in the cell which he occupied in the Temple. During this space, Pichegru had undergone ten examinations; he had not made a single confession; not one individual had been compromised by his replies; all his declarations announced his readiness to speak out, but that he would do so only in public, and during the solemn proceedings of the legal tribunals. "When I am before the judges," said he, "my language shall ever be conformable to truth, and for the interest of my country!" What, then, would have been the tenor of that language? Doubtless it was feared the spirit of it would prove any thing but convenient; it was resolved, therefore, it should not be heard, for Pichegru would have kept his word: he was no less able as a general, than firm and resolved as a man, in which respect he shewed himself infinitely superior to Moreau. The day on which Real expressed himself as above, was the last of Pichegru's examinations, and of his life. On this occasion, as I afterwards learned from unquestionable authority, Pichegru, always careful not to implicate any of his fellow sufferers, took no care to conceal his detestation of him who had resolved on his death, but expressed his determination to expose

to the eyes of the nation the odious contrivances of the plot by which the police had ensnared him. He declared likewise, that he, and his companions in captivity, no longer thought of any thing save how to leave Paris as speedily as possible, and escape the pitfalls dug around them, having, one and all, renounced any design against Bonaparte,—a design into which they had been led by the police, when they were arrested. To this frank and stern avowal, I attribute the premature death of Pichegru. M. Real, who examined that unfortunate man, knows better than any other the substance of his confessions. I am ignorant whether the examinator, who is still alive, either now or later, will lift the veil which covers these mysterious events; but I know he dare not contradict a single fact which I now advance. To me it is demonstrated, to the fullest conviction, that Pichegru was strangled in prison; suicide is consequently inadmissible. I have read all that has been published on this subject; the truth has not been declared till now.

The body was discovered lying on the bed about half past seven in the morning, by the domestic, on entering to light the fire. About the neck of the corpse was a black silk cravat, through which had been passed a piece of wood as a tourniquet. This had been twisted round till suffocation ensued; and one end still remained resting against the left cheek, being thus prevented from recoiling. Upon the same cheek had been inflicted a considerable abrasure, from the forcible and irregular movement of the baton. Some crushing and struggling had been heard in the chamber, but not such as to excite inquiry; and the marshal of the prison declared, that the key of the general's chamber had been brought to him at ten, and continued throughout the night in his possession, till the moment of lighting the fire! Such are the principal details of the process verbal. It was reported, very awkwardly, at the time, that Real had

said, " Now, though nothing can be more clearly demonstrated than this suicide, all is vain; people will always say, that, not being able to convict, we have strangled the prisoner." Real never said this—it bore too near a resemblance to the truth.

I have here no intention to justify those who engaged in a conspiracy; crime is ever to be condemned, whatever inducements may have been used to excite to its commission; though such excitement, in the hands of those who afterwards punished the delinquents, necessarily diminishes our indignation. That such encouragement was held out by a secret police, appears from what has already been stated, and from a fact reported to me by M. Carbonnet, who witnessed the entrance of Pichegru, accompanied by Rolland and Lajollais, into Moreau's library, the general being there to receive them, and, after the interview, related its object to my informant, as follows:—Pichegru said, he had been informed by mutual friends, that Moreau and the senate reckoned upon bringing about a change. Moreau assured Pichegru he had been deceived, that he knew nothing which warranted Pichegru's journey; he treated it as madness, and declared that every attempt to overturn the government was impracticable and absurd.

While the process was in preparation, Georges, and the other principal conspirators, were held in the most rigorous and secret confinement. The catastrophe of Pichegru was communicated to them separately; and as none credited the report of suicide, it is not easy to conceive the consternation and terror thus excited among the captives. I grieve to say, that Louis Bonaparte, certainly the best of his family, indulged the cruel curiosity of visiting Georges in this situation. What an unworthy spectacle! Louis appeared surrounded by a brilliant staff; the royalist chief was stretched upon a couch, his hands crossed on his belly, and heavily bound with irons. Lauriston informed me of these particulars; and, notwithstand-

ing his devotion to the interests of the First Consul, could not forbear expressing his disapprobation of what he had witnessed. Nor did this surprise me, Lauriston was not, like too many of Bonaparte's aides-de-camp, a stranger to the feelings of humanity.

The indictment being drawn up, the prisoners were permitted to have communication with each other; and, in that reckless indifference of life, inspired by youth, misfortune, and courage united, they actually amused themselves in childish sports! An order for their translation to the Conciergery put a termination to these games, thus strangely played; and for this abode of new and more certain sorrow they prepared, as if setting out on some ordinary visit. Before departing, Georges harangued his companions in captivity, encouraging them to constancy and mutual forgiveness:—"Shew to the world, by your demeanour and your discourse, that you possess the courage and resolution which inspired me with such confidence in you; which would have rendered us triumphant over the enemies of our king and of our faith, had we not been so unworthily betrayed!"

Every thing being now prepared, Hémart, the regicide, was named president of the special tribunal before which the prisoners were to be cited. This choice filled Paris with general horror; it seemed to seal the doom of the accused. Napoleon had now been about ten days Emperor, when the trials, which had hastened his elevation, commenced on the 28th May. It is impossible to describe either the concourse to the Palace of Justice during all the twelve days of the proceedings, or the anxiety, consternation, and doubt, which prevailed. The judge; the selection of the jury; the recent death of the Duke d'Enghien; the more immediate and mysterious fate of Pichegru,—all threw a fearful and gloomy apprehension into the minds of men. In my own individual case, I cannot yet recall without emotion my feelings, on seeing the prisoners, one by one, enter,

and take their places between two officers of justice, all wearing a grave but firm expression of countenance, save Bouvet de Lozier, who dared not raise his eyes to his companions, whom weakness, not inclination, had seduced him to criminate. Of the whole forty-nine accused, among whom were several women, I knew only Moreau and Georges. All eyes were turned upon the victor of Hohenlinden, and every look was that of respect and admiration. In the course of the whole proceedings, which I followed with equal interest and attention, not the shadow of a fact occurred to inculpate his conduct for one instant. Scarcely one of the hundred and thirty-nine witnesses for the prosecution knew him, while he declared, during the fourth sitting, that not one of the accused had either been known, or, to the best of his knowledge, even seen by him. His appearance was constantly untroubled as his conscience; he repelled the attacks of his accusers with a calm dignity and modest assurance, although, from time to time, there burst from him an expression of just indignation. I remember, on the president accusing him of a design to assume the dictatorship, the electric effect produced, when Moreau exclaimed,—"I dictator! make myself dictator with the partizans of the Bourbons? Where, then, were to be found my own supporters? I will tell you,—they would have been the soldiers of France, nine-tenths of whom I have commanded, and fifty thousand of whom I have saved! These warriors, however, would have aided me in a cause against which the partizans you now give me have combated since 1792!" But for the cannon bullet which struck down Moreau amid the ranks of the enemies of France—but for the foreign badge which disgraced the hat of Hohenlinden, his fame had been unsullied! I still seem to view the worthy friend of Moreau, General Lecourbe, unexpectedly entering the court, holding an infant in his arms, and saying, in a strong voice, which yet trembled with emotion,

—" Soldiers, behold the son of your general!" The whole military in the immense hall, as if by a spontaneous sympathy, presented arms to the child, and a murmur of approbation rose from the auditory. Unquestionably, if, at this moment of enthusiasm, Moreau had but spoken the word, the court would speedily have been cleared, and the prisoners set at liberty. He remained silent, and, of all present, seemed the only unconcerned spectator. The same respectful admiration actuated the soldiery who guarded Moreau in prison, and rendered it no easy matter for the government to provide effectually for his security, without increasing an admiring guard, so as to render it a formidable point of support in the event of an insurrection. The general's docile and unambitious character, however, proved the best guarantee for his safe custody. Such was the respect he inspired, even when accused, that, in the court, whenever he rose to speak, the gendarmes appointed to guard him, rose also of their own accord, and stood uncovered till their prisoner had sat down.

Georges was in no degree to be compared with Moreau; the former inspired less of interest than of curiosity; and, apart from their preceding positions in society, their behaviour on the present emergency exhibited a striking contrast. Moreau appeared calm and dignified, and secure in conscious rectitude: Georges, resigned to the fate that awaited him, viewed his situation with an almost barbarian firmness. As if to avenge himself on death before suffering its pains, he assumed a tone of bitter sarcasm against all concerned. Thuriot, another regicide, and one also of the judges, he always addressed, pronouncing his name Tue-roi (Kill-king;) and when obliged to reply to the judge's interrogations, exclaimed, on finishing, " Give me a glass of water, that I may wash my mouth!" But under this assumed tone and manner of a rude soldier, Georges concealed the soul of a hero: throughout the whole proceedings he disco-

vered unshaken firmness. Of all that concerned himself personally, he concealed nothing. On every thing which might compromise others, neither insinuation, reproaches, nor arguments, could open his lips. The following dialogue will give some idea of the manner in which Georges's examination and replies were conducted. When the witnesses to his arrest had answered the interrogatories of the president, the latter, addressing Georges, asked,—"Have you any thing to reply?"—"No."—"Do you admit the facts?"—"Yes." Then, as Georges affected to pay no attention, but to be looking at some papers which lay before him, Hémart was obliged to remind him that he ought not to read during his examination, and the dialogue recommenced thus:—"You admit having been arrested in the place mentioned by the witness?"—"I know not the name of the place."—"You admit having been arrested?"—"Yes."—"Did you fire two pistol shots?"—"Yes."—"Did you kill a man?"—"It might be so: I know nothing of it."—"You had a poniard?"—"Yes."—"And two pistols?"—"Yes."—"Whom had you with you?"—"I do not know the person."—"Where did you lodge in Paris?"—"Nowhere."—"At the moment of your arrest did you not lodge with a fruiterer, Rue Montagne St Geneviève?"—"At the moment of my arrest I was in a cabriolet: I lodged nowhere."—"Where did you sleep the night preceding?"—"Nowhere."—"What were you doing in Paris?"—"I was walking about."—"What persons did you see there?"—"I shall name no one—I know them not." Offers, too, had been made to him in prison; and I heard M. Real, who had been the organ of communication, say to Desmarets and others, "I have just seen Georges; he has rejected all my offers of pardon and employment under the imperial government; he put an end to my commission, by saying, 'My companions followed me into France—I will follow them to death.'" And yet, the man, to

whom solicitations, on the part of the Emperor, were thus made in a dungeon, by a councillor of state, was stigmatized as a *brigand* in placards stuck round the walls of Paris!

Coster Saint-Victor had something chivalrous in his bearing and language, which prepossessed all in his favour: he presented no bad image of one of the Fiesco conspirators, or cavaliers of the Fronde,—votaries at once of pleasure and of politics. An anecdote was about this time placed to his account, which I may here give, though considering it merely the fruit of imagination. Saint-Victor, having no certain habitation in Paris, had found for one night an asylum with a certain fair actress, far advanced in the good graces of the First Consul. By chance, Bonaparte happened to pay a secret visit on the same evening, and found himself in presence of Saint-Victor, who thus might easily have disposed of his man; but, in this interview of rival gallantry, there passed only exchanges of mutual courtesy. The story is ridiculous; Bonaparte never went abroad at night, and certainly would not have commenced a course of nocturnal adventure when he believed "the air to be full of daggers." The invention was calculated to render him more odious should Saint-Victor not receive pardon.*

Wright was heard during the sixth sitting, as thirty-fourth witness for the prosecution. He declared that he would reply to no question; that, as prisoner of war, he claimed all the rights of one; that he owed any account of his proceedings to his own government alone. The advocate-general requested the president to order his examination of the 21st May,

* Saint-Victor's address to the judges on the shameful manner in which the defences were reported, tending to throw ridicule upon the advocates, and to prejudge in public opinion the cause of the accused, was at once splendid and just. No reliance whatsoever is to be placed on the reports in the *Moniteur* and other journals of the period.—*Author.*

and one still later, to be read to Captain Wright. After the reading, Wright replied, that they had not inserted in the examination the threats of delivering him up to a military commission, and shooting him, unless he betrayed the secrets of his country.*

In the course of the proceedings, the most tender interest attached to MM. de Polignac, Charles d'Hozier, and De Rivière,—all young, all heirs of an illustrious name, which, notwithstanding the proscription of the nobility, still held influence over the spirits of men, even when opposed to their principles, especially when accompanied with the fidelity and heroism manifested by these young victims. All seemed reckless of their own fate, and solicitous only for the honour of the cause they had espoused. Even under the sword of the law, these faithful servants of the Bourbons seized every opportunity of displaying their attachment. A medallion, with the likeness of the Comté d'Artois, was produced against De Rivière; he requested a nearer view; it was handed to him, when he pressed it to his lips, and returned it, saying, he merely wished thus to testify his homage to a prince whom he loved. But the immense auditory were still more moved, on the last meetings, when the two brothers Polignac, in turn, implored the judges to let the vengeance of the law fall upon himself, but to spare his brother. There was not a dry eye in the court; yet do my recollections contrast horribly, with this tender scene, the figure of Hémart, as impassible and more cruel than the law, putting an end to this touching rivalry, by saying, in a tone more vindictive than befitted magisterial gravity,—"The proceedings are closed."

* Wright was arrested for having disembarked the conspirators. This officer had served under Sir Sidney Smith. Strong suspicions of being an accomplice attached to Wright. He was conveyed to Paris as a necessary witness to the conviction of the accused. — *Author.*

What became of Captain Wright afterwards? — *Translator.*

For four hours we waited the return of the judges —the crowd was every moment increasing. A general stupor fell upon all, when, at length, Hémart resumed the president's chair, holding the sentence of the court in his hand. Death was pronounced against Georges Cadoudal, Bouvet de Lozier, Rusillon, Rochelle, Armand de Polignac, Charles d'Hozier, De Rivière, Louis Ducorps, Picot, Lajollais, Roger, Saint-Victor, Deville, Gaillard, Joyaut, Burban, Lemercier, Jean Cadoudal, Lelan, and Merille. Only two years' imprisonment was awarded to Jules de Polignac, Leridant, Rolland, Hisay, and General Moreau.

At this sentence, consternation spread throughout Paris; it was a day of general mourning, and, though Sunday, the usual places of public resort were deserted. To the horror of such wanton distribution of death among numbers, the greater part of whom belonged to the most distinguished class of society, was added the ridicule of Moreau's condemnation—a ridicule to which no one could be more sensible than Bonaparte himself. He is reported to have said to the judges, on this occasion,—"Gentlemen, I am but your pupil; it is your duty to be well informed before presenting your report. But when I have once your signature, on your heads be it, if an innocent man suffer."

The language is like his, and, in substance, the same as we shall find he himself expressed to me some days after. In the commencement of this catastrophe, I have not hesitated to lay the whole odium of the Duke's murder on Bonaparte; but, in the affair of Georges and Moreau, he was less guilty than the judges and accusers, and far less so than the grand instigator of so many hateful machinations. The language above quoted, however, though it might have been well placed in the mouth of a sovereign, whose ministers were responsible, could only be an ironical excuse from the lips of an absolute ruler.

The condemned appealed, less from inclination than through the pressing entreaties of their friends. Moreau also put in an appeal; but, yielding to his fate, withdrew it before the sitting of the court, consoled by the thought, that he owed his misfortune to a too splendid fame. I obtained at the time the most unquestionable assurance, that Murat immediately applied to the Emperor for a general pardon, on the grounds both of humanity and policy, urging that such an act of clemency, at the commencement of the imperial reign, would conciliate a good-will throughout France and Europe far more than equivalent to any security procured by the execution of the conspirators. The application was unfavourably received; but Josephine, as we shall find, who, on becoming Empress, lost none of her matchless benevolence or attachment to old friends, succeeded in obtaining some mitigation of the sentence.

Bouvet de Lozier, by his revelations, Rusillon, De Rivière, Rochelle, Armand de Polignac, and D'Hozier, as also, in all probability, Armand Gaillard, through this intercession, and Lajollais as a matter of course, were pardoned. As to the other victims of the dark contrivances of a base police, they underwent their fate on the 25th June, with the same courage and resignation they had throughout displayed. Georges, aware of a report having arisen that he had been received into favour, requested one grace at least, which was, to die first, that his companions at death might carry with them the assurance that he had not survived them.

I have said that the judges composing the special tribunal were tampered with; and this I assert on personal proof. Bonaparte knew that I was very intimately acquainted with M. Desmaisons, one of the members of the court, and brother-in-law of Corvisart; he knew, besides, that this judge inclined to the opinion that Moreau was innocent, and ought to be acquitted. One morning very early, during the

progress of the trial, Corvisart paid me a visit, with a very embarrassed air—"How now," said I, "what bad news do you bring?"—"None," replied the man of medicine; "but I come by order of the Emperor; he desires you will speak with my brother-in-law; his words were, 'Desmaisons is the senior judge—a considerate man; his opinion will have great weight. I know he is favourable to Moreau; he is wrong. Go find Bourrienne, and come to an understanding with him, to bring his friend to more rational ideas; for, I repeat it, he is wrong; he deceives himself.'" It needs not to repeat the indignation and astonishment with which I listened to this proposal, nor that, during the whole course of the proceedings, I took care not once to visit or speak to M. Desmaisons, who, however, would have been as far from suffering himself to be influenced, as I could have been from making the attempt. There were also other honourable men among the judges, for all were not Hémarts and Thuriots. History will preserve, as a noble contrast to the turpitude of the epoch, the reply of Clavier to the president, who urged him to give his voice against Moreau,—"Well, sir, and if we condemn him, who will absolve us?"

APPENDIX.

APPENDIX TO VOLUME II.

Note A. Page 112.

Louis Charles Antoine Desaix was a native of St Hilaire, the third town of Auvergne, born of a noble family, August 23, 1767. The mild and grave disposition of mind so frequently found to accompany great talent, and deep internal enthusiasm, displayed itself in Desaix, from the very commencement of his military career, upon which he entered at the age of fifteen. The Revolution opened up to the young soldier, as to many others less deserving, a speedy road to distinction. Among the warriors of that period, whose most common merit was a daring valour, Desaix became honourably known, not more by the intrepidity, than for the prudence and skill, exhibited in the conduct of his enterprizes. These were uniformly successful; and his popularity as a leader increased proportionably among the soldiers. He shewed himself, by his skilful combinations, a worthy disciple of Moreau, under whom he principally served; but, probably, surpassed his master in the celerity of his movements, and the active decision of his measures. Before joining Bonaparte in Italy, he had attained the rank of general of division, in which capacity he led on the left wing of the Army of the Rhine to victory at Rastadt. The friendship of two such men was natural: the perspicacity of Napoleon could not

fail to appreciate a mind like Desaix's; while, to the enthusiasm of the latter, the conduct and character of the former, as yet, held out only an example worthy of imitation, and of admiring emulation. The text supplies the future incidents in the career of the young general; and, while it dispels the false romance attaching to his fall, the truth of its sober statements renders, in all respects, our regret for that premature event only the more sincere. Desaix seems to have formed his system of military art from combining the science of the old, with the energy of the new school. The scene of his last achievement, the field of Marengo, is represented in the vignette. The view is taken nearly from the centre of the ground over which the battle was fought. The road running in front of the village—for Marengo is merely a village—is that leading to Genoa, along which Desaix, by a most wretched calculation of Bonaparte, had been despatched early on the morning of the battle. The highway conducting to Alessandria, by which the discomfited Austrians retreated, is seen extending obliquely towards the foreground. Behind the straggling wood on the right, Kellermann concentrated his mass of heavy cavalry, whose subsequent charge decided the fate of the day. A little onward, the ground swells into gentle acclivities; at the bottom of which, when the translator, some years ago, passed the greater part of a day in examining the field, the wreck of man and horse, strewed in considerable profusion over the surface, still marked where a more than ordinary carnage had raged. Nor is the vulture in the vignette an ideal accompaniment. All over the field, too, the peasants yearly dig up arms and remains. But where, in Italy, are not the exuviæ of deadly strife? to what portion of her soil is not her own poet's question applicable?—

> "Che fan qui tante pellegrine spade?
> Perchè 'l verde terreno
> Del barbarico sangue si dipinga?
> Vano error ———."

Vain error, indeed! for Italy has ever been the sufferer. The tradition of the place reports, that, on the night after

the battle, the body of Desaix lay in the house on the left, nearest the spectator. This might be; but he fell considerably beyond it. The angle where the two roads meet, is the spot fixed upon by certain of our Italian tourists for the pretended interment of Desaix, "on the field of his glory." We are even treated by some to a romantic account of his disinterment at midnight, by mysterious personages, in order that his remains might be rescued from the insults of the Austrians! On the point in question, the French did erect a pillar, by way of trophy, which has been removed; but, as the reader will find, towards the close of the present volume, whatever of the brave Desaix "earth yet holds," reposes on the lone summit of the Alps.

Note B. Page 119.

Jean Baptist Kleber, whom Bonaparte acknowledges to have possessed (with Desaix) the greatest talents of all his generals, was originally an architect. He was a native of Strasbourg, and born in 1745. His first profession he studied in early life, both in his native city and in Paris. Subsequently, he entered as a pupil the military school at Munich, and in 1771–2, being then the most distinguished scholar of the institution, obtained his first commission. But he appears to have become disgusted with the service; for, in 1782–3, he resigned his lieutenancy, (for so far only had he attained, after having been nine years a soldier,) and, returning to Strasbourg, became inspector of public works for the province of Alsace. On the breaking out of the Revolution, he resumed the career for which nature appeared to have intended him, and rapidly acquired rank and reputation. He deserved both; for, among the brave, he shewed himself the bravest; while, among the prudent, he surpassed in skill. Of his talents and conduct as adjutant-general, and general of division, on the German frontier, and in La Vendée, there could be no better proof than his selection by Bonaparte for the Egyptian expedition. The text afterwards supplies all the particulars of

his life. His character is admirably detailed by Bourrienne: he was a blunt, downright, blustering soldier—"bravery personified;" but withal, exhibiting vast talents and foresight, and "selfish exceedingly." In person, Kleber was tall and manly, and possessed prodigious bodily force. Bonaparte has related at St Helena, that, while the army was at Cairo, provoked by the conduct of a group of dissatisfied generals, whose conversation he one day overheard, he pushed in amongst them, and, seizing the tallest, exclaimed, "You have just held seditious language; but take care lest I be obliged to perform my duty: your five feet ten inches shall not then save you from being shot." This has been applied to Kleber. Bourrienne, in a note, denies the words having been addressed to that general, who seems to have been a grumbler, indeed, by profession, but to have entertained very exalted notions of military subordination. Many readers probably have seen in the royal museum at Paris, the skeleton, or rather mummy of Soleyman, the assassin of Kleber. It is one of the literary, antiquarian, scientific, or natural curiosities—one knows not how to class such a nondescript—brought by the French *savans* from Egypt, and may help to answer Bourrienne's question, "What now remains of that mighty expedition?"

Note C. Page 139.

Here, as Bourrienne subsequently informs his readers, should have been introduced this famous "Parallel;" but having mislaid the original, he could recover it only while composing the sixth volume of his Memoirs, where it appears rather awkwardly. It was one of those pieces which he took the greatest possible care to conceal, by burying them in the earth; and, having been placed next the bottom of the iron safe, has, of all his credentials, suffered most from damp. The pamphlet is introduced here entire, as being one of the most interesting, if not the most interesting, of the fleeting records of the times; as being in a great measure, if not altogether, the composition of Bonaparte; and as certainly presenting the portrait of the

man, and of his actions, which he himself wished should be considered as the true resemblance, and as settling the position to which he deemed himself entitled in history.

PARALLEL BETWEEN CÆSAR, CROMWELL, MONK, AND BONAPARTE. — *A Fragment, translated from the English.* (Such is the title of this celebrated piece; and, as Bourrienne well remarks, it is strange, with a profession of being translated, that the first lines should speak of *our Revolution.* "This," continues he, "would be inexplicable to me, had I not remarked, that Bonaparte may be observed to have sometimes united a species of stupidity with the grandest conceptions of his genius.")

There are men who appear, at certain epochs, in order to found, to overturn, or to repair empires. All bends beneath their ascendancy. Their fortune has in it something so extraordinary, that it drags along in its career all those who at first deemed themselves worthy of becoming rivals. Our Revolution, until now, had produced events greater than its men. Chiefs, too weak for their purpose, who aspired to conduct it, have fallen one by one. It seemed as if urged forward by some indescribable and blind force, which put away and overthrew all before it. During the lapse of ten years, had been sought some firm and able arm, which might arrest all, and support all.

While there remained to be established, so to speak, a certain proportion between the greatness of circumstances and of men — between the force of things and of talents, the people and the state always were doomed to roll onward in one eternal circle of changes and destruction. There was wanting at this memorable era, to bring back order, some personage worthy of being in himself the founder of an epoch to the French nation. This personage has appeared. Who will not recognize *Bonaparte?*

His astonishing destiny has occasioned him more than once to be compared with all the extraordinary men who have appeared upon the theatre of the world. I see not one, during these last ages, who bears resemblance to him. Some superficial, or perhaps malevolent observers, have, as is said, compared him to Cromwell: Some madmen

have hoped to find in him another Monk: France and Europe behold greater conformity between him and Cæsar.

Cromwell began by knavery and hypocrisy the part which he finished in tyranny and remorse. His first appearance was not marked by that splendour which announces to the universe those who are created to become its masters. I open his history, and behold his youth wasted in obscure debauchery. All of a sudden, changing his game, he affects great sobriety of manners; is converted into a fanatic and a preacher; and desires to be made a priest and a bishop. Disgusted with the church, he throws himself into the career of arms. He was a follower of Buckingham in that wretched expedition against the Isle of Rhé, where the genius of Richlieu triumphed over the English. Cromwell, at this season, announced not, by any striking quality, the fate which one day awaited him: Nothing distinguished him from the herd of ordinary officers: The means of his elevation were prepared by others, not by himself: The troops that rendered him victorious had been formed under Fairfax. In a word, historians praise him rather as an useful subaltern, than as a great general. Moreover, his military talents, whatever these might have been, were never displayed save against his country. He was the apostle, chief, and, if it so please, the hero of civil war: *But he was not one of those conquerors who are born on a day marked as an epoch in the regeneration of the world.* Still less can he lay claim to the glory of a pacificator. One of his first exploits was to pillage the Universities of Oxford and Cambridge, the asylums of science. The most unworthy treatment was inflicted upon the professors, who were beaten with rods almost in his presence. A gloomy fanaticism, the enemy alike of letters and of art, directed all his actions. The spirit of his army was barbarous as his own. What finally resulted from all his successes? A frightful crime, which the most determined enemies of kings dare no longer justify.

What! will not the most distant posterity cry out against the enormities of Cromwell? How atrocious was his conduct towards the unfortunate Charles, from whom he had received no injury, and who had confided in his pro-

mises. Cromwell, at once the jailor, judge, and executioner of his master,—Cromwell, who from a neighbouring window of Whitehall, had the cruelty to look on while the august head, condemned by himself, fell upon a scaffold,—Cromwell, in the most famous epoch of his life, could serve as a model only for such men as the savage Robespierre, or the execrable Orleans. There wanted to these two monsters but courage to complete the resemblance. And what shall I say? Writers, deserving of credit, inform us that Cromwell, by his mother, inherited the blood of the Stuarts—that the assassin was the relative of the victim. This one resemblance more between Cromwell and Philip of Orleans, must render the former still more hateful and more guilty. These facts shew the English usurper to be but an able villain, not a brilliant hero. He is the chief of a party, rather than the head of a nation. He had a strong judgment, but his mind possessed no one quality of the sublime; his character exhibits some imposing traits, but his conduct was execrable; he will ever preserve a fearful notoriety, but his sullied name cannot obtain glory.

How can such a man, under any aspect, be put in comparison with Bonaparte? The youth, the education of the French hero, were altogether those of a warrior. He was already famous, at an age when Cromwell, engaged in contemptible fanatical controversies, could not even suspect that he would one day make some figure. Let the period when Bonaparte obtained the command of the army in Italy be recalled. He had scarcely completed his military studies; but even then did he shew himself worthy of taking his place by the side of the greatest generals. A few soldiers, dispirited, without provisions, without pay, without magazines, feebly defended the eastern frontier against combined nations. Bonaparte appeared. In a little time, he created an army; to all obstacles, his activity opposed all resources. The fortresses of Piedmont fell before him: The ancient and renowned tactics of General Beaulieu yielded to the boldness of a captain of twenty-four years: Experience was vanquished by genius. Wurmser's lot was that of Beaulieu. The whole of Italy was reduced. Bonaparte pursued his success. He

changed, placed, and displaced at pleasure, the boundaries of states: He respected the worship of the conquered people: He made the pride of kings to tremble, and, at the same time, did reverence to the weakness of the Head of the Church. He disdained to march upon Rome, which he could so easily have reduced; but advanced within thirty leagues of Vienna, and signed, with the Archduke, the treaty of Campo-Formio, which, from that date, would have secured the peace of Europe, had not the most ridiculous of all tyrants, the Directory, rendered fruitless so many triumphs. It is in fighting the enemies of France—in giving us new provinces—in covering with the rays of his own glory *crimes not his*—that Bonaparte has raised himself to the first place. What real reproach can the friends of the Revolution bring against him? *The evils which that event produced began before him.* The splendour of his services alarmed, more than once, the despots of France. He silenced, in their presence, the voice of his fame. To escape from their jealousy, according to report, he carried his greatness and victory into other climes. But, granting this to be the true motive, the rapid and almost marvellous conquest of Egypt no less recalls the remembrance of Alexander and of Cæsar, who triumphed in the same region. The return of the conqueror astonished yet more than his departure. He returned when our misfortunes had become extreme—when our defeats daily increased: he returned, and France assumed confidence! he returned, Italy is regained in a single battle! and peace gave ease to the closing wounds of the country!

Will any one still dare to compare Cromwell to Bonaparte? We are struck with astonishment or terror, while reading the history of the first; we admire and we hope, on contemplating the progress of the second. The one destroyed; the other repairs. The former excited civil feud, and tore her bosom to reach his country; the latter came to her, triumphing over foreign foes, and calming domestic strife. Cromwell was an obscure man at forty; from his earliest youth, Bonaparte has been a hero. The one deceived, the other enlightens, his age; the former insulted, the latter honours, learning; the first desired to

reign by ignorance, the second would govern by intelligence. Cromwell took some towns; Bonaparte has conquered empires. The Englishman became the executioner of his sovereign; the Frenchman hastened to abolish the odious festival which had been instituted by the murderers of a king: and, while the name of the *Protector* stands for ever inscribed upon the roll of tyrants, the *First Consul* has already his place by the side of the greatest heroes of antiquity.

Ought I to reply to those who seek in Monk for comparisons not less absurd, but more unworthy still of the Conqueror of Italy? General Monk, compared with Bonaparte! Monk, the deserter of all parties! Monk, who possessed not a single quality of a superior order; who was by turns the partizan of the army, of the parliament, and of Cromwell; and whose equivocal and wavering character leaves history still in doubt whether he really wished to decide for the republic or for monarchy! Is it in the leader of some obscure expeditions amid the rocks and wilds of Scotland, that we are to look for the model of him whose trophies cover Europe, Asia, and Africa? Is it in the delays, the irresolution, the indolence of the first, that we are to seek comparisons with the most active, the most enterprizing of captains? The title of Duke of Albemarle satisfied the aspirings of Monk, and gratified his indolent old age; but is it to be supposed that the truncheon of the marshal, or the sword of the constable, could satisfy that man, before whom *the universe is silent*—the destroyer and the founder of empires? Is it not known that there are certain destinies which demand the first place? that Bonaparte is too great to play a second part? and, moreover, is it not evident, that, if he could even condescend to imitate Monk, France would be plunged again into the horrors of a new revolution? The tempest, instead of being stilled, would rage anew. Dethroned kings may have been able to regain their power, when they possessed courage, *but kings when contemptible are without resource.* Every illusion by which their power was sustained has then disappeared for ever. They must yield to that invisible and secret power which governs the universe, and involves thrones in its course like

meaner things. The annals of all nations—our own also —teem with such changes. Our ancestors beheld, in the halls of the Sluggard kings, a race of brave men spring up to replace the line of Clovis. In the decline of the Carlovingian monarchs, when the throne tottered on the brink of destruction, all on a sudden appeared an extraordinary personage, whose real origin even is unknown to history, but whose great qualities placed him at the head of the French. Time, athwart the immense variety of events, brings into repeated action the same causes, operating the same effects; and he who is well informed of the past, may predict the future. With the Martels and the Charlemagnes, not with the Monks, is Bonaparte to be compared.

We must glance back over two thousand years, to find a man in some degree resembling him: that man is Cæsar.

Cæsar in his youth gave signs of his coming greatness. He escaped, as by a miracle, from the prescience of Sylla, who beheld in him a second Marius; triumphed in three quarters of the known world; subdued the most barbarous and the most enlightened people; rendered himself immortal in Italy, among the Gauls, and in Africa. Bonaparte, at the same age, is famous in the same countries. The predatory bands of Asia, and the best troops of Europe, have acknowledged his superiority. Both were born amid civil wars, and both put an end to these contentions: but Cæsar by bearing down the juster party, Bonaparte by rallying the people against lawless robbers. Here Bonaparte and Cæsar, agreeing as warriors, differ as politicians.

Cæsar, in truth, stirred up the fury of the multitude against patrician wisdom,—the true bulwark of liberty; Brutus, in attacking Cæsar, defended social order against anarchy, property against the agrarian law, the people against the populace. Robespierre and his adherents, while they invoked the name of Brutus, stood confounded, both by his actions and by his principles.* The ignorance of the Revolution confounded all things: it is time to re-establish the true doctrines of history and of politics.

* See the famous letter of Brutus to Cicero.

It was against the demagogues that Brutus armed; Cæsar was the leader of these demagogues. He attained supreme power by stifling the voice of honourable citizens, through the giddy clamours of the multitude. The acclamations of his soldiery were the sole suffrages of the Dictator; the power of the First Consul has received the sanction of three millions of citizens, voting in the plenitude of their liberty. The First Consul, far from setting at variance, as Cæsar did, all ideas tending to maintain society, has restored to these their ancient reign. He protects all classes of the state, while he especially holds in honour that class which propriety, education, duty, and interest, call most essentially to the maintenance of the public weal. In one word, Cæsar was *an usurper, and tribune of the populace,* — Bonaparte is *legitimate consul.*

This different march of these two great men may perchance be ascribed to the circumstances in which each was placed; but it cannot be denied, that, in other respects, their character and destiny present striking analogies. Behold Cæsar, in the midst of the Strait of Epirus, in a frail bark, tossed by the tempest, saying to the fisherman, his only pilot — "*Fear not, you carry Cæsar and his fortune!*" Behold him again stop for a moment at the Rubicon, and casting at once his fortune to the opposite bank, follow the voice which called him to the empire of the world!

Is it not the same genius, which, at the moment when he was about to land in Egypt, in sight of an English fleet, inspired Bonaparte, as he exclaimed, "*Oh! Fortune, but two days more!*" Might we not believe ourselves reading a despatch of Cæsar, when Bonaparte writes, in one of his messages from Italy, — "*I behold the coast whence Alexander embarked for the conquest of Asia?*" and when we think, that, a few months after, he was master of a portion of the conquests of Alexander!

Bonaparte, like Cæsar, is one of those dominating characters, before whom all obstacles and all inclinations yield! His inspirations seem so supernatural, that the belief of his being directed by a genius, or particular god, could not have failed to have been entertained in those ancient ages, when the love of the marvellous overflowed in all minds, and when religious opinions, by elevating the

destiny of the hero and the legislator, gave security to his institutions, and guarded the repose of nations.

Bonaparte, Alexander, and Cæsar, have often the same theatre of glory; all three have triumphed in the persons of their lieutenants; all three have carried arts and sciences into barbarous countries. The two great names of antiquity exercised a mighty influence upon the future. Will the influence of the French hero be likewise durable?

Doubtless he promises to France a new age of grandeur; all hopes are bound up in his glory and in his life. Happy republic, *were it immortal!* But the lot of the great is subject to more hazards than that of common men. O new discords! O fresh calamities! if suddenly Bonaparte were to be lost to the country! Where are his heirs, where are the institutions, which might preserve his example and perpetuate his glory? The fate of thirty millions of the human race depends on so frail a tenure as the life of a single man! Frenchmen, what would become of you were a funereal wail to arise at once, announcing to you that this man had lived? You would fall back again under the rule of an Assembly! Alas! ten years of disaster, of errors, of misfortunes, have warned you what to expect. These terrible days are not yet afar off; near you still are those terrible days, when power, interminably divided, left your fate at the mercy of factions; when tyranny was throughout all, because real authority existed nowhere. To-day you are still blessed with this guardian power; *but nothing assures its enjoyment either to yourselves or to your children!* You may then again find yourselves in the midst of informers, prisons, and scaffolds; to-morrow, at your awaking, you may find yourselves thrown into the bloody sloughs of the Revolution!

If the despotism of your Assemblies terrify you, where will be your refuge, save in the military power? Where is he, the successor of Pericles? Where is that hero whom the unanimous confidence of the people and of the army will bear in peaceful triumph to the Consulate, and who will maintain himself there? You will doubtless find great talents among your military chiefs; but who will assure you that the army will not divide its affections? that each of your generals will not have his

partizans? After the death of Alexander, nothing was beheld but fatal discord, bloody battles, fearful revolutions. His successors, formerly friends,—companions in the same achievements, and the same conquests, raised to supreme power, some by their own ambition, others by the voice of the warriors whom they commanded, soon co-operated in the ruin of the empire they had once so gloriously defended. O my country! shall thy misfortunes, like those of the ancient Republics, be equally unfruitful?

The adherents of a degenerate race will uplift their voices against these warnings; will say that they wish neither *Assemblies* nor *Emperors;* that the lawful king is upon our frontiers. The lawful king! Unfortunate France! scarcely escaped from one revolution, do thy sons invoke a new one? Look at England on the return of Charles II. On all sides, blood flowing in streams over her land; men of no note—men of reputation—the philosopher and the warrior, fall beneath the sword of vengeance. Look at Naples; hear the sounds of carnage re-echo through her streets, in her palaces, in her public squares; follow in their flight those exiles whom misery and grief bear beyond sea. Such is your lot, if ever the Bourbons reascend that throne whence their own vileness hath driven them. You will have a revolution of other ten years—of twenty years perhaps; and to your children will be transmitted civil war as an inheritance.

Frenchmen! such are the perils of the country; each day you are in danger of falling again under the domination of assemblies, under the yoke of the S——, or under that of the Bourbons. Each moment may your tranquillity be snatched away. You sleep upon an abyss! and your sleep is undisturbed! Insensibles!———"

"To how many reflections," adds Bourrienne, "does not this writing give rise. Without speaking of the profoundness of the comparisons, the justness of the appreciations, the treasures of historical discernment with which it is gemmed, let us think only that it is his own; and, for my part, I find here a proud conviction, an insolence of glory, which gives me back wholly the image of Bonaparte!"

Recent events in France,—events yet passing while these sheets are in the press,—are calculated to awaken other and still deeper reflections. Nor can the reader fail to be struck, on perusing these volumes, with the light which they throw upon events actually taking place, by explaining the remote principles, and shewing that occurrences seemingly the effects of existing causes, are, in fact, but the fulfilment of measures long in operation, and whose results will be found predicted in these pages often many years before.

Note D. Page 289.

Pichegru was born near Arbois, in 1761. The early events of his life are narrated in the text. His rise, not from the ranks, as has been said, but from the lowest grade of officer of artillery, to adjutant-general, general of division, and commander-in-chief of the army of the Rhine, is among the most rapid on the records even of revolutionary rank. His abilities equalled and vindicated his good fortune. He had also very considerable interest through certain representatives of the people belonging to his native province. When in the command of the army on the German frontier, he either came over, or allowed himself to be brought over, to the royal interest, and entered into a secret negotiation with the Prince of Condé. This was long doubted, or rather, doubts were affected to be entertained. Bourrienne, however, produces documents, which were captured on the person of the Count d'Entraigues, so celebrated in the history of the Revolution, and who resided in Venice on some diplomatic mission, when that state was menaced by the French arms, as related in the first volume. In attempting to escape, the Count was taken prisoner; and the papers in question were copied for his own use, by Bourrienne, who sat up during a whole night writing, being engaged through the day in his official employments. He moreover informs us, that D'Entraigues was kindly treated by Bonaparte, whose conduct in this case has been much misrepresented. The paper introduced in the first

volume by Bourrienne is not important beyond establishing the fact of Pichegru's treachery; and is more than supplied by the following letter from Moreau, which is most interesting in itself, as having been addressed by that general, while in prison, to the First Consul, explaining his conduct: — Thus,

"In the short campaign of the year V, (1797,) we captured the baggage of the staff of the enemy's army. A great quantity of papers were brought to me, which General Desaix, then wounded, amused himself in running over. It appeared to us, from this correspondence, that General Pichegru had had engagements with the French princes. The discovery gave us much pain, and me especially: we agreed to allow it to remain a secret. Pichegru, at the Legislative Assembly — (he had been chosen representative for his native province, on being superseded in his command) — could less easily injure the public cause, that peace was secure. I nevertheless took precautions for the safety of the army, relative to a system of espionage which might have been injurious to us. The events of the 18th Fructidor were announced; inquietude became very great; two officers who had knowledge of this correspondence, induced me to send information to government. I was a public functionary, and could no longer preserve silence. During the two last campaigns in Germany, and since the peace, Pichegru sometimes proposed to me very distant overtures, tending to ascertain whether it were possible to bring me over to the interests of the French princes. I considered this so ridiculous, that I never even took notice of these attempts. As to the conspiracy in question, I equally assure you that I have had not the least part therein. I repeat to you, General, that whatever proposal was made to me, I rejected it from conviction, and regarded it as the most signal folly; and, when the chance of a descent on England has been represented to me as favourable for a change of government, I replied, that the Senate existed as an authority, round which every Frenchman would not fail to rally in case of trouble, and that I would be the first to place myself under

its orders. Such overtures made to me, an isolated individual, wishing to maintain no connection either with the army, nine-tenths of which have served under my orders, or with any constituted authority, could not receive, on my part, any other answer than a refusal. An information was too repugnant to my character; almost always judged with severity, it becomes odious, and impresses a stigma of reprobation upon him who thus stains himself, in reference to those to whom he is under obligations of gratitude, or with whom he may have had relations of former friendship. Such, General, is the information I have to give you concerning my intercourse with Pichegru: it will surely convince you, that very erroneous and very hazardous inductions have been drawn from a conduct and from actions which, imprudent as they may perhaps be, were very far from being criminal.

END OF VOL. II.

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